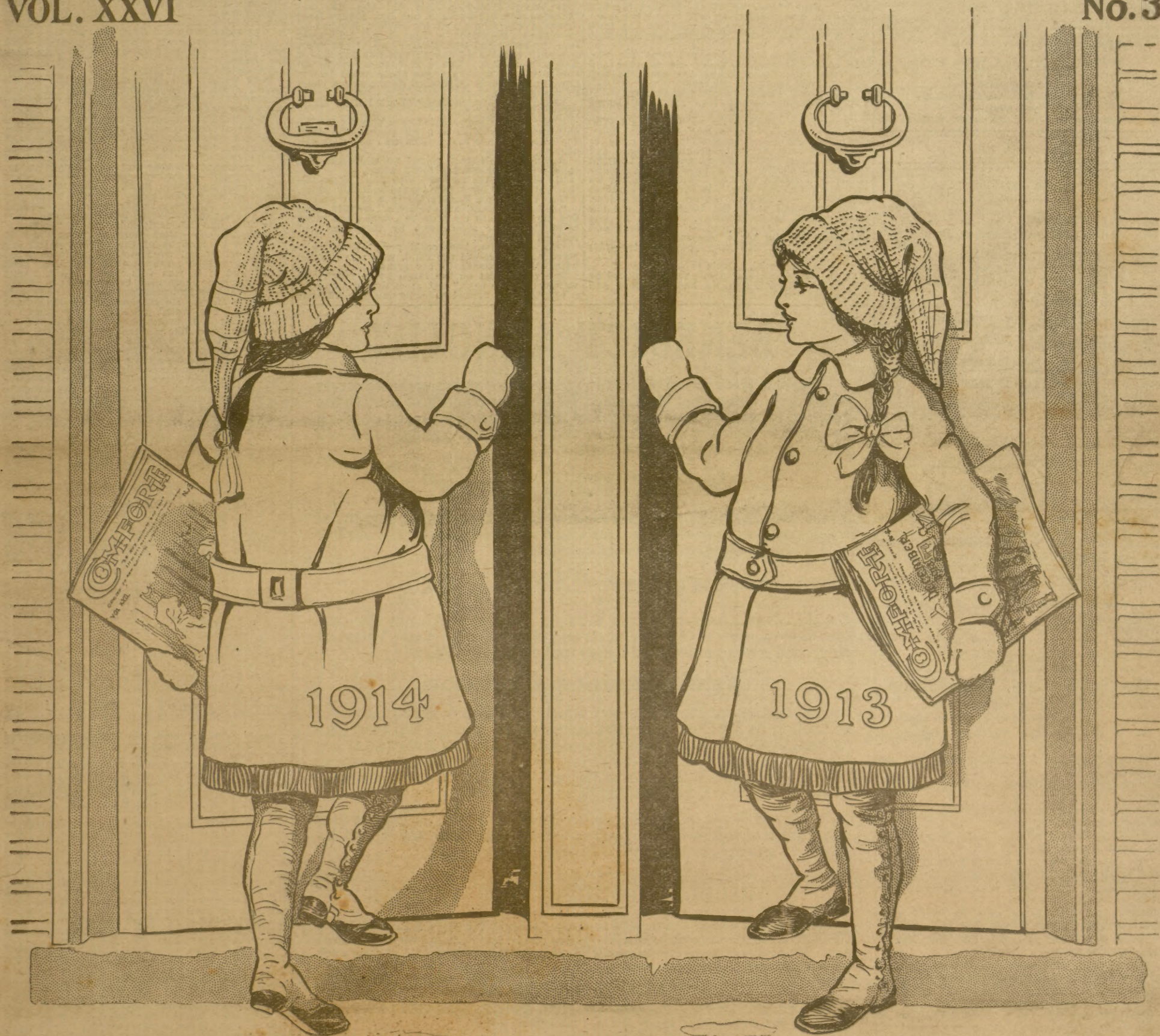


COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
VOL. XXVI

No. 3



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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes

In which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crums of Comfort

A God all mercy is an unjust God.
The worst men often give the best advice.
He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.
Genuine religion is a matter of feeling, not opinion.
True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.
The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.
There is not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy.
We all can bear the misfortunes of other people with great heroism.
Affectation hides three times as many virtues as charity hides sins.
Joy's recollection is no longer joy, while sorrow's memory is sorrow still.
Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.
Money is a bottomless sea in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.
The two great movers of the human mind are the desire for good and the fear of evil.
The best part of living is in the enjoyment of that which the greatest number may enjoy.
Music speaks to us of things which in all our lives we have not found, nor shall ever find.
In clothing, clean and fresh, there is a kind of youth with which age should surround itself.
Nothing in the world is more haughty than a man of moderate capacity raised to a position of power.
In this life ten men have failed from defects in morals where one has failed from defective intellect.
Married people may discover that marriage cannot make them happy, but that they can make marriage happy.
As the law dissolves all contracts, without a valuable consideration, a valuable consideration often dissolves the law.
Hell has many doors, but Heaven only one and that so narrow that if we make ourselves too big we cannot get in.
There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love save that within a mother's heart.
We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

The Marked Dollar

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LITTLE MARY MARSH rushed into the room where her mother was sitting, frantically waving a new dollar bill.

"Look, mother, see what I've got!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Marsh put aside the long letter home, the effort to keep the homesickness out of which had cost so much, and rising she drew the child into her arms and kissed the flushed face.

"See, mother," the little girl persisted.

The mother caught the little fluttering hands and drew the dollar out of them.

"Where did this come from, Maisie?"

"At mention of the pet name the child dimpled into smiles."

"The colonel gave it to me, mother. When I was playing over by the creek, I found the nicest tree of persimmons, and the colonel came along and I gave him a lot of them. He said they tasted like they used to when he was a boy. He was walking with a crutch, and said he'd been having gout, and hadn't had any appetite, and he was awfully glad for the persimmons. And then he gave me the dollar. Oh, mother, can't I spend it for a doll? You know I've never had a truly doll—only a rag one. Can't I?"

"Why, of course, dear. And it was kind of the colonel to give you this. I hope you thanked him properly."

"Sure I did, and gave him a kiss, too. He said I made him think of a little girl he used to have who died a long time ago. I told him I'd buy a doll with the money, if you'd let me."

"It's yours to buy what you please with, but you'll have to wait until your father goes to town." Rose Marsh sighed as she said the last words and a sad look came over her pretty face.

At that moment a step sounded on the walk and a big man with a handsome, reckless face entered.

"Well, little woman, I've got news for you. The colonel is sort of under the weather and can't go with the round-up tomorrow, so he's going to send me to sell the cattle."

"Oh, dear!" the wife uttered in dismay.

The husband frowned, then his brow cleared and he laughed good-naturedly.

"Now, Rose, don't be angry to 'Oh, dear!' You know I've promised to steer clear of gambling holes. Gad, I've got to. Those cattle will come to somewhere around twenty thousand dollars and I'll have to collect the money, and I don't intend to take any chances on losing any of it, or any of my own either, for that matter, so cheer up and don't look blue." With rough kindness Jim Marsh laid his hand on his wife's shoulder.

Rose quivered under the touch. Jim did not often indulge in endearments, although he was never unkind. A sob rose in her throat and she clung to him for a moment.

"Oh, Jim, you will keep your promise—this time?"

"Yes, Rose, I will. Can't you trust me?"

"Yes, Jim, I can and will." Yet she sighed as she spoke. How often he had promised and broken his word!

"And say, Rose, if there's anything you need just write it down and I'll get it tomorrow. Better write it because I'll forget it if you don't."

"Daddy," broke in little Mary, hastening to show the dollar and pouring out the story in a breath, finishing with: "I want a doll with blue eyes and yellow hair. Here's the dollar, and I'll put two little crosses on it with mamma's fountain pen—this is to make you remember. See, right down here in the corner?"

"All right, pet, father won't forget. And just to make sure I'll put the dollar here in the wallet the colonel gave me for the boys' expenses in town. Told him I wanted to keep his money separate from mine for fear his would eat mine up. I'll bring the prettiest doll I can find." He laughed again and tucked the marked dollar into the wallet.

The next morning Rose Marsh, with little Mary by her side, stood in the gate of their small home and watched the long-horned cattle sweep by with the cowboys riding alongside the herd, and as Jim passed he waved a good-bye with his sombrero, and she smiled and waved back at him. She was turning away just as the last horseman who was riding in the rear checked his speed for a moment.

"Greeting, senora," said the horseman bending down and looking strangely at her with his small black eyes. "Fine day for the round-up, and a finer day for your husband, senior Jim. The colonel places much confidence in your husband—some day, no doubt, he will be taken into partnership by the colonel." Pasquale, the Mexican half-breed smiled sardonically, bowed low, and rode on.

Rose tried to smile, but in spite of herself a shudder of repulsion crept over her. She did not like Pasquale and neither did she like his influence over her husband, but Jim, always loyal to those whom he called his friends, laughed at her when she tried to warn him. She went into the house and busied herself about her work, but with a sense of coming evil hanging like a weight upon her. The next evening when the cowboys were to return she again stood in the gate, and her eyes brightened as she saw a cloud in the distance.

"They're coming, mother," shouted little Mary.

"Now I'll get my doll,"

Rose Marsh's long-sighted eyes swept over the cavalcade, then with a quick motion she drew the child into her arms. Jim was not with the others.

Again the half-breed reined up while the rest went on toward the big ranch house.

"Is anything the matter—with Jim?" Rose faltered, lifting to his face turned suddenly white.

The senior's lips parted in a cruel smile.

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Dolly Prim in Winter Clothes

(See Front Cover)

ON the front cover you will see two little dollies looking at each other. They are cut-out dollies just like the other one we have been running in COMFORT each month. This cute Dolly Prim must be cut out with the shears after pasting on cardboard, and then the blank sides are pasted together to form one complete doll with a back as well as a front view. I feel sure that you will like this kind of a Dolly Prim because it looks so nice from either side and is a big improvement on the old kind. When properly fitted together the edges are all even. It will make a fine addition to your growing family and will be always ready to play with you, if you keep her carefully in a box or large envelope, when not in use. One of the figures has 1913 on her coat. She is the old year just going out. The other is the new year 1914 knocking at the door of time. I wish that this New Year may bring to every child in the world the greatest joy and happiness and I certainly will promise that the Dolly Prim feature will be better than ever so you had better tell your mamma about it and see that she does not miss getting COMFORT every month. Directions:

Paste front cover on cardboard and when dry cut out each doll. Paste the blank sides together, to make one doll, having a back view as well as a front view. All edges will be even if the work is done right. Dolly Prim will stand up if a wedge-shaped strip, half her length is pasted temporarily to her back. The wide part of the strip is the lower end. She will also stand if the feet are placed in a slot cut in a shallow box.

a word could he get out of any of them until Pasquale arrived and gave the reason of Jim's non-appearance. To put it mildly, the colonel was wild. Unmindful of the pain in his gouty foot, he stormed up and down the porch.

"Look you—every mother's son of you—and bring him out here dead or alive!" And back the cowboys went.

Meanwhile what of Jim?

That worthy had delivered the cattle in due season, receiving in payment twenty thousand dollars. The party was to unsaddle, let the horses rest a few hours, then start home, and so far all went well. It so happened that the place where they rested had a saloon and gambling room connected therewith. Now Jim had determined not to play, but he so far yielded as to accede to Pasquale's entreaty to "look on for a game or two," and that "looking on" was Jim's undoing.

The fascination proved too much for him and in a little while he took a hand. Pasquale came to him when they were ready to start home, but Jim was too absorbed to pay any attention, and with a shrug the half-breed left him. Some hours later Jim had his last dollar in a "jack-pot" and needed one dollar more to "open" it. It was then he thought of the marked dollar his little daughter had given him. He hesitated about taking it, but he reasoned that he had a "good hand" and if it won this "pot" he could quit the game somewhere near even and have money to buy what he had promised to get for his wife and little Mary. He reached for his hip pocket and found the wallet missing. Then began a frantic search of every pocket, but without result.

Jim was like a madman, he raved and swore—then he accused the man he was playing with of having robbed him—there was a denial—the lie was given—a blow struck, and a moment more the two were fighting like wild animals. It ended in Jim's being overborne by force of superior numbers and thrown bodily into the street. Still cursing, Jim mounted and started homeward, and half way back on the trail the cowboys met him.

When Jim was hailed before the colonel his natural manliness asserted itself, and he told everything exactly as it happened, excusing himself in no way.

"It sounds fishy," said the colonel when Jim finished.

Jim looked straight into his employer's accusing eyes.

"Think I'm lying?" he asked.

"Well," said the colonel slowly, "it hasn't got the right sound to me. Looks like you're not telling me the whole story."

"I am," said Jim firmly. "I've told the truth, that's all I can tell." And with his head held high he walked out and went swiftly down the road toward his own home, but here his confident bearing deserted him—Rose's reproaches would be harder to endure than all the colonel's bluster.

As he opened the door little Mary ran to meet him.

"Oh, papa, did you bring my doll?" she cried with a quiver of anticipation in her childish voice.

"No, dear," Jim said, his voice breaking, "I couldn't bring it."

The child stood choking with disappointment. Rose had no reproaches, but her silence hurt worse, and so for long minutes they stood, then Jim spoke.

"Why don't you say something, Rose? Call me a fool—anything rather than look at me like this."

Then, like the true and faithful woman she was, Rose put both arms around his neck and held him close.

"Oh, Jim, they're saying such dreadful things about you. They say you've robbed the colonel of all that money. Tell me it isn't so."

"No, Rose, it isn't so." Then he told her the story just as he had told the colonel, and Rose believed him.

Little Mary hushed her sobs and listened as Jim told of how he had missed the money. Her childish mind could not take in all the terrible consequences that might follow, but she grasped enough to know that her father had been robbed of his money and that with it was the dollar she had given him, and she felt comforted. After all, father had not forgotten to buy her doll, for this was the thought that had hurt her more than the not getting it.

Jim was thoroughly worn out and soon threw himself down and fell into a troubled sleep, and from this he was aroused by Rose.

"They're after you, Jim—a crowd of them." Just then a loud knock came at the door, and a voice shouted:

"Open, in the name of the law."

Jim sprang up and flung open the door.

"Consider yourself under arrest," said the sheriff, and a moment later Jim felt the click of cold steel as the handcuffs closed over his wrists. Then began a search of the prisoner and of the premises, but without result, after which they marched Jim off to the lock-up, and Rose and Mary were left alone.

The little girl had wept in sympathy with her mother, but childhood's tears are soon dried, and some hours later she was playing about the yard when she saw a horseman approaching. It was nearing sundown and a storm was gathering; dark clouds lay along the horizon, and the wind was blowing strongly. Just as the rider reached the gate his sombrero sailed off and landed at Mary's feet. The child picked it up and ran with it to the man who pulled up to receive it.

"Marsh's kid, eh? Might have been mine if your mother hadn't liked Jim Marsh better than me. Well, kid, here's something to remember Pasquale by—your father and your mother have something else to remember me by, if they only knew it." The last words were uttered under his breath. He drew out a big roll of bills and peeling one off flung it to the child, then dashed on.

Little Mary held the bill up to the fading light and looked at it. The next moment, unheeding the call of her mother, her small feet were fairly flying up the road toward the big ranch house.

The colonel was sitting on the porch watching the gathering storm, and wondering whether he had done the right thing in causing Jim's arrest.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

"BENEDICT ARNOLD"

An illustrated sketch of the strange character and remarkable career of the arch traitor who, like Lucifer, fell from the pinnacle of glory to the depth of infamy. A true story full of thrilling incidents, many of which are stranger than fiction, instructive and intensely interesting to all, will appear complete in February COMFORT.

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If We Had Your Address we'd send free sample and show you how to make \$25.—not one week but weekly. G. Mfg. Co. 20Y, Warren St., N. Y.

OLD COINS BOUGHT

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1855. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

POST CARDS

18 Pretty Postcards 10c; 40 for 20c; Colo. cards 1c each; 100-card album 35c. T. B. Dickey, 1071 Jason, Denver, Colo.

20 Fine Post Cards Birthdays, Scenes, Greetings, Flowers, Art. etc. 10c. Many embossed. H. Brown, Dept. C. Old Bridge, N. J.

PHOTO FINISHING

We develop films any size or number of exposures ten cents the roll. Packs any size 20 cts. We print 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 cts. each, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 cts. each, 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 cts. each, all smaller sizes 2 1/2 cts. each. No free prints. We pay return postage. Coster Photo Supply Co., Holland, Mich.

HELP WANTED

I Will Start You earning \$4 daily at home in spare time silvering mirrors; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.

\$3000 Yearly in your Backyard! No Ginseng, Mushroom dope. New industry you never heard of. "PP" Magazine and Supplement explains. Editor helps you. Two months' trial 10 cents, with Editor's special. Explanatory letter included free. "PP," Pub. Co., 91 Fuller Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

\$35 Weekly. Steady work for man with team. No experience or capital needed. Heberling Med. Co., 59th St., Bloomington, Ill.

Men and Women. Get Government Jobs. \$65 to \$150 month. Parcel Post and Income Tax mean hundreds of Postoffice; Railway Mail and Internal Revenue positions. Write for free list of positions now available. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 13 Rochester, N. Y.

Will you distribute 16x20 refined pictures of art among your neighbors for \$8.00 per 100. Send 12c for sample and outfit. S. Barlow Co., Ferndale, N. Y., Dept. B.

Make Money Writing Short Stories. Big pay. Send for free booklet, Tells How. Dept. O. United Press Syndicate, San Francisco.

\$100 Monthly writing moving picture plays. Experience unnecessary. Particulars Free. Perrin C. Jordan, Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

Ambitious Person may earn \$15 to \$25 weekly during spare time at home, writing for newspapers. Send for particulars. Press Bureau, A-7 Washington, D. C.

Men 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; \$50 to \$100 a month; no experience necessary. The opportunity; no strike; will immediately for application blank. Address Manager W-939 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Vanilla \$1.00 worth for 25 cts. Write us for Free Information. Valley Extract Co., Deep River, Conn.

Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Become a Graduate Trained Nurse by Home study and Hospital Course. Established 12 years. Diplomas recognized by best doctors. Earn \$15 to \$25 a week. Catalog Free. Easy terms. American Training School for Nurses, 1553 LaSalle Ave., Chicago.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

43 Varieties, poultry, pigeons, ducks, geese, incubators. Feed and supplies. Catalogue 4 cents. Mo. Squab Co., Kirkwood, Mo.

For Sale—Turkeys, Chickens, Ducks & Geese. 15 varieties. Eggs in season by insured Parcel Post. W. E. Carls, R. 1, Jacobsburg, Ohio.

GAMES & AMUSEMENTS

250 Parlor Tricks, and 13 Love Letters (reads 2 ways) 12c. 100 High Grade Post Cards, 35c. Bailey, 130 Maple, Napanoch, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies make shields at home, \$10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped self-addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 33, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ladies to sew at home for Phila. firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 62, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Wanted Ladies to Sew. Rare opportunity to make comfortable living. No canvassing. Send 10c for samples, etc., which is returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Dept. J. C., Rehoboth, Delaware.

Ladies. Sewing at home. Material furnished. No canvassing. Steady work. Stamped envelope for particulars. Calumet Supply Co., Dept. 601, Milwaukee, Wis.

Wanted—Apron makers. Send dime, returned if dissatisfied and stamped addressed envelope, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

Four Cents for three-use kitchen knife, bargain sheet household articles, furniture, jewelry, etc. Kelleher Bros. & Sullivan, 77 Front St., Worcester, Mass.

Jewelry, Vehicles, Paint, Sewing Machines, Chinaware, etc. Write for Catalog. Rural Supply Co., Dept. C, St. Louis, Mo.

Ripe Pine Burs from the long leaf pine For ornamental purposes. Sent to any address upon receipt of 25c for one or \$1.00 for 5. Bolivia Sales Co., Bolivia, N. C.

SCHOOLS

Telegraphy—Wire & Wireless & Station Agency Taught. Big demand. Positions Secured. Oldest & Largest School. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, Lake St., Valparaiso, Ind.

BOOKS

"Divorce Laws Compared." Illustrated. With notes. Surprising. "Childless marriages void" etc. Mailed for 10c postage. Law Bureau, 1278 Market St., San Francisco.

First aid to Injured and Sick fully explained with 130 illustrations, cloth bound 50 cents. Jacobs, 214 W. 11th Street, New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 476, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Big Money Collecting Names. Complete plan and particulars for 25c. W. H. Graham, Gokey Bldg., Jamestown, N. Y.

BY PARCEL POST

Farmers: Guaranteed Cure and Preventive of Distemper, Colds and Coughs for Horses and Mules. Nothing else like it. You take no chances. Money back if not satisfied. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$2.00. Asbell Chemical Co., Grand Junction, Colo. Box 195.

White Bedspreads by parcel post prepaid. Any quantity, quality, size or price delivered. Write for catalogue. Lenox Textile Company, 77 West St., Pittsfield, Mass.

STAMMERING

St-stu-t-t-er-ing or Stammering. Let me tell you, by mail, how I cured myself, after 30 years of misery and failure. Discovered a natural method which anyone can use, at home. Since then have won social and business success. Send me your address, in confidence. Walter McDonnell, Drawer F 621, Station F, Washington, D. C.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have you a camera? Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. B. Fraprie, 288 Pope Bldg., Boston.

Make your own prints. You can do it easily. Send 5c for our trial offer; 5 sample dozens 45c developing paper or postals. It will surprise you. Photo Products Co., 6106 LaSalle St., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays; \$10 to \$100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience, literary ability or correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 328, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. \$25 to \$100 each. You can write them. We teach you. No experience needed. Big demand. Details free. Asst. M. P. Schools, Suite D, 674 Sheridan Rd., Chicago.

Make Money Writing Motion Picture Plays. \$10 to \$100 each. Big demand. Send for free illustrated book. Tells how. American Authors Ass'n, 1535 Broadway, New York.

\$50 to \$100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Playwright College, Box 278 Z. Z., Chicago.

REAL ESTATE

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Ass'n., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Southwest Mississippi is your Opportunity. Good farm lands for sale at low prices. No drought. No overflow. Easy terms. Write for list. A. T. Witbeck, Brookhaven, Miss.

Money-Making Farms: 13 States, \$10 to \$50 an acre; live stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Big Illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027 47 West 34th Street, New York.

MONEY LOANED

6-per cent loans on farms, orchard lands, city resident or business property to buy, build, improve, extend or refund mortgages or other securities; terms reasonable, special privileges; correspondence invited. Dept. L, 618 Commonwealth Bldg., Denver, Colo., or 1621 Commerce St., Dallas, Texas.

POST CARD CLUBS

You'll have friends and sweethearts the world over. Membership 10c. The Quality Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

MUSIC & SONG WRITERS

Writer of Many Song Hits wants good song poems on partnership basis. Brennen, 44 Arthur Bldg., Third & Tremont-av., New York.

Harmony and Composition taught by Mail. Write for information. Raymond Robinson, 6 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

We Teach by Mail Sanitary Engineering, Sanitary Inspection, Plumbing, Hygiene. Booklet Free. Anglo-American Sanitary Correspondence College, Ontario Street, Chicago.

Chiropractic Doctors Make Big Incomes, be independent; work for yourself; complete correspondence course, including diploma, only \$25. National College Chiropractic, Grand Rapids, Mich.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Men of Ideas and inventive ability should write for new "List of Needed Inventions." Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice Free. Randolph & Co. Patent Attorneys, Dept. 110, Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. 3 books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Cash for an idea. Patent News, Department 23, Washington, District of Columbia.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted. \$75 to \$125 Monthly. Free quarters. Write Ozment, 8 F. St. Louis.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hasen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Wanted—Men Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Electric Motormen, Train Porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—\$45 to \$150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 men wanted. Enclose stamp for Application Blank and Book. State position. I. Railway C.I., No. C, Indianapolis, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted to buy live pheasants, partridges, peacocks, quail, squirrels. Write particulars and prices. Lock Box 116, South Bend, Indiana.

Wanted to buy diamonds. Will pay \$90 a karat if they are perfect and real value if they are imperfect. We guarantee fair dealing and bank references. Owl Jewelry Co., South Bend, Ind.

The Hardest Part About Getting Rich Is Making the Right Start

Do you realize that some of the largest fortunes in the United States were built up by men who started their business careers with a modest agency or by selling goods in a small way?

Has it ever come home to you that men who started by peddling goods from door to door are now riding in automobiles?

Well, it is a fact.

And the same chance that these men had you have—only yours is better, for you have the assistance of COMFORT to tell you of these opportunities, of the parcel post to bring the goods to your door and to deliver them to your patrons. You have more people to solicit and these people have more money.

The hard part is to start, and that's not hard if you go at it right.

Read over the advertisements on this page and throughout this issue of COMFORT. If you are anxious to make money and are willing to work for it you will find innumerable opportunities. Answer the advertisements and see what wonderful chances are offered to you.

Then make a start. You have the same chance to build a fortune that everyone else has.

Note also in reading through the pages of COMFORT that you find among the advertisements not only opportunities to make money but also wonderful chances to buy goods at the very lowest prices and at the best terms. You will find the advertising columns of especial interest this month.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE bird life of this country is being rapidly destroyed. Ninety per cent of it is already gone, and in five more years, unless the Federal and State authorities take drastic steps to stop the slaughter of our feathered friends, this will be a birdless land.

Over a billion dollars yearly is lost to the farmers and fruit growers of this country by insect pests that war upon every living thing. You would doubtless like to know how this total is made up. The boll weevil takes from the pockets of the cotton growers of Texas forty to fifty million dollars a year, and that is quite a respectable sum by the way, and every dollar of this loss might have been saved if the bloodthirsty pest hunters had not persisted in killing off the quail and prairie chickens which are the natural enemies of that destructive pest.

Our southern readers know only too well what devastation has been brought by the boll weevil and how it is moving slowly and surely eastward. It is probable that the waves of the Atlantic alone, will mark the limit of its depredations. Unless the killing of birds is immediately stopped and every protection given them so they may increase and multiply, the southern cotton growers face a serious situation.

The cinch bug causes a loss to the wheat growers of the United States of \$100,000,000 a year. The natural enemy of the cinch bug was the quail and the quail has been nearly wiped from the face of the earth.

\$15,000,000 a year is being spent by farmers in the middle and eastern states for Paris Green which is put on potato vines. The quail used to protect the vines at no cost to the farmer, but the quail were slaughtered and the farmers are millions of dollars out of pocket every year in consequence.

The codling moth has cost each of the apple-growing states in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000 a year. This money and time might all have been saved, had the short-sighted, countryside butchers refrained from killing off the blue birds, blue jays, robins, woodpeckers, sapsuckers, orioles, tanagers and other birds, which of yore made short work of this insect.

The farmers cannot stand all of this enormous loss,

and so all of those who consume potatoes and apples, must pay in the added cost of these articles, for the millions that are spent for spraying the trees and vines.

That our readers may get an idea of what the birds do to protect the farmers' produce, it is interesting to note that 127 cotton boll weevils were found in the crop of a quail, which was killed in a Texas cotton field. In the crop of another quail, killed in a Pennsylvania corn field, 101 potato bugs were found, while from a quail's crop in a Kansas wheat field, 1,200 cinch bugs were removed. An observer noted 32 martens made no less than 3,277 trips to their nests with insects for their young, and all this in one day, while another batch of martens fed their young, in sixteen hours, 312 times. A pair of yellow throat warblers demolished 68 plant lice a minute for nearly an hour. At this rate they would destroy nearly 75,000 insects in a week. Five hundred mosquitoes were found in the stomach of a night hawk, while another bird had 60 grasshoppers in its crop. 35 gypsy moth caterpillars, disappeared down the throat of a scarlet tanager in a minute and the bird kept up its gormandizing at this rate for eighteen consecutive minutes. A pair of warblers devoured 7,200 plant lice in forty minutes, while 28 cutworms were found in the stomach of a red-winged blackbird. No less than 51 species of birds devour hairy caterpillars, while 38 species show a fondness for plant lice.

It seems incredible, but each season the birds visit the State of New York, they devour no less than 3,000,000 bushels of insect pests. In the light of these facts, is it not astounding that people can be so criminally short sighted, so stupidly blind to their own interests, as to destroy these feathered beauties of field and woodland, copse and hillside?

At Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, 40,000 terns were slaughtered in a single season so that fashionable women might have their head gear suitably adorned. Ah me; surely a dead bird in a woman's hat is a pitiful thing, and still more to be pitied is the thoughtless creature who would thus adorn herself with the body of one of man's greatest friends. The egrets and herons, once so plentiful in Florida have almost entirely disappeared. What do you think of the gallant sportsmen of

Philadelphia who slay a million bobolinks in the marshy region adjoining that city, and then save their brutal consciences by calling these useful songsters, reed birds.

There is no more voracious bug eater in the south than the bobolink, but unfortunately it is classed with the robin as a game bird, and the gun fiends wage war on both in their usual thoughtless, merciless manner. A laying hen is not only useful for the eggs she produces, but in a single day she has been known to devour 1350 house flies, besides a quantity of seeds and other food, while in the same time a six weeks old chick, with a voracious appetite, disposed of 5,000 plant lice, 1,235 rose slugs, 3 grasshoppers, topping off with 65 black crickets for good measure.

It has been estimated that 12,000,000,000 plant lice are often found on one cherry tree. Fathers, mothers and school teachers, should send a stamped addressed envelope to the Humane Society, Albany, N. Y., and ask for some of their leaflets on birds. If you are wise you will read these to your children, and the teachers will read them to their pupils in school. For robbing birds' nests children should be punished with sufficient severity to put a stop to that form of destructive cruelty.

Without the birds we cannot live upon this planet. Impress upon the children that the birds are our best friends, and without them the greatest charm of the countryside would entirely disappear.

Man's greatest enemies are not the huge, wild beasts of the forests, but the tiny insects that destroy the vegetation on which man lives, and the invisible and infinitely smaller germs and microbes which prey upon humanity from the cradle to the grave, destroying life ruthlessly and relentlessly. The rifle and the shotgun will soon be hung upon the wall as a weapon of the past, for these instruments of death are no longer useful in destroying the enemies of man, but are dangerous inasmuch as they are used to kill off the birds, our friends and protectors, which are ever warring against millions of our almost invisible, but still deadly enemies.

Comfort's Editor

In the Byways of Matrimony

By Mrs. M. W. Law

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

John Havensett, a prosperous and well-to-do farmer, gives his untiring attention, through the winter to the little teacher at the cross roads, only to see her won in the spring after a brief courtship, by a younger and handsomer man. Determined to be married and with no time, with the cultivating and haying, to go a wooing he has a matrimonial ad inserted in the Sunday Sentinel which is read and answered by two madcap girls, who affix the signature of their cousin, Sara Henderson, the hard-working forewoman in one of the departments of a large manufacturing establishment. Unhappy in her surroundings Sara is tempted to seek a more congenial home, but the income received by the aunt for her board means a serious loss, and she stays suffering all the discomforts of a badly managed home and the mad pranks of the two undisciplined girls. John Havensett receives the answer to his advertisement, and determined to see it through calls upon Sara Henderson. He states his errand. She pleads ignorance to answering any advertisement. He produces the answer and she recognizing the scrawl admits it to be the foolish nonsense of her two cousins and begs him to forget it. In a straightforward manner John Havensett tells the story of his life, his father's early death, his mother's death two years before of the woman who threw him over his comfortable home—money in the bank—his housekeeper—and yet his utter loneliness. Won't she overlook all and they be friends. She pleads an engagement and must be excused. With the request to call again there comes a refusal. He accepts it as right and asks forgiveness. Sara regrets her decision and John reasons while he wouldn't ask to call again, he didn't promise he would not call without permission.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER week passed for Sara in the treadmill of the store, and in the ever increasing turmoil and disorder in the home. The twins were preparing for a visit to friends in the country; basting their frills together with reckless haste, shampooing each other's heads and lying out on the fire-escape to dry them, driving their mother to distraction with their bowls of soap-suds in every corner, their airy nothings drying on every window pane.

Sara came home early on Wednesday evening to pack her trunk. She was to depart at six in the morning on her toilsome vacation. After supper, as she sat at her window for a moment's rest, she seemed to see again the warm, alluring light in those brown eyes—"but I shall never see him again," she thought wistfully. "I believe he is good—a woman could trust him—though he did do that foolish—that almost wicked thing. Some one will marry him—and be happy—I am sure; he will never come here again—of course. He said he knew the letter was from a young girl—and when he saw me—with my faded face—oh, well, I had better go to bed—I need a good long sleep."

The week had passed slowly for John Havensett, as he guided the mower around and around his big meadow, driving the panic-stricken gophers to earth, lifting the scythe over the be-lated nest of some long-legged Meadow-lark mother, whistling to the disheveled bobolinks, who, their short season of courtship over, lolled about the meadow in irresponsible bachelor fashion, ignoring the very existence of their half fledged offspring, he too had his haunting visions, of a tall, slight figure in delicate lilac draperies, of purple blue eyes under thick black lashes; of the flushing and paling of a thin, delicate cheek. "What a dear wife," he thought with a heart-throb. "Lovely—and sweet and good. She works too hard—I could see that. I'd like to bring her out here—come up Jim—I'll bet she'd look ten years younger in six months. Dog-on it—I'm going to see her again. A man can but try."

Thus it came to pass that just one week from the date of his last visit to the city, John hitched his high stepping young trotter to his noiseless light cart, and drove into town, and in the early summer evening drew up at the entrance to the big flat building that sheltered the lady of his dreams.

Sara had finished her packing, and had securely locked up her belongings to be left behind, for she well knew that the twins—given the opportunity—would not hesitate to cut up her best silk waist for opera-bags, or her velvet jacket for hat crowns. She had come out on the fire-escape for a breath of fresh air, and she looked down at once upon the crown of a big soft black hat that seemed unaccountably familiar, upon the beautiful, tossing head of a young horse with a white star in his forehead. She retreated, trembling, to give herself a breathless scrutiny in the glass, and to slip into a long, fluffy white gown, which she had left to be put into the top of her trunk in the morning. As she planned the ruffles with trembling fingers about her throat, she gave fervent thanks that the twins were out, driving some innocent persons distracted with

their chatter at a park concert. John had to wait but a moment in the little parlor—and then—what radiant vision was this—in flowing white—flushed and glowing—raising veiled eyes for a moment to his ardent gaze.

"I want to come," he said simply. "I had to—I had to say so many things—may I sit down?" The little hat was quiet on its perch far above the street, looking out upon the misty summer night, and the floating lights of the deep blue lake.

John told her of his big farm, where he was born, and his father before him; where he had spent his life, with the exception of his school and college days in the East with his mother's people; of his father's death, twenty years before, and his determination, as a boy of fifteen, to work the farm himself, and take care of his mother. How he had toiled to do a man's work, and had succeeded, made the money for his education, and doubled the value of the land. Of his reticent, strong, and careful mother who had left him three years ago, to such loneliness as he had never known before.

Sara divined that he had been lonely, even with his silent presence in the house, and had honored rather than loved her. He told her of his love for his big, clean, comfortable home, and of his old housekeeper who kept it spick and span, but who was stone deaf now, and never companionable. Of his experience with the little school teacher. It had not really meant much to him, he declared with the ready perfidy of a lover, but it had set him thinking.

He checked himself here, to tell her of his theories of life—his ambitions, and his plans. He was thinking of politics—they might run him for the legislature in the fall. He wanted to travel—there was plenty of money, but he hadn't cared to go alone. "But I am talking too much about myself," he said, sitting up suddenly, and taking her hand that trembled on the arm of her chair. How graceful her dark head looked above the white frills. "Tell me," he pleaded softly. "Tell me about yourself. I feel somehow that you have had it hard. You have been alone—you have worked too hard. You know the woman who won't work sometimes gets a shilling—but the woman who works never gets more than sixpence."

Sara sighed, and murmured her little story, not complainingly, but with the pathos of truth, and in simplicity of heart.

"I don't like to think of it," he held her hand close. "It's no kind of life for a woman; come," he whispered, bending nearer, "come with me. You will like my home—you'll like the country—I hope some day—you will like me too; I will wait for that: I will do anything, be anything, I've thought of you ever since I first saw you. You are the woman I have dreamed of—all my life."

"Oh," sighed the woman, unconsciously revealing her wistful heart in every look and word. "I couldn't; the people here depend on me—and my own family—in Vermont—too. My father and the children—they are expecting me—I am going to them—in the morning. I must spend my vacation with them—they need me."

"We'll help them," he interrupted eagerly. "they shan't lose anything—except making a slave of you—and that they have no right to do. All your burdens shall be my burdens; I don't want you to work—there will be no need. I want to take care of you—to make you happy, I believe I can. And I want your company—it will be everything in life to me. If you could only trust me—won't you—Miss Henderson—Sara—"

The woman turned away, but her eyes brimmed over. To be so tenderly, so persuasively wooed; it was dew upon her parched and thirsty heart. The man at her side bent lower and whispered into the small ear beneath the curve of heavy hair. "Come Sara—I'll be good to you, You'll be the dearest thing on earth to me—and I will be to you—whatever you want me to be. Just a friend—anything. Let us say nothing to anyone—let us act. We are not children. You go away in the morning, as you had planned—and I will meet you at the station. We'll drive round to your minister—and then out to the farm."

"Oh—no—no," Sara panted. "I can't—I mustn't. What a thing to do. And I must go home—indeed I must. They are expecting me—and I couldn't do it—oh—I couldn't. Perhaps—later," she faltered. "I could arrange but now—I must go."

"Yes," he whispered. "and slave for them all through this hot summer. No—I want to take you away now. I'll do for them—you shall do whatever you like; but now—I want you to rest—and get strong. Now don't you be afraid of me—I am yours to command. You will be a visitor at the farm—and I shall have your company—on your terms. I'll take it all on trust,"

he cried rising. "All the future—all the chances and our time is now—don't you see it—don't you—dearest—"

No better illustration of the "woman who hesitates" was ever presented in this kaleidoscopic world. Nor was the fate of the hesitating woman ever more certainly decreed by fate.

She rose, trembling, and snatched her hand from him that she might cover her burning face with it. "Oh," she murmured. "It seems as if I must—but don't—don't," she pleaded. "Go now—please; I shall be at the station at six—oh, you needn't come—you must not—I shall be there—but I shall not blame you—I shall know that—of course—it is better not—that it cannot be—it is ridiculous—oh—how crazy we are—"

A clatter was heard at the door, and the twins tumbled in breathless, and after staring a moment, burst into simultaneous cries of astonishment and alarm.

"Oh, oh," cried Alvira, pointing a finger at the amazed farmer. "It's the man—the man—"

"It's the man," howled Almira, backing into a corner, and holding her petticoats tightly around her, while her eyes begged from her pale face with terror. "I didn't want," she screamed. "Go away—mamma—mamma—"

The pair, thus brought out of the clouds of their romance, and deposited on the earth with a bump of appalling severity, stood staring and silent while Almira screamed and trembled and cowered, and Alvira sped down the hall calling: "Mamma—mamma—come quick. It's the man—it's the man. He's going to take her away—come quick."

"What does this mean," said John at last. He came a step nearer to the trembling girl who shrank into the corner, and put up two shaking hands crying—"Go away! Oh, go away! I never meant it—it was all a joke. I won't, I won't, oh, mamma, mamma!"

"Stop that," cried the man in desperation. "You'll have the police here in a minute. I don't want you—I shan't touch you—what's the matter—any way—oh, well—I'll be why it is—yes—it is the little girl I met at Bundy's last summer—and—"

"I never meant it—I won't, I won't—"

screamed Almira.

"Mean't it—you little idiot," he grinned superior. "Of course you didn't mean it—nobody wants you to mean it—it was all a joke—"He turned eagerly to Sara—"I just saw her before that evening—nor since." He just stopped short of expressing a fervent desire never to see the girl again, and Sara bridled and drew away.

"It seems to me," she said coldly, "you have trifled a good deal—one way and another—"But I can explain—it was just a game—I was dragged into it—I have never seen the girl since I was introduced to her—that evening. What is she afraid of," he turned angrily to the cowering girl in the corner. "What is all this row about—any way?"

"That's just what I'd like to know," said a voice behind him, and he turned quickly to confront Mrs. Wintermere, half dressed, disheveled and stupid from her disturbed sleep, but beligerent as a hen whose covey is threatened.

With a shriek, Almira fell upon her parent, dragged her into the corner, and made of her stout body a bulwark against the enemy, at whom she gazed fearfully over the broad shoulder before her.

Alvira, more bold, stood defiantly in front and they all screamed together. "Young man," the mother's deep voice was heard to say—"you can't take advantage of my child."

"She was only fooling," cried the mother, "but it seems you mean to take advantage—"Never, never," shouted the goaded victim, "I never saw your daughter before. It was a tableau—a game—don't you know—don't you understand?"

"Yes, but I've been told since by someone who was there—and knows—that the young fellow that married you—he was a justice of the peace—and you are really married—but—"Never—never. I have never seen your daughter—it was a tableau—a game—don't you understand?"

"Oh, but I won't—he shan't," screamed the girls in duo.

Sara drew back against the portiere, and buried her face in its folds. If she could only get away—and hide—but she must hear—must know all.

"What!" shouted the bewildered, and now frightened man. "And you let it go—all this time? I don't—I can't believe that you really think anything of the kind." He calmed himself with an effort. "Madam," he said impressively. "You have been deceived; I am sure of it; I know it."

"What are you here for then?" demanded the mother. Pulled and choked and half strangled

as she was by her frantic offspring, she nevertheless showed a pathetic courage and devotion that saved her from the absurdity of the situation as a whole.

"Oh, he's after her!" screamed Alvira. "Give him some money. Mamma, here." She made a desperate rush, and thrust into his hand a tiny purse, then back like lightning to her entrenchments.

John turned eagerly to the shrinking figure behind him.

"This Miss Henderson—Sara," he said appealingly. "This is the wildest nonsense." He tried to pull the curtain away. "Look at me—dear—I tell you there is absolutely nothing in it; I met her at a party in the country—a year ago; we stood up in a charade, and a fellow burlesqued the marriage ceremony; that is absolutely all—you believe me—Sara—"

"Yes," said Sara hesitatingly. "I believe you." She avoided his eyes, and looked reproachfully at her aunt.

"I have never heard a word about this," she said.

"We didn't tell you," piped Alvira, "because we knew you would think it was horrid, and besides—they all told us not to say a word about it to anyone; not to anyone—cousin Sara."

"Mrs. Wintermere," said John with dignity, "I wish to marry your niece—Miss Henderson. She has consented and—"

"Sara," said that distracted woman. "You can't; not unless this thing is cleared up. And how did you come to know him? I never heard you speak of him."

"Oh, don't ask me Aunt Belinda," Sara turned to the portiere again, and John took up the tale. "Never mind about that now," said he hastily. "We are acquainted—and we mean to be married at once. I—I—meant to speak to you—we were

But at this moment Alvira pointed an accusing finger at "the man" once more.

"I know—I know," she cried triumphantly. "You are the man who advertised for a wife—and we answered it; is it the one that came last week—cousin Sara; the one you scolded us about? We didn't see him—you know; oh, what fun! And you'll take him cousin Sara—and it will be all right. Oh, you take him—you take him cousin Sara," they cried together.

"Now what does this mean?" boomed the exasperated mother. And under cover of the clatter of exclamation and explanation that followed, John drew Sara into the hall.

"Dear," he said earnestly, taking her hands in his. "I can and will clear up this absurd business in one hour; I must satisfy your aunt—of course, but you believe me—Sara?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Sara, "but you must clear it all up, on their account; and I—will go away as I had planned; yes—don't you see—you must see—that is best. Don't you see it is all spoiled now—and I couldn't—I couldn't."

John did not argue the point. "Go and rest," he said, "and wait for me; and think—Sara; don't let a trifle spoil our lives—mine at least; I shall come back soon—and I shall take you away—yes—I am sure you will see that it is best; and don't talk to them—or listen to them."

Sara was drooping over a door knob, and he took her hand from it and opened the door.

"This is your room?" he asked, and as she passed him he stooped and kissed the trembling white-frill upon her shoulder.

"Let me hear you lock the door," he whispered, "and don't you come out or answer any questions till I come back."

She listened to his footsteps on the stairs, and then to the call of the young horse at sight of his master.

For a long time there was a babel of tongues outside, and the girls spat their soft hands on the door and called, "Cousin Sara"—and asked questions and offered advice.

"You take him," they cried. "He's real nice—and we don't care—truly; we'll come and live with you—we'd just as lief as not; and—cousin Sara—we did it—we did it."

Sara did not speak, and after a while Aunt Belinda succeeded in driving them into the bedroom and locking the door upon them; where they immediately climbed out upon the balcony, and in at their mother's window, and came running to say they could not go to bed—they must see it out, and in spite of remonstrances, emphasized by shakings and apattings, they plied themselves up on the couch in the parlor, and lay whispering and giggling, and hugging each other over the success of their machinations.

Sara flung herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands and tried to still the tumult within her, and think coherently of what had happened. Hers was a virginal soul in spite of her twenty years of strenuous conflict with the world.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"I WISH I knew some way of earning money," is a wish we often hear expressed, and usually by the ambitious wife who sees so many things she would like for herself and children, and yet hesitates to ask for money with which to buy them. If resourceful and possessed of a spirit of independence, quite likely she will figure out some way of turning the spare hours into cash.

Martha Wheaton, Waverly, R. R. 3, Iowa, writes us that she earns her pin money by raising Angora cats. Mrs. J. A. Dostal, South Omaha, Neb., says that golden seal for medicinal purposes finds a ready market and is easily raised.

Many women have found the way to successful home employment by looking into the needs of the women in their vicinity. Making rompers and children's aprons is easy work and are salable most anywhere. Make a few samples and show them to your friends, who in turn will help you advertise your work. Hair ribbons with deep hemstitched hems will sell. The ribbons can be bought by the roll or in remnants and sold in yard lengths at a profit and a little additional for the labor. Bonnets and hoods for babies will also sell.

Those who live in large towns or cities will find a ready sale for well-cooked food, and when once your reputation is established you will have no difficulty in disposing of it at your own door, thus saving the commission you would pay another for handling it.

Private evening classes of poor girls and boys who are unable to attend school has proven profitable in many instances. Writing, reading, spelling and arithmetic are the usual studies. Also there are many young working women to be found who are glad to take private sewing lessons.

Probably any kind of a suggestion "for home work" would help some sister make both ends meet, so write us your ideas that we may increase our usefulness.

To all those who write unsigned letters to this department or request that their name and address be withheld, I will state that such letters receive no attention.—Ed.

WEST UNION, W. VA.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT since I was a small girl, and have often thought I would like to write to the Sisters' Corner but never had the courage to try before. When my COMFORT came today I was very busy. But sewing was laid aside. I just had to read my paper. After reading the many good letters and comments from Mrs. Wilkinson, I couldn't keep still any longer. I am not the most patient soul in the world and you can't even imagine how much good the paper does for me. I want to be and try to be patient, but find it very hard to do so all the time.

Now you are wondering what I am like. Will try to tell you as near as I can. I am thirty years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, have brown curly hair and brown eyes and rather fair complexion. I have been married a little over six years to the dearest, sweetest and best Howard in all the world. He is no good to me; never was cross. Just wish I could tell you how dear and good he is. My mother who is sixty-eight years old lives with us. We also have three of the sweetest children "we" ever saw. No, I am not the mother of them, but, oh how I wish I was. I want to be and try to be. Two boys and a girl; the boys are brothers and the little girl is no relation to them. The boys are my youngest sister's children and the little girl is husband's brother's child. Their mothers are dead, and before they died they both gave the children to me. We have had baby four years and the boys three. They are, Leonard aged seven, Claude six and Lillian five years, so you see I have three babies and can understand why I need be patient. I am not strong and I sometimes get cranky and blue and I wonder why God gave me three sweet children. I want to live right and rear them right. Yet I can look around me and see mothers who do not seem to have as much of the real mother-love for their own children as I do for mine. I know my babies all love me, and what ever "mamma" says is just right with them.

One thing I won't do and that is to deceive them. Some time ago I overheard a little conversation that pleased me very much. Our boys and another were arguing when one of mine said, "I know it is so because mamma said so." Bless his little heart; how I wanted to hug him then. I can't see why people who have no children of their own (unless they are childless from choice) do not take one or more of the poor little motherless children that are so much in need of a home and someone to love and care for them. I sometimes think how I love what they need most. I can't understand why anyone wouldn't love a baby. Only yesterday a mother died, leaving five little ones, a baby three days old. How I wish it was possible for me to have that baby. Then to see women, many of them who won't have children and will turn up their noses at a child and making a baby of a dog, makes my blood fairly boil. Here I have forgotten myself as I always do when I talk about husband and children, and haven't told you of the many ways I have learned of making the head save both heels and money when it comes to raising a family, for we are not rich in this world's good. But I will do so next time if I may come again.

With best wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and the COMFORT sisters I am, a lover of COMFORT,
MRS. HOWARD M. GASKINS.

TAGE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I have been a silent reader of your paper but a short time but like COMFORT very much, especially the Sisters' Corner. There is so much good advice on rearing children with four little ones to rear. We

work on the farm, but are thinking now of moving to town to work for a living. We work twelve acres of cotton and exchange work with other people to get them to plant and plow our crop. But men are getting so they put in such large crops they don't have much time to work for others.

Sisters, please give me your advice on what to do as I have no mother or father, or anyone to look to for advice.

May God bless Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie for their noble work.

MRS. BENNIE CONNELL.

Mrs. Connell, life is very hard for a woman alone on a farm, and with your children all dependent on you, of course it is many times harder. But so is town life, dear COMFORT sister. If your children are young, I would almost advise staying on the farm for a few years longer. It has many advantages over town life, yet you know your own circumstances best. There is a freedom and independence which for strangers. Weigh carefully any outside advice, making sure it does not influence you against your best judgment. May success follow you.—Ed.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps



The chafing dish in many homes is a valued possession, being brought into use for light lunches or when there is no range fire in hot weather, and then one is surprised to find how much can be accomplished with a chafing dish.

Cream toast, oyster stew, scrambled, boiled, or fried eggs or an omelet, Welsh rarebit, hash, brown potato, lamb chops or hamburger steak are some of the things successfully cooked in a chafing dish. Do not use the hot water pan for food that is to be quickly cooked and browned.

RICE CAKE.—One cup of water, two cups of cold boiled rice, one heaping tablespoon of butter, five well-beaten eggs (reserve two whites for icing), two cups of flour, one tablespoon of baking powder, one half box of cleaned, dried currants, two cups of brown sugar. The cake should be a little thicker than plain cake dough. Bake in a slow oven in a well-buttered wide pan. This is fine hot or cold.

MRS. LULU WILLIAMS, Clearwater, Fla.

BEEF LOAF.—One pound of rare beef chopped fine, three large crackers rolled and sifted, add salt, pepper and one egg well-beaten. Work all until thoroughly mixed. Form in a loaf by pressing into a bowl, and turn out onto a buttered tin. Rub a little butter on it and pour over a large cup of canned tomatoes. Bake three quarters of an hour, basting frequently with tomatoes. Serve cold.

MRS. N. STONER, Arcola, R. R., Ind.

APPLE BUTTER.—Peel, core and quarter five gallons of tart apples, and add one gallon of water, two tablespoons of nutmeg, one of ginger, two of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of cloves, one gallon of sugar, three quarters cup of vinegar. Cook very slowly for five hours stirring often to prevent scorching on bottom. Mrs. NICHOLAS GERIG.

SOFT SUGAR COOKIES.—Two eggs, two cups of light brown sugar, one cup of sour cream, one half cup of lard worked in flour, one half teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Beat all together and knead in flour to make a soft dough; roll out, then brush over with sweet cream and sift granulated sugar on the top. Bake in a quick oven.

MRS. L. T. LAWSON, Bridgeport, Ill.

SAUSAGE.—To every ten pounds of ground sausage, add three tablespoons of salt, three tablespoons of ground sage, one and one half tablespoons of pepper, one half tablespoon of allspice and one large cup of wheat flour. Mrs. W. C. TILDEN, Birchardville, Pa.

BUTTERLESS, EGGLess, MILKLESS CAKE.—Cook together one cup of brown sugar, one cup of water, one third cup of lard, two cups of seeded raisins, quarter of a teaspoon of nutmeg, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one half teaspoon of ground cloves and a pinch of salt for three minutes and cool. Add one teaspoon of soda dissolved in two teaspoons of hot water, two cups of flour in which one half teaspoon of baking powder has been added.

MRS. C. W. OSBORN, Walnut, R. R. 1, Nebr.

DOUGHNUTS.—Break two eggs into mixing bowl and beat light; add and beat in very gradually with egg beater, one and one half cup of sugar and a little salt, nutmeg and cinnamon; beat in one cup of milk, then four cups of flour to which four teaspoons of baking powder has been added, and when flour is partly stirred in add two level tablespoons of melted butter and enough more flour to make quite stiff. Knead very lightly and roll thin and cut out before beginning to fry. In frying, turn doughnuts twice, the first time as soon as the side in fat rises, the top side the same and the next two turns for browning.—Ed.

CRYSTALLIZED ORANGE OR LEMON PEEL.—(Requested.) Take the peel and cut in strips or use whole. Pour cold water over them and let boil until peel is tender. Take two cups of sugar and one of water, which will make a heavy syrup; put peel in and cook until clear. Have a dish of granulated sugar take peel from syrup and roll in sugar, place in sun to clarify. The syrup can be used again. I put in jar and keep until needed.

Mrs. A. HOLMES, 88 Spring St., Charleston, S. C.

GERMAN COFFEE CAKE.—Two cups of bread sponge, one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of lard, raisins if liked. Mix well, then add enough flour to make a soft dough, not stiff as bread. Let rise and put in shallow pans, having cake about three fourths to one inch thick. Let rise again, then spread with melted butter or cream, sprinkle lightly with sugar, put cinnamon sticks on top, sprinkle enough sugar there to sweeten apple. Dash little cinnamon here and there and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes. Other fruit can be used, or fruit can be omitted entirely.

FRUIT CAKE.—Chop three pounds of raisins, one and one half cups of currants, one pound of English walnuts, four ounces each of lemon and orange peel and two pounds of dried citron. After chopping, mix all together and pour over one cup of best brandy and let stand twenty-four hours. Sift two cups of flour to which has been added one teaspoon of soda, one each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice and mix with chopped fruit in another large dish. Cream together two cups of granulated (cane) sugar and one cup of butter, six eggs beaten separately, one cup of strong coffee, one half cup of molasses, adding alternately, a little at a time, the coffee, fruit and yolks till all are used, adding whites last. Beat together and bake in three cakes in moderate oven one hour and twenty minutes. In some altitudes one needs more flour. This is delicious and will keep one year. I wrap mine when cool in waxed paper and put in stone jar.

Mrs. E. J. LAWSON, 317 Lafayette St., Jefferson City, Mo.

TOASTED CHICKEN SANDWICHES.—Prepare thin three-cornered slices of toast and butter. Cut roast chicken very thin, spread with mayonnaise and put be-



TOASTED CHICKEN SANDWICHES.

tween slices of buttered toast. Arrange in four piles on plate with a mound of crisp lettuce leaves in center which are served and eaten with sandwiches.

TO PICKLE LEAN PORK.—Six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, three pounds of brown sugar, three ounces of saltpeter, three ounces of soda. Boil and skim and when cold put in meat.

SPICED FISH.—One cup of sugar, one third cup of salt, one tablespoon each of pepper, cloves and dacealia. Clean fish, put in a deep dish in layers, sprinkled with the mixture. Cover with good cider vinegar. Bake slow three or four hours.

GREEN TOMATO MINCE MEAT.—Chop fine four quarts of green tomatoes, drain off all the juice, cover with cold water, let come to a boil and scald thirty minutes, then drain off water and add two pounds of brown sugar one half pound of chopped citron, one half pound of chopped raisins, one cup of chopped fat pork

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Bright teeth and bright smiles are always found with this delicious, mint leaf flavored offering. It's "springy" and enjoyable because it's made of real chicle, with no aftertaste as in inferior gum.

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CAUTION!

The great popularity of the clean, pure, healthful Wrigley's SPEARMINT is causing unscrupulous persons to wrap rank frauds that are not even real chewing gum so they resemble genuine WRIGLEY'S. The better class of stores will not try to fool you with these imitations. They will be offered to you principally by street fakirs, peddlers and the candy departments of some 5 and 10 cent stores. These rank imitations cost dealers one cent a package or even less and are sold to careless people for almost any price. If you want Wrigley's look before you buy. Get what you pay for. Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S.

We are inserting the above caution solely to protect our customers who are continually writing us that they have been deceived by imitations which they purchased thinking they were WRIGLEY'S.

or suet, one tablespoon of salt, one half cup of vinegar, two teaspoons each of cloves, cassia and nutmeg. Stir salt, one tablespoon each of pepper, cloves and cassia, well and cook two hours.

MRS. D. F. DUBOIS, Cornish, Maine.

CALIFORNIA BEER SUD.—(Requested.) Take about one third cup of pearl barley and one half cup of molasses—some prefer brown sugar. Add one quart of tepid water and shake vigorously for a minute or two to mix the ingredients. Put the mixture in a two-quart glass jar, covering tightly. Let stand in a warm place for twenty-four hours, when it will be ready for use. The barley can be used three or four times, but whenever a glass of the liquid is removed, the same amount of sweetened water must be added to the "beer seed". It is quite amusing to watch the seeds "working"; they seem like so many little bees, and their number constantly increasing. When the mixture becomes the least bit sour, throw it away and start fresh "seeds" in a clean jar.

BUTTERMILK PIES.—Beat yolks of three eggs to a light yellow and beat in one cup of sugar; add scant tablespoon of warmed butter. Mix together two heaping tablespoons of flour with another cup of sugar and add to the above and then two cups of buttermilk. Bake in under crust. Use whites of eggs for frosting. Makes two pies.

MYRTLE TILFORD, Dundee, Ky.

WILD GRAPE JELLY.—(Requested.) Cook grapes until they pop open, strain through cheese-cloth, add to it equal portions of tart apple juice and one cup of port or liquid add a pint of sugar. Cook rapidly in porcelain kettle, skim all rising sediment and test frequently; if too sweet and doesn't become firm quickly add a little vinegar or lemon juice; if too tart add more sugar, put into sterilized jelly glasses. Best made on a clear day.

PLUM JAM.—(Requested.) Cook plums fifteen minutes, press through collander and remove skins and stones and to every pound of fruit add three quarters of a pound of sugar. Cook and seal.

MRS. ELLA V. SMITH, Decatur, R. R. 4, Tenn.

MOTHER'S FRUIT CAKE.—One half pound of English walnuts cut fine; one half pound of currants, washed clean and dried, one half pound of seeded raisins, washed clean and dried, one half pound of figs cut fine, one half pound of dates cut fine, one half pound of citron cut fine; have all dry and roll in a little flour. One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one half pint of brandy, yolks of nine eggs, one half teaspoon of soda, one half teaspoon of cream of tartar, one half teaspoon of baking powder, one half teaspoon each of nutmeg, ginger, cinnamon, cloves and add molasses, milk and brandy, then sift in some flour with soda, cream of tartar and baking powder and make a stiff dough. Then begin to add spices and fruits slowly, and lastly add half the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Stir in well and use the other half for frosting. Put greased paper in large round pan and bake slowly for five hours. This is best baked three or four weeks before using, wrap up and put where it will keep moist and once or twice a week take out and sprinkle with brandy. When ready to use re-frost and decorate.

MRS. NELLIE GRAY, Humboldt, Arizona.

BAKED PEPPERS.—Take eight or ten nice pods of sweet peppers, wash, pull out the stems, split one side of each and put in a spoonful of clean raw rice, a pinch of salt and a piece of corned beef or other boiled beef in each pod. Lay in baking pan with split side up. Now sprinkle two or three spoons of rice around the peppers, the remainder of the beef, a spoonful of butter and a little salt. Cut over all two or three ripe tomatoes, cover well with water and bake till thick and a little brown. Do not stir.

MRS. OLLIE NAUM, West Blocton, Ala.

GRAHAM CRACKERS.—(Requested.) One cup of sugar, four tablespoons of butter and one half cup of sour milk, mix stiff with graham flour, to which has been added one quarter teaspoon of soda. Roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Keep dry and crisp.

MISS BESSIE CHRISTENBERRY, Rockwood, Tenn.

CUP CURTAINS.—Put two cups of milk on to scald, and in the meantime beat three eggs, add a pinch of sugar. Beat all together and pour over the scalding milk, a little nutmeg and three even tablespoons of salt. Bake in cups or large bowl set in a shallow pan of hot water. The usual test of custard is to cook till knife will come out clean, which is a mistake;

the knife should show the custard to be of a slightly milky consistency, as the hot dish it is baked in will finish cooking after taking from the oven. This applies to soft custard and custard pies.—Ed.

KINGSLAND, ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: May I come in out of this cold rain, and have a chat with you all this morning? Thank you for being so kind, for I am almost freezing. I know that being among you all and talking with you will thaw me out considerably, for I dearly love to read your letters, and I know I will enjoy hearing you talk. Mamma takes COMFORT and there isn't a whole family of ten that does not find it helpful in some way.

I am changing the subject rather abruptly, but I think all girls should do everything in their power to save their mothers from so much hard work. Do it yourself girls, and let mamma rest. Just stop and think of the years and years that she had to "go" whether she was able or not, when you were not large enough to help her. Just say, "well it is my turn to work for mother now," and roll up your sleeves and go to work, and tell mother to "go and take a rest," while you finish the work. When you have finished you will feel none the worse for it, and mother will live a lot longer if you lift so much toil off her shoulders. I see some girls who don't mind seeing their mothers work from daylight until dark, but I do. I am young and strong and think it is my place to help mamma, and I do it too, and enjoy it. I can cook, wash, iron, sew, milk and do anything there is to do. I hope if there is a girl with a tired and worn-out mother that they will take hold and help her, and it will make you happy as well as her.

Will someone tell me what to do for my foot? I sprained it about six months ago. There is a hard bone swollen from my instep to my toes, and it is very painful to wear a shoe or even walk. I have never seen a doctor about it, but think it is broken. Will appreciate any advice given on this subject. Will describe myself but hope it will not frighten you all. Have light brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion (if I wasn't sunburned) weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds and will be sixteen this month. Will the girls please write to me?

Will close with good wishes to all.

JEWELL GRAVES.

Jewell, you really should have your foot examined by a doctor. In the case of a lame foot, one never steps evenly, but whatever way most favors the foot and causes the least pain. This uneven tread will strain the ligaments, which, if too long neglected, never are normal again, and a perfect polse in walking is lost. Do attend to this, even at a great inconvenience.—Ed.

PITTSBURG, R. R. 1, Box 35, N. H.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: Seeing that my other letter escaped the waste basket, may I just come again for a few minutes? First of all I want to say that if any of the COMFORT sisters wish for a large correspondence just write to COMFORT and I think they will get it. I have enjoyed letters from all over the states since my letter was read in the April number. Now I want to tell you that I received the fine carving set as a premium and it is just splendid, and I am now going to propose something to all the sisters and hope one and all will try and do it and that is, for everyone of us who reads COMFORT to send in one subscriber for the Wheelchair fund, and so make January and February record months for the poor shut-ins, that by the time spring rolls round again they may have a wheel chair and they be out of doors enjoying God's fresh air and sunshine. Surely everyone of us can send in one subscription (more if possible). It would not mean much to us but very much to the suffering ones. COMFORT has such a large circulation that one subscriber from us all would mean a lot of chairs.

Let us all take hold sisters and see how much we can do, and I am sure we shall have God's blessing for helping these poor invalids.

I wonder if any sister that reads COMFORT comes from my birthplace, Oxford, England? If there is, please write to me.

Just as I have written this letter I received one from a shut-in that has been tied to her bed for twenty-three years.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

A Girl in a Thousand; or, Imogen's Intrigue

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

CHAPTER I.

A TREACHEROUS ACT.

"YOU are sure?"
"Yes; she was taken to Dr. Rlenzi's private retreat last week. He was recalled to and sailed for Peru two days later."
"And the baby?"

"Pardon; but if madam will kindly give me time I will tell her all. The child is in the care of the American consul, here in Rome, and he has arranged to send it to its grandfather in the United States, in care of the captain and head stewardess of the Graceluse, which will sail from Genoa the day after tomorrow at noon."
"How did you learn all this?"

"Perhaps it will be quite as well, madam, if you do not know just how I came by my information; but we detectives have a way of finding out things that we wish to learn, and I assure you that you may rely upon this information as being authentic."

"Good, but how will the child be identified by its grandfather when it reaches America?"
"Simply by a card. The consul has cut one of his own official cards in two—directly across his name—one half he has already sent by mail to the old gentleman across the sea; the other half is to be fastened to the child's cloak. When the grandfather boards the steamer in New York to claim the baby he will produce his half of the card, and if it matches the other the little heiress to the Ashburton fortune will be surrendered to him."

"Humph! that is a queer arrangement! Why on earth didn't they send a nurse to take care of her?"

"For the simple reason that no trustworthy person could be found to go; while the captain of the Graceluse is a personal friend of the consul and a most reliable man; and he has become so deeply interested in the young one that he himself proposed that his head stewardess, in whom he has the utmost confidence, should be detailed to act exclusively as nurse during the voyage."

"Is there any hope of her recovery?"

"It is said there is none."

"Ha! say you so."

"Yes; that is the verdict of the physicians who held a consultation a fortnight ago; but Rlenzi has a wonderful reputation, and it is possible that he may be able to do much for her."

"Hum—So the child will sail on the Graceluse from Genoa at noon, the day after tomorrow?"

"Yes; the consul's wife, with her maid and the baby, will leave Rome on the afternoon train tomorrow."

"I see; and you have done well to gather all this information for me. I am especially interested in this family—I used to know the unfortunate mother of this child. Here is your money, and—sometimes I may wish to employ you again."

"Thanks, madam; it will be a pleasure to serve you, and, as you have my card, you will know where to find me."

The above conversation occurred in a quaintly furnished apartment in what had once been a palace on the Pincian Hill in Rome, but which was now let, in suites, to foreigners and temporary residents in the city.

The parties were a proud-spirited, handsome woman of perhaps twenty-five years, and a man who might have been thirty-five, and who was dressed like an English tourist, but whose keen, hawk eye and alert manner were characteristics well adapted to the business which he had claimed—that of a detective—during the foregoing interview.

He arose as he pocketed the money which his companion had handed him, and, bowing deferentially to her, walked quietly from the room and the house.

The heavy curtains at the door through which he passed had scarcely swung to when the woman also sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with some inward emotion, her dazzling teeth gleaming in a sinister smile between her scarlet lips, and passed quickly from the room by an opposite door.

As she did so the fretful cry of an infant could be distinctly heard from the adjoining apartment.

A gallant steamer lay at her pier in Genoa, her huge bulk throbbing, her great smokestacks panting with every pulse beat of the mighty inner force that was soon to propel her far out over the pathless deep to a distant port.

There was everywhere throughout the great vessel the usual confusion incident to an early departure; the loading of trunks, boxes, crates and all the promiscuous belongings of many travelers; the arrival of the passengers themselves and their friends, who had come to say farewell and wish them *bon voyage*; the swift disciplined movements of the crew, who were hurrying about their many duties that everything be in readiness for the last moment and signal of departure.

In one of the best staterooms below three women might have been seen hovering about a berth in which there lay an infant asleep.

One of these was a lady of fine presence and evident culture, and she was giving minute directions to a portly, good-natured looking personage, who was evidently a stewardess on board. "You will find several cans of this food of which I have been telling you in that hamper," she observed, indicating a basket upon the floor "and it must be carefully prepared according to the printed directions, with one third milk and two thirds water."

"Yes, madam," her listener respectfully replied. "The child is perfectly well now," the lady resumed, "and we wish to keep her so until she is delivered into Judge Ashburton's care—there is not a mark or a blemish about her."

"I will be very particular, madam; the baby shall have every possible attention," the stewardess answered, and the look of motherly interest which she bestowed upon the little sleeper testified to her sincerity. Then she added: "It is pretty warm here—would it not be well to remove her cloak?"

"No; I think not just now. She is sleeping so sweetly it seems a pity to disturb her, and the confusion might frighten her," returned the first speaker. "And be very careful to let nothing happen to this card that is sewed to her cloak," she continued, drawing the woman's attention to a card which had evidently been cut in two and directly through the middle of a name. "For little Miss Olive Fletcher is to be identified by means of it. The gentleman, who will come for her when you land in New York, will present the other half."

"Yes, madam, I will take great care—you may trust me."

"I am sure I may for you look both kind and trustworthy," said the lady, smiling frankly into the woman's honest face. "And, besides," she added, "Capt. Hadley speaks very highly of you. I feel that it was exceedingly kind of him to release you from your other duties to care for this poor little waif, whose mother is so ill, and whose father has been called far away upon government business. Mary and I, with a smile at her maid, who was gazing yearningly at the unconscious child, "will miss the darling sadly, even though we have had her only about a week."

After conversing a few moments longer the three women left the stateroom.

"Can't you show us about a little?" the elder woman inquired, "this looks like a remarkably fine vessel. Baby will do well enough for a few minutes," she remarked, as the stewardess hesitated to comply with her request, "for she has only just gone to sleep, and she has very long naps—I only want to peep into the dining saloon and one or two other places."

So the stewardess locked the door behind her,

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but left the key in its lock, for she thought she should be absent only a few moments.

As the little party moved down the passage toward the dining saloon, into which they finally disappeared, the door of a toilet room, nearly opposite the stateroom they had just left, was cautiously opened and the head and shoulders of another woman—her face heavily veiled—were thrust out.

She watched the retreating figures until they vanished, then reaching back into the toilet room she seized a dark-gray extension or packing case, and swiftly crossing the passage unlocked the door of the stateroom and entered, shutting the door quickly after her.

With eager but trembling hands she removed the cover to the extension, which was thickly perforated with holes, and revealed within a beautiful infant daintily dressed in white and sleeping soundly—evidently under the influence of a drug.

Gently lifting it from its bed—a silken cover of elderdown—she laid it upon the foot of the berth.

It was then the work of only a moment or two to divest the other babe of its cloak and bonnet, transfer them to the one she had brought with her, after which she hugged it to her convulsively for an instant and then carefully laid it in the same position in which she had found the other. The stolen child was then quickly placed in the extension, the cover shut down over it and securely strapped into place.

A moment later, after one last yearning look of farewell at her own babe, accompanied by a quickly repressed sob, the woman was outside the stateroom, the door relocked behind her and swiftly making her way toward the companion way leading to the deck.

She was not observed in the throng and confusion as she passed up the stairs and drifted easily toward the gangway.

She appeared to heed nobody and fondly believed that no one paid any special attention to her; but as she passed the stairway leading to the upper deck a man, clad in a long ulster and with a hat pushed well down over his eyes, slipped out behind her and followed in her wake.

Upon reaching the gangway she made her way over it as quickly as the crowd would permit, and the moment she stepped upon the pier walked swiftly to a carriage, which had been waiting for more than an hour, and entered it.

"Back to the hotel," she said in French, to the coachman who opened the door for her, whereupon he touched his hat respectfully, mounted his box and drove away.

Carefully placing the extension upon the seat opposite her the woman sank back among the cushions, her face shining white as marble through her veil and trembling in every limb.

"The deed is done," she muttered through her

spated and reckless appearing young man, who had dashed impetuously into a pretty little morning-room, where a lovely girl, robed in virgin white, with here and there a dash of delicate blue among its dainty ruffles, was sitting in a sunny bay window busily sketching from the landscape before her.

The maiden started and glanced quickly up at the intruder, then down at her work again, a vivid blush sweeping over her sweet face.

Then her blue eyes began to gleam and her red lips were suddenly compressed in a way to show that she was not lacking in spirit, although her tones were very gentle as she composedly observed:

"Why, Cousin Rob, where did you come from, so like a veritable whirlwind? I supposed you were halfway to New York by this time."

"Cousin Rob!" How particular we are to accord our cousin his title all at once!" retorted the young man hotly, his face flushing an angry red. Then he added: "Yes, I started for New York, but I met Nat Walbridge at the station, and he informed me that your engagement to Fletcher was announced among the society items of this morning's *Times*. That is why I am back—to learn the truth from your own lips. Tell me! are you going to marry that beggarly upstart?"

Alice Ashburton, the only child of a wealthy Philadelphia judge, who boasted some of Virginia's best and bluest blood in his veins, grew white as her spotless gown at the scornful tone and insulting language used by her companion.

She sat utterly silent and motionless for a minute, while her small, slim hand clutched her pencil as if it had been some weapon of defense. Then she deliberately laid it down, arose from her chair, drawing herself proudly erect, and, facing the young man, lifted a pair of eyes, blue as heaven, but flashing like polished steel, to his face.

"Yes, Robert Ingraham, I am going to marry Roland Fletcher," she said, with quiet dignity, but with a ring of triumph in her tone which betrayed something of the great joy that thrilled her whole being, in view of the fact that she was soon to become the wife of the man whom she loved with all the intensity of her nature.

Robert Ingraham fell back from her a step or two, as if he had suddenly been smitten a terrible blow in the face.

"My God! and you can tell me that, when I have loved you so!" he burst from him in a tone of agony.

The girl's lips quivered slightly and her lovely eyes fell before the pain in his.

"But, Rob—I told you—a long time ago—that—"

"Yes; that you could never be anything more than a cousin to me," he supplemented bitterly as she faltered and paused, fearing to pain him



It was then the work of only a moment or two to divest the other babe of its cloak and bonnet.

Ha! is there no reward for idolatry such as mine?

Alice once more took up her pencil and tried to forget the unpleasant interviews of the morning.

chattering teeth: "very cleverly done, too, and no one will ever be the wiser for it. It was a hazardous thing to do—a desperate thing to do; but—I was a desperate woman, left in a foreign country, practically penniless and with a helpless child on my hands. Now, if my plot succeeds, my child—the one object in the world that I love next to—Roland Fletcher—will find a luxurious home and a fortune as Miss Olive Fletcher, and the heiress to Judge Ashburton's million. It will succeed—it must succeed, for both babies are light and about the same age, and, besides, that stewardess had not even removed the child's cloak and hood—she could not know how it looked—the captain has not seen it at all, and it will doubtless be years before the consul's wife or maid will see it again, if they ever do, and so it is impossible that the fraud can ever be discovered."

"But—what shall I do with that thing?" she suddenly interposed as she bent a frowning look upon the extension opposite her. "But for her I might appeal at once to my stepfather for a home; he could not have the heart to refuse a shelter to his wife's child and the wife of his scapegrace nephew. Thus I could rejoin my child and, perhaps—later—Ah!" with a rude shake of her shapely shoulders—"this is building castles in the air with a vengeance!"

A few moments later the carriage stopped at the side entrance to a quiet hotel, when the woman alighted and entered, carefully carrying the extension with her, although the coachman respectfully offered to take it up for her.

She swiftly mounted the stairs and seeking a room on the second floor, entered and locked the door after her.

Unstrapping the extension and removing the cover she lifted the still sleeping babe from it, laid it upon her bed, then stood thoughtfully looking down upon it, studying the small fair face intently.

"So you are the child of the girl whom from the first moment I set eyes upon her, I—disliked fiercely. "So you are really the heir to a great fortune and also the child of the one man whom I have ever loved or ever can love! I wonder what you will amount to if you are left to fight your own battles, and make your own way in the world! Oh, what a life I have led during the last two years—ever since I married that wretched sot! Heavens! if girls could only realize what was before them they would never marry a man who drinks, even though he may possess the wealth of a prince. Ah! how quickly even a fortune melts away in the hands of a drunkard and—a gambler. But my child will at least be well provided for, and I—well, it is only a question of time when I shall be free to join her."

That same afternoon the woman left the quiet hotel where she had come only the previous day—taking the child with her.

CHAPTER II.

A REJECTED LOVER.

"Alice! what is this I hear? Is it true that you are going to marry Roland Fletcher?"

This imperative and passionate question was put by a dark, handsome, but somewhat dis-

even more deeply. "But, for all that, I hoped against hope, in spite of the fact that that low-born—"

The blue eyes swept up to his face again with a fiery flash, and her white hand was lifted menacingly.

"Stop!" she commanded icily; then she added more naturally: "You know, Rob, that you are my own cousin, and that was reason enough why I could not marry you, let alone the fact that I do not love you, and we are not calculated to make each other happy."

"Oh, of course; I know I'm a useless wretch—passionate, jealous and rather rapid in some of my habits," was the moody response, "but, I've loved you madly, idolatrously, and you could have molded me to your will. I am rich, too—I've got good blood in my veins, while Roland Fletcher is—"

"A king among men: a man to be loved with all the wealth of the heart of the proudest woman in the land; a man to be honored by both high and low; a man chivalrous, noble, grand, true and—one who would scorn to slur another behind his back," Alice interposed in clarion tones, and with the dangerous gleam again leaping into her shining orbs.

"Ah! thanks—a wfully!" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "And he is all that to you?" queried the young man, bending forward to study her face and breathlessly awaiting her answer.

"All that and—more; he is my very life," she breathed, with quivering lips, which showed how deeply she was moved. And then she added, with a sudden flush, "and so beware, Robert Ingraham, how you slander my lover in my presence; remember also, that I have not only the Ingraham fire, but the Ashburton relentlessness as well in my composition."

Young Ingraham gazed at her in astonishment. "I never saw you in such a mood as this before, Alice!" he exclaimed under his breath.

"No; you have thought me gentle, complaisant, easily managed and deficient in spirit," she returned, smiling slightly; "but—you have never touched my life before."

"I have never touched your life before!" he repeated, his passion again getting the mastery over him. "Do you dare throw it in my face that I have never had the power to move the undercurrents of your nature? I, who have adored you from your childhood—whose very existence has been bound up in you? I, who love you so wholly that no other woman has ever stirred my pulses beyond their normal beat, and never will as long as I live? Can you stand there and calmly tell me that, after all the years that we have spent together under one roof—after all my devotion to you I have never awakened one responsive chord in your heart? Ha! is there no reward for idolatry such as mine?" he went on, tossing his hat upon the floor and giving it a vicious kick that sent it spinning into a corner, while he paced the floor like a caged lion, the veins standing out like whiplords on his forehead.

"Am I to be thwarted in the dearest hopes of my life?—scorned and rejected for and superseded by a poor, struggling nobody, who earns but a paltry thousand a year? By heaven! it is not fair! I could have gratified your every wish—I would have been your slave. I adore—I worship you, and I swear I—"

"I understand," he interposed, cutting himself short in the midst of his passionate outburst as

Alice again lifted a warning hand, and a cold glance to his face, "I can perceive the 'Ashburton relentlessness' in that look, and I will cease. I will go—I will relieve you of my obnoxious presence; but first, let me tell you, that sometime you will regret the ruin you have wrought—some day you will sue to me for the love you now scorn."

He sprang forward, seized his hat, and dashed from the room before the young girl could open her lips to stay him.

"What a whirlwind he is!" she murmured, with a long sigh, as soon as she could recover herself. "Well, I am sorry for him; but he has known from the first that I did not love him. I have told him, over and over, that I could never marry him. Ah! I hope he is not coming back," she concluded, with a nervous start as a step and a rude sweeping aside of the portieres behind her attracted her attention.

She turned to find herself confronted by a beautiful face—but a face distorted by malice and passion—and a pair of blazing eyes, that were gazing in upon her between the parted curtains of a double doorway.

Alice flushed vividly as she met those fierce midnight eyes.

"Well, Imogen," she inquiringly observed, while she lifted her head with a little prouder poise, "how long have you been playing the eaves-dropper there?"

"Ha! ha! my pale princess, you do the royalty act very well," was the mocking response, as a tall, magnificently formed girl gave the curtains another impatient sweep and came swiftly forward into the room. "How long have I been listening?" she went on in the same tone; "well, long enough to hear about all of the recent very interesting as well as somewhat tragic interview. So you are really going to marry Roland Fletcher, eh?"

"Yes," briefly and coldly responded Alice, but turning away from the glittering eyes that were searching her face and looking yearningly out upon the fair landscape, which a few moments before, she had been so peacefully sketching.

The act caused her companion to show a set of perfect and dazzling teeth in a sinister smile.

"Sure?" she questioned, sarcastically, "there is no mistake about it this time as there was regarding the report of your engagement to Robert Ingraham a year ago?"

"I was never engaged to my Cousin Robert," returned Alice, with a restless movement.

"Well, perhaps not; but you managed to give that impression pretty extensively—you managed to wind him so effectually in your coils that he had neither eyes nor ears for anyone else, until Roland Fletcher put in an appearance, when you mercilessly threw the old flame over for the new!"

"How you pervert things, Imogen!" exclaimed Alice, with a slight tremble in her tones; "I never cared for Robert, except in a cousinly way, and—and there can be no comparison between the two men."

"Very true; I agree with you perfectly," was the mocking retort, "although, as you very well know, Rob was once my ideal of all that was desirable in a lover, and I never quite forgave you for making him your slave until—"

"Until when?" queried Alice, turning upon the girl, in surprise, as she suddenly cut herself short with a gasp that sounded very like a sob.

"Well, you may as well have the truth; until—the first time I met Roland Fletcher—"

"Imogen!" and Alice Ashburton grew deadly pale at this startling confession, "and is that the reason why you have been so unkind, so—dreadful to me during all these months?"

"Ha! ha! so that has cut, has it? Well, I never was so dead gone on you as Rob was, you know," was the spiteful reply.

"I am sure I have always tried to be kind to you, Imogen," said the fair girl, with a gentle sigh.

"Exactly; you 'tried' too perceptibly," was the scornful rejoinder. "You were the petted child and heiress of his honor, Judge Ashburton, while I was only the penniless daughter of the poor widow, who thought she was doing a brilliant thing when she captured him—"

"Oh, Imogen! why will you talk so?" Alice interposed, in earnest protest, her face flushing with wounded feeling, "when you came here to live with your mother, I never assumed that there was any distinction between us. I was glad to have a companion—glad to share with you my home, my father's favor and whatever I had."

"I know you pretended to be; but I am always suspicious of too much sweetness—there is always sure to be bile with it," said the girl, coarsely. "There was a distinction, nevertheless, and I was made to feel it in many ways; and, besides, you were always too rich for my blood, with your puritanical ideas and your conscientious scruples, which, by the way, haven't counted for much in your love experiences and numerous flirtations, by means of which you have managed to make the men fall at your feet only to break their hearts and add to the list of your conquests."

"Imogen, you are unjust—abusive; I will not listen to you," Alice spiritedly exclaimed, as she made a movement to leave the room.

"Yes; you shall listen to me," passionately returned her companion, as she planted herself in her path. "The agony has been piling up for a good while, and now it has got to have its course. I chafed my cud of bitterness in silence for a long time, until—after I had become somewhat resigned to Rob's foolish devotion to you—with your hypocritical sweetness, your milk-and-water face and yellow hair, you shoved yourself between me and Roland Fletcher. That was too much for human endurance—it was the 'last straw'—but I hoped against hope until I saw that announcement in this morning's paper, and now let me tell you," she went on, fiercely, almost hissing the words out between her set teeth, "if you marry him you will rue it, for I will leave no stone unturned to make you wretched and regret that you were ever born; for I hate you—I hate you, and I will yet make you feel it."

As she ceased she wheeled suddenly around on one foot and the next moment had fled from the room by the way which she had come, leaving her companion gazing after her in horrified astonishment.

Alice stood pale and still for a moment or two, a troubled expression clouding her lovely eyes.

Then she straightened herself proudly, though a perceptible shiver ran over her frame as she did so.

"I wonder how anyone feels who hates like that!" she murmured, thoughtfully. "I am glad I do not have such a volcanic nature to contend with, and, poor girl! if she does really love Roland, as she says, she must suffer, and I will try not to remember her unkindness against her. I can well understand something of what she such a man as Roland Fletcher."

And with these gentle and forgiving thoughts toward her avowed enemy, Alice once more took up her pencil and tried to forget the unpleasant interviews of the morning.

CHAPTER III.

A SAD MISTAKE.

Judge Ashburton was a prominent and wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, where he had spent the greater portion of his life.

He was a descendant of the Ashburtons of Virginia, and belonged to an old and honored family that, at one time, had owned a magnificent estate in that section of the country, besides possessing many slaves and other revenues.

But the war and other complications had greatly depleted their fortune from time to time, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all! If I wanted to make an original remark I would say: "How the time flies." Some people shed a lot of tears, crying over the past years, but my dear friends, let me impress upon you, not only individually, but as a whole, that all the good things for which humanity is striving, lie in the future. Now as this New Year dawns upon us bright with promise, I want you to join in a very terrible conspiracy. You don't like the word conspiracy, do you? It suggests midnight meetings, signs, and countersigns, masks, dirks and guns—oaths and incantations. Look in the dictionary and it will tell you that to conspire is to combine for an unlawful purpose, to concert a crime. In spite of all the dictionary says, I still want you to join me in a conspiracy to make this world a better place to live in, and to make the year, 1914, a hundred times better than 1913 ever knew how to be. But, you will say: "How can one conspire to do good? How can it be called a conspiracy when people meet together to work for their own betterment, to work for the larger and higher and better life, to work for better homes, and better ideas, ideals, and nobler aspirations within the home?" Ah, my dear friends, that shows how little you know of the country you live in and of the world you live in, but especially the country.

The most dangerous thing to do in this year of grace, 1914, absolutely the most recklessly risky thing to do, is to work for human good and human uplift. If I had it in my power today, by just a wave of my hand to increase the happiness and prosperity of the masses of the people in the United States, by forcing an extra five per cent into the pockets of those who create the enormous wealth that is yearly produced in this country, by those engaged in the various industries, I would not only be the best hated man in America, but my life would hardly be worth a moment's purchase. No matter what my aims and motives were, society would regard me with abhorrence and hatred. The press from one end of the country to the other would shriek itself red in the face. I can hear it now this moment yelling: "It is not for the best interests of the people of the United States that five per cent who control the ten per cent who own it," "that one man should have the power to interfere with vested interests and the rights of property in this menacing and unheard-of fashion." But now comes the joke: If I could squeeze another two hours a day labor out of the toiling masses of the U. S. and screw their wages down ten per cent, by just another wave of the hand, I could have anything and everything this country possessed. I could go to Washington in a gold car with diamond wheels, and a sapphire flunkey to hand me gilt soup on a ruby tray, every time I wanted to kaisomine my beanyer, and I would have Carnegie and Rockefeller, the Morgans, the Belmonts, Guggenheims, etc., and the mighty and the wealthy of the land pushing my car over a road strewn with pearls as big as watermelons.

You see it is unlawful to conspire for the good of the masses, and the man is a marked man who does it; but add to the wealth of those who already have too much, and the earth is yours and the fullness thereof, and your horn shall be exalted over all the nations, and the world (that is the only world that counts today) will hail you blessed. Broad is the road my friends, and enchanting the prospect, for the one who will lift his horn and tune his harp to sing the praises of those who are enthroned in the marble halls of the mighty. But narrow is the path, thorny the way, and blood-stained the feet of those who travel the via dolorosa—the way of sorrow, that leads to the abiding places of the downtrodden of earth; to that great army for whom life is one perpetual struggle, from dawn to dark, from year to year, from the cradle to the grave. But all the same we must tread that thorny path, until the last of the sorry fingers are lifted from the whirling looms, the last bleeding hands of the child toilers in the coal bunkers, and the last of that great army of the oppressed, the weary and heavy laden, have migrated from the morasses of misery, the parched plains of pauperism, the sordid slums of sin, sorrow and suffering, to that higher plane where humanity can express the best that is in it, instead of as today, constantly showing its teeth like a hungry wolf, at those who would despoil it of its last bone. Only as we are willing to express the best that is in us and what is more, dare at any and all times to express the best that is in us (and there is a whole heap of best in every one of us if we would only give it a chance to get out) can we give a boost to our weaker brothers and lift the race upward. But we put the lid on the good and lift it from off the bad, and then we muck along some way, somehow, from the cradle to the grave, bumping into everybody like rudderless ships, without any definite idea of where we are going or how we are going to get there; pushing people off our own toes, and treading on everybody else's; and then when the wind comes up, we can begin to see the mistakes we have made, and want to go back and retrace our steps. Knowing that that is impossible, we flatter ourselves that there is a better world beyond, where the heartiest kind of a welcome awaits us. A world in which we are going to fit in beautifully. A can't however see why people who have made a rotten failure of this life, and have left nothing but mud prints in their sordid trackings through this world, should imagine they are going to be expert performers on golden harps and be fit associates for those who exist in the higher life beyond. If humanity is ever to progress, it must think less of other worlds and more of real worlds and especially this one, the only one we know anything about, and it can do this without losing an atom of its spirituality, of which at present it has mighty little. With the past we can do nothing; the future we can work and plan for, but it is not ours; all we have, all we can lay claim to, is the present, the here and now. What use, by the way, are you making of the present, of the here and now. It is glorious to sing "there's a good time coming," and to know that time is coming, but if each of you had to write down on a piece of paper what you were doing to bring that good time about, or to hasten its advent, you would all have a fit, and your papers would be returned blank. If there is any good to be done in this world it must be done by all of us pulling together here and now, for though the future is not ours, it is what we do right now that will determine what that future is to be, of either good or bad.

Now here is a New Year. What are you going to do to make this year better than the year that is just gone? The world is beginning to read,

and most of you are reading, though of course on the whole you don't read much. Most of you work so hard through the day, your brain is too fagged and weary at night to do any reading worth while. The one blessed thing that Trades Unionism and organized labor has accomplished is always lost sight of by its dull-witted opponents. When the houses opposite me were being built I noticed that the unskilled laborer, the cellar and foundation diggers, the truckman who hauled the dirt away, were at work at six A. M. and did not quit until six P. M. There was a long, laborious, hideous day of wearisome toil. Organized labor began its work at eight o'clock and quit at five, and knocked off at noon on Saturday. Organized labor can go home and have plenty of time for recreation, and also plenty of time for sleep and rest. Humanity needs all these things, work, rest, study and recreation, and simply must have them or perish. The man who works eleven or twelve hours a day, will never help the world to progress, he is too exhausted, dull and stupid to even struggle to better his condition. The majority of women have a long, hard-working day, the result is, if any reading is done, by the toiler today (and it is only by reading that we learn to think, and only by thought that the world will ever move) it is not reading that amounts to much or does any particular good. Now I want you to promise me that this year, instead of always reading for entertainment and to kill time, as most of you do, you will read to acquire knowledge. That kind of reading will encourage thinking and thinking and knowledge will give you power, vision and hope. We should all be seekers for the truth, and believe me, it is hard to arrive at the truth in these days, even as it has always been in the past, for truth is the weapon that will set men free and those who control the world today, don't want men to be free. So the truth is hidden whenever possible, and those who hypocritically talk of progress and giving light to the people, do their level best to make the people progress backwards, and if they display a light at all, you will find it displayed in the rear of the human army and not in the front. The people who control the world, and even those who control the cities, villages, and the most microscopic industries, have an idea that progress for the masses is dangerous unless it is so stupidly slow that it amounts to stagnation. Money they think can be only made by keeping people in ignorance. Progress they believe will take dollars from their pockets, whereas it is progress that enriches them, for the more we progress the greater our needs. The luxuries of today become the necessities of tomorrow. Yes, they are dreadfully afraid of a general wage increase and they would rather see a man earning a dollar instead of three dollars a day. Poor blind bats! What is the good of creating necessary things and beautiful things if those who create them cannot buy a fair share of them back after they are created? We sell shoes to other nations and go without ourselves. The dollar a day man is a menace to society, just as big a menace as the thousand dollar a day man. He cannot even spend twenty-five cents a year for literature, let alone buy the things that business men so lavishly advertise in various publications the country over—things he needs and ought to have. He soon becomes dull, indifferent and hopeless (ignorant he is already) and he is responsible for bringing into the world children he cannot properly raise or produce for. It is a sin in my opinion for men and women to bring children into the world until the world is ready to receive them, and it ought to be ready to receive them right now. What a crime it is to bring these helpless little ones into a cruel universe where thousands of them are yearly rushed into the cotton mills before they are ten years of age, some even before they are seven. The only way we can measure progress is by the prosperity of the many and not the stupendous and demoralizing wealth of the few.

It is by scattering the seed carefully and evenly all over the land, that good crops are raised and not by dumping the seed in one corner. We however dump the seed in one corner, in a corner, and then wonder why the human crop is of such a wretched quality. Progress flows along like a majestic river, well ordered and peaceful. Try to restrict its flow and impede its onward movement, and soon it will bank up and burst (a mighty flood sweeping all before it), until it finds its level. There are many foolish people trying to dam the stream of progress today—a risky and dangerous business—but fortunately one that no man or any set of men can engage in successfully for long. Humanity will march onward and upward, peacefully if it can, forcibly if it must. Let progress be directed by the wise, judiciously and considerately, otherwise it becomes a tidal flood, a dangerous torrent, doing harm instead of good. To be more explicit and to give a concrete instance: those who have foolishly fought the comparatively conservative movements of organized labor, and the peaceful philosophical action socialist, are now compelled to face the revolutionary tactics of the I. W. W. syndicalistic firebrands. Let the conservative class ever cooperate in all necessary labor reforms, instead of leaving the righting of industrial wrongs entirely to men who disdaining political actions to obtain their ends, are ready to go to any desperate lengths to get what they think the workers ought to have. The French Revolution was brought about by the determined attempt of the ruling classes to stifle progress, and to deny the masses of the people those benefits which world improvements and general advancement was ready to place in their hands, but which the stupid and cowardly few attempted to withhold, with what terrible results you all know.

Wisdom dictates that instead of trying to dam the tides we should float with them and direct their currents into those peaceful channels where they will give humanity new life, strength and hope. No one has anything to fear from a progressive and enlightened people, but adopt the tactics of Russia and Mexico, and a reign of terror and bloodshed immediately ensues. The people who live today are ready to take advantage of all their progressive forefathers fought for. They can see that all these men did in the past was for their benefit, but progress in their own day and own time scares them into fits. Isn't that sickening and foolish? To realize how much the race has progressed I may tell you that not so many centuries ago, men and women who were able to work and neglected to do so for three successive days, were branded with a red hot iron on the breast. In the coal mines of England, not so many years ago, women were harnessed up like horses and for twelve hours a day, dragged trucks loaded with coal deep down in the mines where the galleries were too low for horses and mules to operate. The poor wretches crawled

from gallery to pit mouth in the bowels of the earth, their hands and knees becoming like leather from the constant friction. For this torture and slavery, they received in the neighborhood of twenty-five cents a day. Can you imagine what children these women brought into the world? Things you see are not quite as bad as they once were, but it was almost impossible to convince the favored classes of these days that it was asin and a disgrace for the average English woman to crawl around on her hands and knees, half choked with poisonous coal dust, in the horrible subterranean dungeons that often became her tomb. Quite recently in a Southern state some big-hearted people tried to get a law passed limiting child labor to those over twelve years of age, and insisting that all children who worked in the factories must prove their ability to read and write. The manufacturers had this humane and merciful measure killed by their political hired men, as it was liable to injure business, business being so much more important to the state than snuffing out the lives of those little ones, the seed corn of the nation. Now I want you all to fall into the progressive ranks, enter into a conspiracy with me to make this world a better place to live in 1914. Let us go forward and pull together. Don't be a troglodyte or a stick-in-the-mud. Don't be one of those cruelly selfish, progress hating troglodytes of whom the great Ernest Renan said: "If one of them had stood by the throne of the Creator when He spoke the word, 'Let there be light,' he would have laid his hand on the arm of the Almighty, and protested 'Not yet Oh, Lord, not yet.'" Now this is the way you can give forcible expression to your ideas and opinions. Form a welfare club, and once a week at least, and oftener if you possibly can, meet in the local schoolhouse, or your own home, and discuss the great reform measures of the day. Read all the progressive literature you can find and there is none better than that which appears in the columns of COMFORT. Mark the best bits and read them aloud to your audience. Discuss local, state and national affairs. Don't discuss politics until you have thoroughly thrashed out the great economic questions of the day. There are some bright minds in every community, though a bright mind is not always progressive. Watch your officials and watch your opportunities for advancement. Numberless rural communities and many small towns are stagnating and decaying. Twelve hundred churches closed up by the way in the state of Kansas alone last year. These communities need new life, new ideas, new ideals. Get your heads and your hearts together and do your part towards pushing the world along. Start that conspiracy to make the world a better place to live in, and conspire to make this year the brightest, the most progressive and best year the world has ever known.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make the new year joyous.

Also Uncle Charlie's Story Book can still be had as a free premium in paper covers for a club of two subscriptions, or bound in ribbed lilac silk stiff covers for four subscriptions.

Now for the letters:

ATLANTA, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you allow a Texas boy to chat with you a while? I have never written to COMFORT but have been a reader for a long time, and don't think I could do without it as it is such a good guide to manhood and womanhood.

My great aim in life is to make a salesman. I think all of us boys and girls should try to get an education. I want to ask you a question Uncle, do you think a staid farmer boy could fit himself to fill a high position as one who has never indulged in any sort of work? I think so myself. I will ring off for sort Billy the Goat will criticize my letter.

Your nephew and cousin,

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manhood and womanhood. That sums COMFORT's

good qualities up in quite a unique way, for I

take it that you mean that it is an incentive

and inspiration to true manhood and pure wom-

anhood. You seem to see both man and woman

inspiring in those noble words manhood and wom-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

By Charles Garvice

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The Rev. Arthur Fleming, in poor health, Vane Manning, an athlete in looks and strong, Dr. Vernon, weak in mind from a recent illness, his daughter, Nina, young in years, but mature in thought and action, and six stokers, unprincipled, are cast on an island on the eastern shore of Australia from the wrecked vessel *Alpina*. The stokers, crazed by rum, and believing there is money and jewels saved from the wreck, demand them. Manning grasps the situation and either he or they must be master. They fight with knives and Manning receives a cut in his shoulder. Forcing himself to be calm, he throws his opponent and wrenching the knife from his hand releases him. The Lascar springs to his feet. A well-aimed blow and Manning is victor. Dr. Vernon discovers gold, and showing it nearly faints. The stokers leave in the boat, cutting off means of escape for the others. Dr. Vernon dies that night, and Fleming, knowing how short a time he can live, insists to Manning, that to save Nina's good name from suspicion, he and Nina be married. Fleming explains to Nina that she will be his wife in name only. Manning, believing he is right, plans to avert the marriage by building a raft upon which Fleming and Nina may reach an inhabited island. In two days the raft is finished and the provisions packed. Mr. Fleming failing rapidly marries them. Manning places his signet ring on Nina's hand and Fleming writing some words and putting the paper in Nina's hands falls back dead. The situation is embarrassing for both. Manning leaves her for a while and she goes about her work cleaning her hut and that finished puts the hut occupied by Fleming and Manning in order. She picks up Fleming's diary and reads of Manning's suggestions that he and Nina may leave the island and thus avoid his marriage with her. Mending Manning's coat, a small leather case falls to the floor. Opening it the face of a beautiful woman with these words at the bottom, "To my dear Vane—Judith," meets Nina's gaze. Manning works on felling a tree and scooping out the trunk for a canoe, hoping he and Nina may reach an inhabited island. Nina exacts and also gives him a promise never to divulge their marriage. A terrible wind shatters Nina's hut and Manning finds her buried beneath and unconscious. Lifting her in his arms he presses his lips to hers. Nina realizing she loves him and may betray it, leaves a note of farewell and sets sail on the frail raft.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOU ARE EARL OF LESBOROUGH."

MANNERING sank on the rock on which Nina had placed her farewell letter, and, covering his face with his hands, sat motionless as a statue of grief. He did not think of himself—of the awful solitude to which her flight had doomed him. Only one thought racked him, and that was that she had flown because she was afraid of him. She had preferred to trust the treacherous, murderous sea rather than him.

It was a hideous reflection, and it nearly drove him mad. She had not waited until the boat had been launched, but had taken the raft—had run all and every risk, rather than remain another day on the island with him, or confide herself to his care in a joint voyage.

Hours passed, and he still sat staring with vacant eyes at the sea. It did not occur to him to launch the boat and attempt to follow her. What good would it be if he came up with her? She would probably throw herself into the sea at his approach, she was so proud, so mistrustful of him. He got up at last, and wandered about with the air of a man distraught. Every now and then he plucked a flower or picked up a shell and gazed at it as if it were of the most intense interest to him, but he was scarcely conscious of what he held in his hand. He felt neither hunger nor thirst; but after a time a strange, feeling of exhaustion, of craving for sleep, came over him, and he dropped down just outside his hut and fell into a deep sleep.

It probably saved his reason, and prepared him for the still heavier blow that fate was to deal him.

He slept right through the night and past the dawn, and it was the southing of the wind and the harsh crash of the waves on the beach that awoke him. It had been raining heavily, and he was wet through, but he did not feel cold, for fever was warming his blood with a baleful heat. As he stretched himself, back came his misery with a sharp torture; and with a groan he dropped his arms to his side and looked round as if he were trying to persuade himself that it was a dream, and that he should see Nina coming swiftly toward him.

But, instead of the vision of her fair, fresh face and beauty, his burning eyes fell upon something on the beach. Long before he had reached it he saw what it was.

It was the raft, or, rather, the remains of it. The sail had gone, the mast was broken, half the logs had been torn away; the thing had been wrecked in the storm which had raged while he slept, and the incoming tide had cast it at his feet.

And Nina! While he stared from the wrecked raft to the sea and back again, from the sea to the raft, a small object, floating on the water, caught his eye.

He fixed his gaze on it, then, beginning to tremble and shake, flung himself into the water and swam for the thing. When he came back with it clutched in his hand, his face was white and his eyes starting.

It was the little wooden cap Nina had worn. Panting with his exertions and the agony that the assurance of her death caused him, he lay full length on the sand, his face upturned to the sun which broke out suddenly and mocked him pitilessly.

It was three days after this that in a dogged, sullen fashion he hauled the canoe down to the beach, and putting in some provisions, made ready to sail. He was going, not because he had any desire for life, or to go back to civilization, but because the island had become intolerable to him. You see, it was impossible to forget her in a place of which every feature kept her vividly, agonizingly in his memory; and he knew that if he remained any longer brooding over his loss and the tragic circumstances attending it, that he must inevitably go mad. Once or twice, in his terrible solitude, a devil in his brain called "Suicide" had whispered alluringly to him. He was going, because there was just enough of the spirit of a man left in him to make him shrink from insanity and self-destruction.

For the last time he wandered over the familiar scene, the exquisitely beautiful place which his dawning love had been rapidly transforming into home; but it was a hell now. His lack-luster eyes fell upon the heap of gold quartz which lay outside Nina's hut, but it did not keep his attention for a moment, and it never occurred to him to take even a specimen. Of what use was wealth to a man who had lost all hope in life, and only craved a natural and painless death?

Instinct, rather than any desire to choose a favorable time, made him wait until the turn of the tide; then he got into his canoe and, keeping his gaze fixed seaward, set sail. The weather was more favorable to him than it had been to poor Nina, and carried him due south. Once or twice he thought how full of joy and hope he would have been if she had been with him in the boat, and he sighed with callous indifference to his good fortune. Why had fate not spared her instead of him—her so full of life and the joy of living? Why had it struck down so rare and beautiful a creature, and left him to drag on an existence of anguish and futile remorse?

For a couple of days the weather remained fine, then the wind changed and grew rough. His cramped position, the solitude of the sea, and the glare of its sun-flecked surface, which produced an almost intolerable burning of the eyes, began to tell upon him. His small supply

of water was rapidly diminishing, and he had to put himself on short rations.

On the fourth day he caught himself holding snatches of conversation with Nina, but shook himself, and tried to pull himself together; but again and again he relapsed into this form of delirium, and, when the trading schooner *Eliza Anne*, bound for the port of London, almost ran down the canoe, it picked up a half-crazy man who laughed and cried in a breath and implored the captain, with frantic gestures and broken accents, to put the ship about and search for "Nina."

The captain was a good-hearted fellow, and, thinking that there might be a basis of the cast-away's ravings, hove about for some time in the latitude in which the canoe had been found, but he came across nothing to reward his humanity, and while Manning was prostrated in his bunk with brain fever, the *Eliza Anne* got on her course again and made for London.

Three months later Manning was one night wandering along the Strand. It was just after eleven, and the theaters were pouring out their crowds into the already congested thoroughfare. Manning had not reached London destitute, for, all unconsciously, he had brought with him the small amount of money he had with him on the *Alpina*; but he had, since his disembarkation, lived with little regard for comfort or appearances; and as he moved slowly with the crowd he looked, in his old serge suit and weather-stained cap, so much like a tramp that now and again the policemen eyed him with something like suspicion and one had actually bidden him "move on."

Manning obeyed mechanically, looking neither to the right nor the left, but drifting aimlessly with the crowd which surged along the wet pavement. The crush, the noise of the cabs and carriages, the shouts of the bus conductors, and the talk and laughter of the people acted as a narcotic and soothed him after a fashion. But in the midst of the turmoil he could hear the boom of the sea on the sands of the island, and hear Nina's voice calling to him "Dinner is ready!" or "Will you bring me some wood for the fire?" and the commonplace phrases took to themselves a mystic, sacred significance.

Presently he found himself brought up against the Gaiety Theater. The people were just streaming out, and Manning was standing by a lamp-post waiting for an opportunity to go on, and, looking absently at the beautifully dressed women and the "smart" men emerging from the illuminated doorway when one of the gentlemen said: "Hi, my man, will you get a cab for us?"

Manning looked round, and saw that the request was addressed to him by a gentleman by whom a lady, richly dressed, was standing. A grim sense of humor seized Manning, for he knew them both, and he forced his way down the street and got a cab.

"Thanks!" said the gentleman, and he held out a shilling; then, as Manning laughed mirthlessly, the gentleman threw up his head, and looked at the supposed cab-runner, and broke into a low exclamation of amazement.

"Manning! Good Heaven!" he cried; and before Manning could reply or step away, the gentleman caught him by the arm and, turning to the lady, said in eager consternation: "Blanche, it is Manning! Get into the cab; I'll follow."

He still kept his grip of Manning's arm, and when the lady, too startled to do anything but stare at the pair, had gone, he called another cab and almost pushed Manning toward it.

"Get in, get in, for Heaven's sake!" he said. "Why, Manning, you, and here in London, and in this—this state! Why, we all thought you'd gone to Australia. We've been searching for you. What's happened? You're ill, aren't you? Where have you been? What—But you shan't answer any questions till I get you home."

Manning gazed before him at the crowd, with its canopy of umbrellas, the flashing, ever-moving lights of the cabs and carriages. This man's voice was like a voice from the life of the past—the past he had left behind—lost.

"I was wrecked, Letchford," he said hoarsely, as if he had only just been picked up in the canoe.

Sir Charles Letchford looked at him keenly, curiously, and not a little pityingly.

"Wrecked! But, no, you shan't tell me till we get home. Have a cigar, old chap!"

It was a subtly wise and kind suggestion. Manning's hand closed on the cigar, and lighting it he leaned back and smoked himself into calmness; he had not been able to afford a cigar for the last fortnight.

The cab drew up at one of the handsome houses in Sloane Court, and Sir Charles led Manning into the dining-room. It was as exquisite as modern taste and lavish expenditure could make it. Sir Charles looked round.

"Blanche—You remember her? We were married two months ago," Manning nodded in an absent way, and Sir Charles scanned him, aghast. "She has gone to her room. Come to my dressing-room and have a wash. Supper is laid. The servants have gone to bed."

He took Manning to his dressing-room, then went into the bedroom to Lady Letchford.

"Great Heaven, Blanche!" he exclaimed, "I scarcely knew him! I took him for a tramp. The man has aged, is broken down—looks as if he were drugged! You remember what he was!"

"Poor fellow! Oh, yes, I remember! Of course I remember. Did—did you tell him, Charles?" she asked in a low voice.

"No! There hasn't been time. He's washing his hands. You must help me, Blanche, I'll go to him!"

He found Manning seated at the dressing-table absently fingering the silver-backed brushes, and took him down to the dining-room. Lady Blanche, in the splendor of her evening dress, came to meet him cordially but half fearfully, for there was a strange, hunted, strained look in his eyes.

"I am so glad to see you back, Mr. Manning. And of course you remember me—Blanche Favasom"—she blushed as she gave her maiden name—"Judith Orme's great friend, you know."

Manning's eyelids flickered as he bent over her hand.

"I remember," he said in the deep, hollow voice with which he had spoken since the day of his great loss.

"Sit down," said Letchford, with a warning glance at his wife, a glance that said: "Let him alone for a time; leave him to me."

Manning did not look down at his unsuitable attire, did not appear conscious of himself or his surroundings, but sank into the chair, and accepted a plate of the soup, which had been kept warm at the fireplace.

"Rattling good piece at the Gaiety," said Letchford; and he went on to speak of it, addressing his wife rather than Manning, and studiously avoiding looking at him.

Manning got through his soup and some cutlets in silence, glancing in the same absent-minded, preoccupied way at his host and beautiful hostess. Presently Lady Blanche rose, but her husband signed to her to remain.

"Don't go, Blanche," he said with the nervousness of the man who relies on his wife in difficult moments. "We want to have a chat with Vane. Now, old chap"—he leaned forward and laid his hand on Manning's arm—"tell us your adventures."

Manning looked from one to the other, first with a kind of suspicion, then blankly, and he

sighed, the sigh of a man who had been living in himself for months.

"Adventures? I haven't had any. Ah, yes; I was wrecked. The *Alpina* lost her course, struck, and went down."

"Good Lord! And you—you were picked up?" exclaimed Letchford.

Manning was silent for a moment, then he said, as if mechanically, "Yes; I was picked up."

"But you suffered a great deal? I can see that you did. You—you look the shadow of your former self, Vane! You must have had a bad time!"

"Yes—I suffered," assented Manning, staring at the tablecloth and fingering his fruit knife.

"Oh, yes—I suffered!"

"And was no one else saved?" asked Letchford.

"No—no one else was saved. She—" His voice died away, and his head sank on his bosom.

Lady Letchford leaned forward, all tender pity and anxiety; but Letchford rose and got some cigars.

"Smoke, old man," he said. "Blanche doesn't mind; in fact, she likes it."

Manning took the cigar as eagerly as he had taken the one offered him in the cab; and, as he smoked, his face cleared of some of its gloom.

"And—and so you came to London?" said Letchford, with seeming casualness. "And have you seen anyone, any of your people, the Lesborough lawyer, anyone?"

"No, no one," said Manning.

"That's—that's strange, and—and it's a pity!" murmured Letchford.

Manning raised his eyes.

"Why? Why should I see them? I didn't want money. I have some still left." He put his hand in his pocket and took out a few, a very few, shillings.

Letchford stifled an exclamation.

"My dear fellow, my dear Vane! Do you mean to say you have been wandering about London in poverty, in this condition; and that you didn't know—oh, good Lord, help me, Blanche! He: face flushed as she leaned forward, and put her white hand on Manning's hard but shapely one.

Mr. Manning, Charlie is trying to tell you something, to break something to you; and he wants me to help him. And I don't know how!"—piteously—"but I must try. I must try, and you—you must be patient with me."

Manning looked at her with scant interest, and with a sigh she went on:

"You have not been down to Lesborough?" Manning shook his head.

"No; why should I?"

"I know that you and your uncle, Lord Lesborough, were not—good friends," she said, "but I thought you might have gone down, might have heard—"

Manning shook his head again.

"No, I've not heard anything. What is it?" Letchford rose and went to Manning's side and laid a hand, at once soothing and warning, upon his shoulder.

"It's—it's bad news, Vane," he said gravely. "Pull yourself together. The earl's dead!"

Manning nodded and his lips twitched.

"I'm sorry," he said in his deep, hollow voice. "I—I—liked the old man, though we never got on together. He thought me too independent. I wouldn't accept his money. Poor old fellow! He was a good sort! Dead! And so Augustus is the Earl of Lesborough!"

Letchford drew a long breath, shrugged his shoulders, and looked helplessly toward his wife, and of course she came to his relief.

And there is still—worse news, Mr. Manning," she said in her sweet, gentle voice. "Lord Augustus and his boy—remember him, he was at Eton? You were fond of him."

Manning nodded.

"Yes; nice boy, Harry. The only one of the family I cared for," he said thoughtfully.

"They were going down to the funeral. Where—there—"

"There was an accident to the train," Letchford took up the burden of the story, as her voice faltered and broke. "A bad accident. Fifteen killed. Among 'em was—was Augustus and his boy."

Manning looked up, and from one to the other.

"Killed! The boy killed! I'm—I'm sorry!" His voice grew hoarse. "A nice boy; we were great friends! Killed!"

The husband and wife exchanged glances, and Letchford's hand closed more firmly on Manning's shoulder.

"Yes, it's bad, shocking bad!" he said slowly and impressively. "And—and it alters things for you, old man, doesn't it?"

Manning looked round at him.

"Alters things? How?"

"Good heavens, don't you see, don't you understand!" said Letchford. "The old earl is dead and Augustus, and the poor boy, and so—and so—"

"Mr. Manning, you are the Earl of Lesborough," said Lady Blanche, in a low voice.

Manning looked from one to the other dully, then he began to tremble, and presently his head was bowed in his hands, and his great, gaunt frame was shaken by tearless sobs.

CHAPTER IX.

ALONE IN LONDON.

The storm did not break upon Nina upon her raft until the favoring wind had carried her far out to sea; and it may safely be said that she did not realize the rash nature of her enterprise until the first flash of lightning and the first clap of thunder; for, like most of her sex, she had acted on the impulse of the moment, and without counting the cost.

But as the sky grew inkly black, and broken only by the weird streaks of lightning, terror and remorse assailed her in equal proportions; terror on her own account, remorse on Manning's; for here she was on the raging sea, and she had left him to the awful solitude of the island.

She had picked up enough of seamanship to lower her sail, and she lay, or, rather, crouched, on the raft, drawing the sail over her to afford her partial protection from the rain and the wind. Presently she felt rather than saw that the raft was becoming disintegrated, and, rising to her knees, she reached for the sheet, the rope attached to the sail, and, winding it round her, fastened it to a couple of the poles of which the raft was composed. She did this mechanically, and after, half unconsciously, asking herself what Manning would do if he were in her plight.

It was singular how, even in this moment of her solitude and extremity, she relied upon him.

It was well that she had taken this precaution, for, the storm growing more furious, the raft soon after broke up, and she found herself floating on the smaller portion. The howling of the wind, the dull roar of the sea deafened, and she closed her eyes and prepared to be blinded, and she stood of the death which she would have welcomed there fell upon her a kind of swoon, the stupor of exhaustion and terror.

The storm fell as suddenly as it had arisen, and she opened her eyes to see the sun shining through a thick mist. The sea was quite calm now, and the logs to which she was tied floated almost motionlessly. She was parched with thirst which made hunger of no account, and she knew, in a subtle fashion, that her brain was giving way. Just as Manning had done, she found herself talking and holding conversations with him; she went through the whole of the

marriage ceremony with him, reenacted the scenes in the saloon, lived over again the life in the island. Then she fell into profound unconsciousness, but after a time she came to again, and found that she was still floating in this dreamlike mist. Her whole past life seemed like a dream. Was this wide sea, the island, her marriage, only a dream?

How long she floated on the calm millpond of a sea she did not know, but presently the mist was penetrated by the sound of music. With closed eyes she listened. Was she dead, and was this the music of the heavenly choir? If so, she was at rest in the bourn from whence no traveler returns. But Manning, her husband—she was still on his desolate island. Oh, how could she have left him!

The music grew louder and more distinct, and it seemed to her more earthly; she heard a voice, a deep, stentorian voice, call: "Man overboard! Stop her!" Then her senses slipped from her slowly, easily, and when they returned, and she opened her eyes again, they met the pitying ones of a young girl who bent over her with anxiety eloquent in every curve of her body.

"Are you better? Can you understand? Oh, I hope you have come to!" said the voice belonging to the body.

"I—I am better," said Nina; and, as if it were a formula, she asked: "Where am I?"

"On board the *Island Queen*—one of the Weldon Line, you know," replied the voice.

Nina did not know, but she sighed and turned her head away.

"We found you tied to a part of a raft," said the voice, which sounded nearer now, "and we are all so anxious about you! But you mustn't try to talk. The doctor said that if you came to I was to keep you quite quiet."

"Who—who are you?" asked Nina, but without any great display of interest.

"Polly Bainford," replied the voice. "It was I who first saw you. I was leaning over the taff-rail, or whatever they call it. But there! I shall have the doctor on me if I talk to you. Try to go to sleep."

Nina turned over and endeavored to obey, and presently fell into a deep sleep.

When she woke Polly Bainford was still sitting by her side, and she nodded approvingly and encouragingly.

"That's right! Why, what a sleep you've had! Eighteen hours by the clock. And you look so much better! Hush! Here comes the doctor!"

The ship's doctor, a young man, came in rather shyly, and felt her pulse.

"You are much better," he said; then he started as Nina thrust his hand aside, and, sitting up, exclaimed:

"The island! Where is it? I want to go back! You must find it! He is there! You must rescue him, take him away. I—left him—alone, all alone!"

"Hush!" murmured the doctor; but, as she still continued to rave, he went off for the captain. The captain had five daughters of his own, and he stood beside Nina's berth and looked down at her fever-flushed face with paternal pity and tenderness.

"What is it, my dear young lady?" he asked soothingly.

"The island!" panted Nina. "It is close by; you can find it! He is there alone—in solitude—quite alone! In pity, I implore you, I beg of you to go back and bring him away! I—I—left him. I was foolish—mad—"

The captain patted her hand and glanced at the doctor.

"What island?" he asked gently.

"I don't know! How should I know?" she murmured. "It has no name. We were wrecked—"

"My poor girl, we picked you up on the open sea," said the captain pityingly. "And that's days and days ago. We can't put back—"

"Leave her to me," broke in the doctor. "She's raving. Very probably there is nothing in it—no island whatever. Leave her to me."

Nina relapsed into delirium, and Polly Bainford and he nursed and attended her. It was a week before she recovered full consciousness, and by that time the vessel was nearing England.

Nina, when she came back to her senses, lay with closed eyes, and aching heart, listening to the wash of the waves against the ship, mingled with the sounds of music and singing. They reminded her of the sounds she had heard as she tossed on a portion of the raft.

"What are they singing? What is the music?" were almost her first words.

Polly smoothed the bedclothes.

"It's the company—Mr. Harcourt's company," she replied. "They're singing one of the songs of our last success, 'My Lady Pride.' Does it disturb you? I'll get them to stop. I'm sure they will, for they are most anxious about you; and they're all a good sort."

"No, no," said Nina. "Don't stop them. And are you one of them?"

"Yes," said Polly. "I'm one of the company. But I'm not a principal. I've only got a small part—what's called a 'singing chambermaid.'"

Nina looked at her unconprehendingly, and Polly laughed.

"Oh, it means that I'm only small potatoes. You see, I haven't much of a voice, and so I take a back seat. We've been touring in Australia, and we're going to do the provinces—and London—if we're luck."

"I see," said Nina, with a sigh that was a little envious; for this girl with the bright eyes and the mobile lips had her future marked out for her, while she, Nina, was adrift on the world, homeless and friendless. She closed her eyes, Polly stole away, and Nina pondered deeply.

In her delirium she had implored the captain to turn from his course and search for the island. It had been a hopeless prayer then; it was still more hopeless now. Besides, even if she could achieve the impossible, and persuade them to turn back, they might not be able to find this particular island among the group, and if they did, Manning would probably have left.

He had the canoe, and she knew him too well to think he would remain there in solitude. Then, again, there was their mutual promise. She had pledged herself to keep their marriage secret, and how could she do so, if she told them about the island?

The captain and the doctor visited her a little later, and when the captain rallied her on "her island" she colored, bit her lip, and turned her head aside, and she heard him say to the doctor as they left the cabin:

"I told you so! Just a fancy on her part. People talk like that when they're in her state. She must have been wrecked from the *Alpina* that's missing."

The doctor nodded assentingly.

"Better let her alone, and say no more about it—unless she does," he said sagely; and, meeting Polly on deck, he cautioned her to refrain from questioning the patient.

"As if I should!" retorted Polly, with a toss of her pretty head.

But she had to ask one question, and she asked it the next time she went to the cabin.

"Don't think I want to bother you with questions, or that I'm a bit curious, dear," she said, "but I—I don't know what to call you."

Nina hesitated a moment and a blush rose to her face, which Polly, looking straight before her, affected not to see. Nina thought: "If I give my real name it must be Nina Manning—but I don't know whether I am properly married, and there is my promise." She was almost as reluctant to give her maiden name, and, on the spur of the moment, she replied:

"My name is Decima Wood." It was one belonging to an ancestor on her mother's side.

"It's a very pretty name, almost as pretty as its owner," remarked Polly, with a brisk nod.

"And now, Miss Wood, you've got to get well and strong, and come up on deck as soon as ever."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

anhood. You seem to see both man and woman attaining to the full perfection of physical, mental and spiritual growth. There are lots of men that never reach manhood, and lots of women that never reach womanhood. They grow, but they never expand, never blossom out, never bear fruit. They do not fulfill their mission in life or any mission in life that is worth while. They not only do not leave the world a better place for having lived in it, but they leave it a worse place. They leave their footprints in the sands of time all right, footprints of disease that cause suffering and death to thousands who follow them. These are the sins that are visited on the children upon the third and fourth, and not only the third and fourth, but the fifth and sixth generation as well. Fortunately there is enough true manhood and enough true womanhood in the world to carry the race onward and upward a little more every generation. There is just a little more good than bad, just a little more right than wrong, and the good and the right keep increasing as education expands our brain and our soul cells, and broadens our vision, tames the animal within, causes the spiritual to bloom, and gives men just a tiny glimpse, a hazy vision, of that glorious future, or as near perfection as man will ever attain in this world. The perfecting process goes gradually on as man discards all those brute instincts which he has inherited from those dark ages, when he trampled down the rough undergrowth of the forest primaeval on all fours, long before he had learned to stand upright and set his face toward that upward path which by the devious stages of evolution finally led him to manhood. I wish you would all try to attain to a high ideal of manhood and womanhood. Don't be satisfied to stay as you are. Don't be satisfied with yourself, because self-satisfaction is a sure sign of a little mind, and self-satisfied people never get anywhere. The hog is thoroughly satisfied with himself, and that's why he stays in a hog pen and remains a hog, and surely you don't want to stay in a little hog pen of your own conceit eternally, do you? Always strive to be a little better tomorrow than you are today, and always determine to do a little better and know a little more tomorrow than you do today. When a ship starts out on a voyage, those in command always have some definite object in view. The ship bound for a certain port carrying freight or passengers, or both, never deviates from its course for a single instant, unless some wave gives it a horrible punch that makes it shiver from stem to stern, and drives it a point or two off its course. But in a moment or two, the vessel is on an even keel and the man at the wheel shows her nose right on to that invisible line, which, straight as an arrow carries her to her destination. Now just take a lesson from the mariner and his craft. Always have an object in view, have some definite purpose in life, strive to attain a certain goal, and accomplish something worthy a man of honor and nobility of character. If misfortune gives you a punch and sends you staggering from the course you have mapped out, the course that leads to the harbor of high ideals and success, don't get discouraged, but grasp the helm of determination, and buffeting the seas of adversity, get your little craft back on its course, and stay there until the troubled waters are left behind, and the welcome lights of the pleasant haven which you have been striving to reach, gleam faintly in the distance, cheering you with the knowledge that your journey is almost over, the goal of your ambition reached at last. As I read your letters, I get an insight into your lives, and it grieves me to see so many of you wandering aimlessly through life accomplishing nothing and getting nowhere. It also cheers me to see others with a grim determination to make good. No matter how hard life may be, nobody can stop you from reaching either the goal of true manhood or pure womanhood. It does not depend on material things, birth, money, or rank. It depends on the quality of the soul. Remember you can't get more out of life than you put into it, so put into it all you can. Remember too, the more education you have, the more intellect, the more soul qualities—the more you can put into life, and the more you can get out of it. The spade of ignorance never penetrates, it only scratches the surface, and never probes the soil of knowledge sufficiently deep to raise a worth while crop. It takes the plow of culture to drive a deep furrow and bring a harvest. David, I hope you will succeed in your aim in life. I hope you will not only be able to make one salesman, but dozens of them. When you are in the middle of making a crowd or sausage salesman, you might invite us around to see you doing the job. You ask if a "stidious" farmer boy could fit himself to fill a high position as well as one who has never indulged in any sort of work, and then you abruptly added: "I think so myself." The man who can excavate the meaning of that sentence, David, deserves a cheese medal. I don't know what a "stidious" farmer boy is capable of doing, as I never met one. I have met, however, some studious farmers' boys, and most of them are very capable; some I am quite sure could hold high positions, in fact one I know did hold a high position. He learned to be an aviator and ran into the top of a tree and stayed there for a week before they got him down, and that's quite something in the high position line. Now you will doubtless say, "I could do as well as he, if I had an airship." You don't need an airship to succeed in a high position. All you need to do is to climb a tree and branch out. A studious farmer boy, if he has brains, ability, and the opportunity presents itself, can make as big a hit in a high position, as you call it, as the son of the aristocrat and millionaire, who is generally a well-dressed nonentity. It is who you are, and not what your fathers were that counts in this old world. Birth and breeding are a great help, but character and determination outstrip them in the great race of life. Don't let anything discourage you. Make up your mind to do something worth while. Concentrate your whole mind and soul on that one thing and unless you are an utter bonehead, you will probably make good. Remember concentrate—concentrate, and again concentrate if you would succeed.

GILFORD, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am, as you see from what used to be the wild West, the sheepherder, as well as the miner and the lumberjack. But all these, except the miner and the lumberjack are swiftly passing away. The large ranches are giving way to fertile farms. In time Montana will be a greater cattle state than it ever has been. (I hope so, Harold, for I paid thirty-five cents for a pound of steak today.—Uncle Charlie.) But the cattle will be raised on small farms, instead of the large ranches, or on the range as in the past. I believe that corn will prove to be a valuable crop in this state. If so, it will be used for fattening cattle and hogs. I have seen oats raised here, that thrashed out one hundred and two bushels to the acre, and that yield has even been beaten by twenty or thirty bushels. Wheat that made forty-five bushels per acre; barley, forty bushels per acre; flax, twenty-five bushels per acre, clover and Timothy, five and one half tons per acre. So you see we have very rich soil. There are about thirty millions acres of public lands in Montana, either to be sold or to be thrown open for settlement by homesteading. This part of the state was opened up for homesteading in 1909, under the Mondell Homestead law. The homesteading proposition is simply a gamble. The homesteader wages his twenty-two dollars with Uncle Sam, against three hundred and twenty acres of raw land, that he can live on it three years without starving to death. Sometimes he loses and sometimes he wins. But if he is made of the right kind of stuff, he usually wins. If folks have health and pluck, they can win out even if they are "broke" to start with. I believe in the "back to the farm" movement, but in most cases, it is impossible for the city people to pay from twenty-five dollars to three hundred dollars

an acre for their land. This is especially true of the poorer class or wage earners. Therefore I think homesteading is the only real possibility, for many men and women, who would naturally respond to the "back to the farm" call. But this offer of land is open to them to gain a farm and in most cases a good farm. I would also say to the young farmer, who is trying to make a success in the eastern states, where there isn't room for him, to go West. (There is plenty of room for him Harold, and if he's the right sort he can make good in the East as well as in the West.—Uncle.) Why do so many people stay in the cities and starve when there are thirty million acres of land in this state alone, and over six hundred and eighty million of acres in the U. S., to be had, almost for the asking. Of course much of this land is nearly worthless, also much of it is good farming, grazing, fruit or timber land. Another thing, a person cannot come to this country and farm the way they do in the Eastern and Southern states. If he does, he will most assuredly lose his bet with Uncle Sam. But with the right kind of farmers, a dollar can be made here in the time it takes them to make one cent in the East. The climate of this state is most delightful. The clear dry air is extremely invigorating. The summer days are long and although hot at midday, they are cool in the morning and evening. The winters are usually not very severe, as they are tempered by the warm Chinook winds, and by the mountains and are not as cold as the winters farther East. For the sportsman we have several kinds of fish, among them being trout and bass. The game birds consist of geese, swan, ducks, grouse, pheasants and prairie chickens. For large game there are deer, elk, bear, mountain sheep, mountain goat, mountain lion, beaver, lynx, etc., and there are hundreds of antelope, but they are protected by law until 1915. I have taken comfort for nearly six years, and it is really a comfort. I am five feet eleven inches tall, weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, have brown hair and blue eyes, age between eighteen and twenty-five years. Cousins would be glad to hear from some of you. With love to all I remain your cousin, HAROLD WEAVER. (League Number 35,399.)

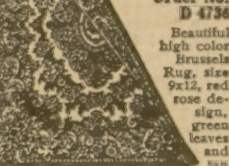
Harold, yours is an exceedingly interesting, well-written letter. You are a level-headed, practical, sensible boy, and what is most important, you have common sense and enthusiasm, and if you can only get a few drops of rain in the course of the year, you are going to win out, and if the rain don't come, well maybe I'll lose, but I fervently hope not. Mind, I'm taking it for granted that you are in the dry farming area, and are not on irrigated land. Now I'm just as anxious as you are to get the people back on the land, for that's where people ought to be if they want to be happy, healthy and independent. On the farm you are your own boss, and what a blessing that is. The man who is a slave to the factory whistle, and watches a whirling piece of machinery from early morning till late at night, doing one task over and over again, tens of thousands of times during the year, watched over all the time by a lynx-eyed superintendent, and who at the age of forty is worn out and kicked out, is just a slave who only exists. Poor chap he never lives, he only lingers and suffers, and in thousands of cases the monotony of his work weakens his mind and drives him mad. Now I would like to take hundreds, nay, thousands of such men out of the cities and put them on the land. But how is it going to be done? It's all very well for country people to howl about the people who stick in cities, but what are those people going to do if they leave the cities? Scores of people write me such letters as you do, but not one ever suggests or outlines a plan, by which whole families of city-reared people, which taken so they could get a living from Mother Earth. Now there are tens of thousands of people on the land already, men who call themselves farmers, who only make a miserable apology for a living, and who if it came to a toss up would be found to be worse off than the poorest people in the cities. I know this is a fact for I have first hand evidence with which to back up my statement. The failure of those men to make good on the land may be due to the men, due to the land, or both. Some men never make good at anything. This phase of the question however is not what I want to talk about just now. We can't have good farms unless we have good farmers, and good farmers are not made in a day. Agriculture is no longer a haphazard, rule of thumb affair, but a science. We don't want to take people out of the cities and smother the land with a bunch of incompetent metho-

luses, for owing to the lack of scientific method in the production of crops, preparation of the soil and farm management generally, the land under tillage raises only one half of what it could do and what it ought to do. You see it's not more farmers that we want, but better farmers, and we can't have better farmers unless those who intend to take up agriculture, go into it with all the seriousness with which a man prepares himself to take up the law, the ministry, surgery or medicine. It is true that Providence sends the harvest (and at times withholds it) but if you don't prepare the land, properly, a harvest of weeds will be all you'll get. Every man who takes up farming should go through a thorough course at an agricultural college. The course should be entirely free. He should be able to do enough remunerative work to pay for his board. Graduates from this college should be allowed to write after their names M. A. S. Master of Agricultural Science. That would raise farming to the dignity of a profession, and draw a higher grade of men into it, men who would not squat around the corner grocery, squinting tobacco juice at the ceiling, nor sit in a corner and be content to have the hookworms of wheat on foot, capable of producing sixty. It would be a tragedy to bring out to the land, men of the cities who knew nothing of farming. Suppose now I could find money and enough to transport ten families to your section of Montana. The odds are there would not be fifty dollars in cash among the whole bunch. They would have to sleep in tents and would not have money to buy even the flimsy protection. Then there would be the cost of putting up shacks, and preparing to fight a winter that is sometimes merciless. Well, though I'm no farmer I can see that without seeds, implements, capital, knowledge, favorable weather, help and advice of neighbors (if they were within reach) that bunch would starve to death. There should be agricultural stations in the suburbs of our big cities. Here men should go at night to school, and learn the theory of farming and in the summer evenings for an hour or so, and on Saturday afternoons, and on Sunday (if the summer people didn't object) and they had no liberty on other days) they could get good practical knowledge of general farming. Then if they were lucky enough to be able to save a few hundred dollars, they might have a fair chance to succeed, always providing of course, they could find a suitable piece of land to settle on, and that's the hardest thing as a rule to find. A man wrote me the other day he had spent several months and a whole big wad of money, traveling all over the Southwest trying to find a suitable place to locate. He was giving up in disgust and coming home when someone told him of a productive land in New Mexico where he had hitherto searched in vain and here he settled and made good. He told of the hundreds of abandoned shacks he had seen, homes from which people, who had been duped by fendish land sharks, had had to move, because the land was worthless or nearly so, and to stay there meant starvation. Now how can poor people leave the cities with a bunch of kids (and poor people are bound to have more kids than they can support and probably half a dozen dogs to boot for dogs and poverty go together) and start wandering all over the West, paying out hundreds of dollars in railroad fare, commission to land sharks, etc., trying to find a favorable place to locate. It can't be done without piles of money and without suffering all sorts of misery if you haven't money. This work should be taken in hand by the government. Lying land agents should be strung up by the neck or the heels, and Uncle Sam should



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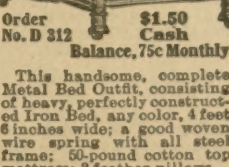
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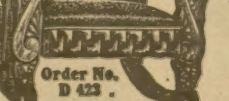
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lead his children, as Moses led the children of Israel, to the productive portions of his vast domain, instead of allowing them to be dumped in waterless sage brush deserts. He should loan them money to start in business, and should put experts in every county to help and advise the pioneer settlers and the greenhorns who know nothing of farming, how to go about their work so as to get results. That's the way to get people back on the land. That's the way to increase the output of the acreage we have under cultivation, and make other and uncultivated areas add to the bread basket of the world. Farming is easy enough I've no doubt to those who know how and who have been brought up in the business, but for the man who has been working in a sweat shop, standing behind a counter, sitting at a desk, adding up columns of figures and doing other tasks of that kind, it is a mystery, and the man had better sizzle in the frying pan of the city, with the ways of which he is accustomed, than to drop into the farming fire of which he knows nothing.

BUCKLIN, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am twelve years old, five feet and one inch short. I weigh seventy-eight pounds and light brown hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. I have two brothers and one sister. My school was out on the twenty-seventh of March. Well if you can't read this give it to Billy the Goat.

We had a box supper the last day of school. I wish you could of been here to eat with me. This is certainly a fine country to live in, you better come and help harvest. I help plow the ground. That is the reason the wheat is so good. Don't you think so Uncle Charlie?

Hope to hear from you. We have an incubator it holds one hundred and eighty eggs, it will hatch Thursday. Come over and I will feed you on fried chicken.

Your cousin, VIRGA McQUEVEY.

Virga, I don't know whether your name is McQuevey, McQuevrey or McQueverrey. From the way you have written your name it could be anything. As long as you know what it is of course you take it for granted that everyone else should know, and you also take it for granted that the busy people in the world have nothing else to do but to spend their time trying to figure out the names of thoughtless people whose time, apparently has no value and who take the most intense delight in writing their cognomens in such a way that no one else can decipher them. Little do you know and little do the millions of COMFORT readers realize what tragedies occur in this world because people will not write their names and addresses plainly. It is ten to one however, if they do write their names so anyone can read them, they won't give the name of the town they live in, or write it so anyone can read it. About one in every ten of the C. L. O. C. cards we send out comes back to us. You see we have to guess half the time at the party's name and then when the card and button get to their destination, the mail carriers can't deliver them, because we've guessed wrong. Back comes the letter to us and a week or two later along comes also, a letter from the party who didn't or wouldn't write his or her name so we could understand it, calling us thieves, rascals, scoundrels, villains, blackguards, wretches, etc. Of course it isn't our fault at all, and this discloses another weakness of human nature. When things go wrong, and things do not turn out as we expected them to, what do we do? Do we study the whole matter carefully, and thoroughly, and impartially? No. We jump to conclusions and blame this one and that one, and the other one. We rave about the carelessness, indifference and thoughtlessness of people in general, and certain people in particular, but not once in a million years do we ever question and ask ourselves if we are not the ones at fault, the ones to blame. Never do we ask if the fault isn't ours instead of the other fellows. In our own eyes we are of course of perfect perfection. We could not possibly make a mistake if it is all in, while the rest of humanity of course is all in, perfect. Nearly every humanly other people do is of course all wrong, and done, so we think with the special purpose of annoying us. We are always judging everybody. We are very nice to Mrs. Jones' face, but Mrs. Jones hasn't got half way down the front stoop before we have dug the talons of scandal and the claws of un-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

charitableness into her character and torn it all to pieces, and when Mrs. Jones reaches home, and before she has even got her wraps off, she's ripped her reputations to ribbons. Digressing slightly I may say that one of the reasons I'm so anxious for women to have the ballot, is that it will direct their thoughts into higher and nobler channels. It will give them something to think about and talk about besides their neighbors and local gossip. It will give them a chance to broaden out and get out of that dreary mental rut for which tyrant man is responsible, and in which they have been groping, since Adam delved and Eve span, and tens of thousands of years before that. What I've said about female gossip is also true of male gossip. What do you think men talk about round the stove in the village store? Well if you find a dozen men together, it's a thousand to one they are telling putrid stories, picking some girl's character to pieces or knocking some industrious member of the community who prefers work and industry to gossip and flith. But to get back to the point I want to bring home to you: When things go wrong and matters don't turn out as you think they ought to do, and you wield the lash of censure on every back within and beyond your reach, do first of all ask yourself: "Am I to blame in this matter? Have I by any negligence or oversight on my part contributed to this mess up? Get into the habit of catechizing yourself. Put yourself through a thorough cross examination, and it's a hundred to one, and that's long odds, if you do this, you will find that the fault lies at your door and not the other fellow's. The great trouble with the world today is that every individual is so thoroughly satisfied with himself or herself. We are all in love with ourselves. Nothing on earth so perfect as we are. From the lofty heights of egotism and conceit we view with condescension and pity the imperfect mortals below. But if we measure ourselves by God's standards, most of us will find we have cause to hate ourselves thoroughly. Look at all the despicable flaws most of us have in our characters and dispositions. Look at the greed and selfishness we harbor within us; the jealousy, hate, distrust, suspicion, cruelty, miserliness and meanness. Note our indifference to the rights and feelings of others, and all the other horrible traits that go to make up the sum total of human frailty. Time to fall in love with ourselves when we get rid of a few of our acquired and inherited tendencies to wrong. Our government is contemptible. You know that, but do you ever do anything to make it better, and if you had the chance to make it better would you? You kick one party out of power because you are sick and disgusted with it, and then four years later you put it back again, so that you can have an opportunity to get still more disgusted. All the while the party is in power you keep cursing it. Instead of cursing yourselves for putting it in power. It is you who are to blame and not your government. You grow black in the face when you begin discussing white slavery, but what do you ever do to stop it? Nothing. And what have you men done to discourage it? Nothing. You do know, however, just how much you have done to encourage it, and when you get round that stove in the village store, you tell the gang of the good time you had when you went to the city, and it's your talk that causes some other fool to go off and have what he calls a good time, and the doctor of your village, if he opened his lips and revealed the secrets of his profession, could tell what those good times have cost you, and what the poor victim you have married or are going to marry, will have to suffer as a result of your sinning. What do you fathers and mothers ever do to stop the white slave traffic that you rave about? If your daughters ever learn anything about matters of sex instead of learning it from you mothers, prayerfully and carefully, they learn it from the low conversations and flippant talk of fresh boys or fast girls. Instead of making the home comfortable so that the girls will want to stay in it, you make it as uncomfortable as possible, keeping the girls penniless or nearly penniless, depriving them of all pleasure, thus driving them to the city and caring little what happens to them when they get there. And so it is with nearly everything. When things are to be put right and remedied in this world, you expect the other fellow to do it. If you want anything, expect the other fellow to do it. If you want to do the dying. You wear at the automobile because it goes too fast, yet if you had a gasoline buggy you would go twice as fast as the other fellow. The man who does his duty to his country, his God and his fellow men, and the women who are doing their duty, as far as the men will allow them to do it, as mothers and home keepers, when things go wrong, you have a right to complain, because you have a sense of justice, right, honor and decency. You belong to the class that is pushing the world forward. If anybody gets on the track and stops the procession, you've a right to ask them to get off, and if they won't get off for asking, you have a right to kick them off. The world never complains when the righteous rail, for they are the salt of the earth, but it is you people who are fuming, fussing and complaining about things that are bad, because you have made them bad, that give me a pain. It is you who are responsible for all the wrong and rottenness in the country. Women, the better half of the community, the spiritual half of it, the decent half of it, the cleaners and purifiers of the social system, who could do so much to brighten and better conditions in this sinful old world, brutal, tyrant man, keeps in political bondage. Then the bullet-headed boobies guilty of this miserable despotism and tyranny, kick and complain because things are not better than they are. Poor blind bats. You see they never do any self-questioning. They never put themselves in a self-made confessional box and look at the black, ugly scars that evil deeds have left upon their sinful souls, and there is no more evil deed than that which deprives women of a voice in the making of the laws under which they and their families have to live. Never complain about other people, low wages, crime, white slavery, industrial slav-

ery, rotten government, child slavery, religious hypocrisy, extravagance, intemperance or any other form of crime and evil, until you have asked yourself this question: "Did I ever do anything to stop any of these evils?" If you never did anything, and the odds are you never did, keep your mouth shut until such times as by God's help you have converted yourself into a decent citizen and a clean thinking, right-living human and have done your level best to be something more than a pork barrel patriot and a corner grocery politician. By the way you know well that neither one of these two human microbes ever did anything but to push humanity into the dirt and bring disgrace on the flag under which they live. Virga I'd no idea your letter would give me a text for such a lengthy talk? I would just love to join you at a box supper. I could eat the bottom of the box and you could have the lid. You say this is "certainly" a fine country to live in. I'm awfully glad to hear that. There is so much of this earth's surface that is not fit for anything except to bury pork barrel politicians in, that you can congratulate yourself if you are located on the hunk of dirt that will raise sufficient to give you three square meals a day. But it isn't "certainly" fine. It is certainly turning over of the land has made old earth the sweeter and more productive. Earth that would not produce good crops when tickled by a charming little lassie whose name I don't know and never shall know, ought to be arrested and put in jail. If I were the soil that you cultivated, I'd be so tickled to death to be associated with you in the cultivating business, I'd not only raise wheat, but I'd raise ice cream and crops of real Christians and I'd raise the mortgage. If you had any such instrument of torture on your farm, Virga, I'm deeply interested in that incubator of yours. You say it will hatch Thursday. If you had spelled that Thursday, I'd come down and dynamite that obnoxious hatchery of yours, but as you have it Thursday, which I suppose is the Buckland, Kansas, way of spelling Thursday, I'll just look on admiringly and make no kick. Here boys and girls is the wonder of the age. Virga Mc. Something (and just what brand of Mac she is I can't tell, and never will be able to tell) has got a machine that hatches out one day of the week. Who hatches out the other six I don't know. Until I read Virga's letter, I was under the impression that Providence sent the days and the nights, giving us three hundred and sixty-five days, but now my ideas are all entirely upset, for here's a little girl down in Kansas, hatching out the fifth day of the week from a chicken incubator. Next thing I guess we'll discover that somebody's digging the balance of the week out of an ash barrel. This is an age of wonders and nobody knows what's going to happen next. Anyway, Virga, I want to congratulate you on being such a useful young lady. You at least are not one of those miserable drones that disgrace the human hive. You're not a parasite living upon others as the flea lives on the dog, but a producer, and some producer, believe me, you're the ground, making crops, supplying the world with bread, and what is more, producing a day from your incubator on which to eat it. I tell you there is some class to a young lady who runs a calendar factory. I've got a friend whose name is Day and he has seven children, and they are all very delicate. When the last one came, he asked me if I would name it, so I told him to call it Saturday, because it was the last week Day. Virga, if you have any more days produced from your incubator, send me up a nice sunny one and get it cool and warm, as the weather we've had for the last week would give rheumatism to a polar bear, and the icy wind would blow the salt out of a tub of butter.

FREEHANSBURG, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I am thirteen years old, have brown eyes, black hair, light complexion, five feet tall and weight one hundred and forty pounds. I go to school, have two sisters and two brothers and a mamma and papa. One sister is married. We live on a farm. I like the country. I raise flowers and can cook and wash dishes, and work in the garden some. I go to Sunday school. I live eight miles from town, but have never been to town and never seen it. Our nearest railroad station is on the Band O. Railroad. I have no bean and never think of having one. My brother has got a horse. He calls her Lady. Mamma has thirty-one chickens, they are the road island reds. I love to read Uncle Charlie's and the cousins' letters. We all think Cousin Hazel is a fine country. Land is very high, sells from fifty to two hundred dollars an acre. With all good wishes I am your loving niece,
HAZEL WEST.

Hazel, you say you are five feet tall and "weight" one hundred and forty pounds. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, and watch your diet. You are developing east and west instead of north and south. You say you can cook and wash dishes. I'm glad to know you can cook platters, so the next time you cook dishes you might send him a few. Never been to town and town only eight miles away, and never saw a railroad station. Are you a home body? I should worry seven days a week. Little black West, if you ever visit the marvelous metropolis of Weston, I hope you will write us a letter and give us a vivid pen picture of its grandeur and greatness. Somebody told me that Weston was not so much in the city line. He said that people there were wishing one another Happy New Year on the Fourth of July. He could not see the town as he went by in the train, because a cow stood alongside the track, and hid it from view. It must be some town if the whole city can hide behind one cow. Hazel, you say Weston is on the Band O. Railroad. Now I've traveled a lot in my time and have quite extensive acquaintance with the railroads of the United States, having hooved over the ties of many of them, but I never had the Band O. Railroad on my list. By the name it certainly must be a musical road. On looking up the map I find the town which you refer to is on the B. and O. otherwise known as the Baltimore and Ohio. That's the road that doesn't need to issue time tables; if you travel by that road what you need is a calendar. I traveled once from Chicago to New York by the B. and O. When I left Chicago I was a happy, care-free young man. When I got to New York I had whiskers tickling the top of my toes, and I was bent double with age. Why do you know on that trip, every time we came to an upgrade all the passengers had to get out and push behind, and every time the engineer saw a rabbit, he used to stop the train and go off in the woods and hunt for it. When we got within sight of New York, a woman said she'd dropped a handkerchief on the tracks just this side of Fort Wayne, Ind., and do you know that obliging conductor had the engineer reverse the engine and we all went back eight hundred miles to look for it. But what made us all mad was this: When we got to Fort Wayne that goop of a woman discovered that she hadn't lost her handkerchief at all—had it in her pocket all the time. Whisper—Isn't that like a—no some women? This couldn't have happened on any other road in the United States except the B. and O. B. and O. signifying—be-obliging. Hazel in your letter you say, "I have no bean." The Goat says he thinks you mean you have no bean, and I'm inclined to agree with him, as from your letter I gather you have quite an intellectual little bean poised on your shoulders. As long as people make their u's and n's exactly alike, I'll never know whether you mean bean or bean. For you nearly all write the two words exactly alike. You say "Mamma has got thirty-one chickens, and they are road island reds." I should like to see those road island reds, though I've never heard of chickens by that name before, or behind. I suppose they are some relation to the Rhode Island Reds. If so they are some chicken. I was held up by a washout once when I was out West, and all the grub in the Pullman gave out. I walked several miles to a farmhouse and bought a chicken, and say, that was the toughest chicken I ever struck. We could not cut it, so we put it on the track and got the engineer to back

up his choo-choo about a hundred yards and run over it, and see if that wouldn't dissect it. The engineer who was a very obliging young man did exactly as we suggested. He ran the engine at full speed at that chicken, and the chicken threw the engine off the track, and left not a dent in the chicken though there were lots of dents in the engine. I never knew what breed of chicken that was, but I'm inclined to believe it was a road island red.

THELTON BOX 49, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
May I join your pleasure?
I am a country girl. I am eleven years old, have brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, weigh seventy-five pounds.
My father his grain in mother has some of the garden in. I live two from school. I love to live on a farm. We live two from the city "Tleton."
I don't think anybody in this country has written, as far as I can see to your jolly paper, so I thought I would write.
I am surprising mother and father and hope to see this in print real soon. Well, we are going to have Hiawatha play 11th of April. We have six horses pigs and one hundred and fifty chickens. I have two brothers younger than myself. Hoping to hear from the cousins, I am your little niece and cousin,
ALDA A. FRENCH.

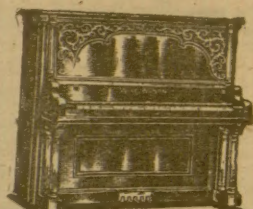
Alda, you may certainly join our pleasure. That's a highly original way of asking if you can become a member of our world famous organization. You want to butt in, and be one of the bunch and take a hand in the fun we are having. Sensible girl. Before you can become a member you of course, have to ride the Goat. That's one of the main features of the initiation ceremonies. Billy is always very gentle with the little girls, and he'll let you down easy. Now Alda would you kindly elucidate and explain a very complex and tangled sentence in the early part of your letter. You say: "My father his grain in mother has some of the garden in." Now for the lands sake will you kindly untangle that and tell me what it all means? Suppose we analyze your sentence, and take the first part; "My father his grain in mother." Now the only sense I can get out of that is this: Your father has harvested his grain, sent it to the mill and had it converted into flour, the flour has in turn been converted into bread, and mother has eaten it. Or perhaps you meant that father has his grain in, and mother has some of her garden in. But what I don't understand is how mother could get her garden in, unless she had a garden like the people have all around this section where I live. Here they put a flower pot on the window-sill, stick a geranium in it and call it a garden. Once on a time I had a flower garden, and we had to take it in every night, and put it out in the morning for fear the neighbors would steal it. We got so tired putting the garden out in the morning and taking it in at night, that we got a chain, padlock and key and chained it up outside. But all that expense and effort was useless, for when we did that they stole the garden and chain as well. The only way to have a garden in the city is to have it on the roof and tie it to the chimney. There are lots of difficulties in being a horticulturist in the city and I surely sympathize with your mother Alda, if she has to take her garden in every night, as I had to do. We used to turn our garden up on end and plant flowers on both sides. When we stood it on end it was easier to slide it through the door into the house. One day I thought of economizing on space in the garden, and sent Alda, you say: "I live two from school." Does that mean two miles, two yards, two feet or two inches? If it's two inches you'll never have any excuse for being late. If it's two feet, you'll have quite a healthy walk before you get there, that is you will if they are Chicago feet. You also say, "I live two from the city Tleton." The next time you write a letter for publication, don't scorn all the little words, for without them no one can quite understand what you mean, and it is not nice for little girls to make people waste a lot of valuable time guessing what they do mean. You say: "We are going to have Hiawatha play the 11th of April." You are a very lucky girl to have Hiawatha pay you a visit. Give the old scout my best wishes and tell him to hand my best love to Minnehaha when he meets her in the happy hunting ground. I thought Hiawatha had gone to the Indian paradise long ago, but I suppose some fresh guy opened the door and let him out. You say: "We have six horses pigs." I never knew horses to be pigs, though of course they do eat an awful lot, and I have never known a pig to be a horse, so how you come to have horse pigs or pig horses is beyond me. There Alda you've had the supreme pleasure of surprising Papa and Mamma, and it is not every little girl that has the pleasure of surprising her parents in such a unique way.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a boy nearly seventeen years old, am five feet ten inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-three pounds, have light hair, light complexion and wear a seven hat and thirty-two pants and eight shoes. I live an acre of about one hundred and forty acres in cultivation, south of Highland Springs. I live five miles north of Highland Springs. Uncle Charlie I was reading what you said about the man who got a dollar a day in Virginia. My father has seen the time he got up at 3.30 A. M. and of corn and got home at 9 P. M. and got the large sum of fifty cents for his day's work and fed and clothed me and two sisters, himself and mother. What do you think about that? He would have been glad to get a dollar a day. But that was not in Highland Springs, that was further south than this. We moved to San Saba county when I was twelve years old. How many of you cousins like to hunt and fish? I like to hunt at night with my dog, and shoot rabbits in the daytime. There are lots of rabbits here. Uncle Charlie you made up that poem about "She's Sleeping now in Dear Old Michigan." I would sure like to have you make one rhyme with Texas. That will stump you. Uncle Charlie have this letter printed for I want to see that poem about Texas. I never saw one yet.

I would like to exchange post-cards.

Yours,
ISAAC CLIFTON.
Isaac, in describing your wearing apparel you state that you wear "eight shoes and thirty-two pants." What is your idea in dolling yourself up in this fantastic fashion. It must be awfully cold down in Texas if you can stand all that wearing apparel. The Goat says he thinks you wear thirty-two pairs of pants all at once so that you can protect yourself from mosquitoes. It would seem kind of heartless to make a poor mosquito dig through thirty-two pairs of pants, until he reached your hide and got a good bite. Don't you find it rather difficult to get around with all those clothes and shoes on you. I'd hate to have to lace up or button up four pairs of shoes every morning. And however do you manage to get those thirty-two pairs of pants on? It seems to me the easiest way would be to stand on your head and let somebody drop them on. Most of the people in this world have only one pair of shoes to their feet, and most of those who have shoes have their toes sticking through them. Things are not, and never have been properly distributed in this world, a world of too much and too little. Here are you with thirty-two pants and eight shoes, and I don't possess a pair of either. Possibly, Isaac, you refer to the size of the garments you wear. That must be quite a novel farm of yours with its one hundred and forty "acors." Billy the Goat says that an acor is an ordinary acre with a hole in the middle and the ends turned up. What it is exactly, I don't



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know, and I don't suppose I ever shall know, unless it's a common, ordinary every day "acre". Your father did some wonderful things with that fifty cents a day of his. Tell him from me that he was very foolish to do it, as he could have gone to Europe or China and got more money than that, and only have had to work half the hours. Of course, as long as men will accept small wages, small wages are what they are going to get. However, the main thing to be considered is not what you get, but what you can buy with what you get. Probably your father's fifty cents had more purchasing power than a dollar and a half has today. Your father must be getting a great deal more money than that today, or you would not have thirty-two pairs of pants and four pairs of shoes attached to your anatomy at one time. I read in the paper last week of a young woman who had been working in a New-England factory for one of the best known firms in America, a firm that makes a lot of dainty articles and whose wares are greatly used about Christmas-time. This young woman, highly respected and above the average of her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, loose box back, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

With kind wishes for all of COMFORT's readers, also for our good Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie, I remain a COMFORT sister.

Mrs. Wm. H. Masters.

NINNEKAH, R. 2, OKLA.

My Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Comfort Sisters: I, too, have been a silent reader of COMFORT for three years and think it is the best of all papers. I agree with Mrs. W. E. Gilleland in all she says about training children while they are young. I enjoyed her letter very much and the rest of the letters too.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, I want to ask a favor of you. We own a home of our own, but feel it is not complete for we have no little baby to share it with us. We have been married five years. Would like to have a little girl between one and three years of age, with dark hair, as we both have dark hair. We want to adopt and bring her up as our own. We would be so glad if some of you would help us find a homeless baby girl. We will do all we can for her. Can give the best of references, we live one mile and a half from church and school.

Would enjoy letters from Comfort sisters. I almost forgot to tell you how old we are. I am twenty-three, my husband is twenty-nine.

I am, your COMFORT sister, Mrs. Sophia Greer.

MARYSVILLE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: May I, too, enter into your bond for a chat? I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for years and I really believe every copy gets better. I most especially enjoy the Sisters' Corner and cousins' letters. After reading Mrs. Lurline Berkly's interesting letter in the October issue, I readily decided to make my appreciation known, and I will say as she did, maybe "Someone, sometime" will read my letter and be benefited thereby. I believe I voice with hearts of many when I say Mrs. Berkly's subject is a very important one. One that should be noticed very much. It caused me for one, to renew my zeal, and determination. I am anxious to hear from more sisters on this subject, for it helps us girls. I am nineteen years old, and am still "mamma's girl," and I want to tell you sisters I'm not sorry at all either. I wish all of the young girls could realize what it is to leave parents and home while so young to marry. And girls be careful do not be too trustful of the boys with whom you keep company, for there are many ways of deceiving. Don't take seriously what they say until you are very sure. You will find out in after years that there are but few who really mean what they say. Boys will promise most anything, in regard to their love for a girl, but very soon they change and say they didn't mean it. I wish I could spend my life in trying to impress upon the minds of the rising generation the danger there is in trusting and believing boys.

Also let me mention Mrs. Alice Still's letter and compliment her for the same. Her advice is good. The "kissing crime" is one I don't admire, and a gentleman will never insist on kissing, and they will respect and care more for us, if we will firmly refuse. So once again I say, dear girls, be sure and not place confidence in your lover too soon, for if you do, you may like hundreds of others, regret it when it's too late.

I will tell you all a simple remedy for sore throats and swollen tonsils. Some of you sisters try it, and note the quick relief. Fry two eggs in meat grease until white is firm, then break yolks and apply as warm as can be borne.

I greatly sympathize with the shut-ins; let's help them all we can. Hoping to see my letter in print, also that it may be a help to someone and wishing COMFORT and its workers continued success, I am,

Miss Mettie Kidd.

KLAMATH FALLS, Box 382, OREGON.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS: Will you kindly give your attention, for a few minutes, to a neighbor from Klamath Falls?

Have had COMFORT in our family as early as I can remember and feel now that my household is not complete without it.

I have been married seven years and have a little daughter, Marybelle, aged six and a son, Marion, aged two. We have traveled extensively since we were married, but this is the first place where my husband cares to make a home. This is a comparatively new country, and contains plenty of fish and wild game.

I will tell you how I broke my little girl of the habit of sucking her thumb. When she was five years old, she happened to scratch her thumb slightly, and I lost no time in enclosing it in a little stall, also pouring on a few drops of bitter oil, which, by the way, is not very pleasant tasting. At the same time I explained to her of the great danger which might result from sucking cold in even a little scratch. I kept the thumb in a stall for a week, changing the stall when necessary. The cure was complete.

Miss Gertrude William. You are the kind of teacher I would like to have teach my little ones. How I wish we might see each other and talk "shop." This over seven years since I was a teacher, but my methods were similar to what yours now are. Another thing I emphasized, and that was to watch the children constantly. I was on the playgrounds with them at every intermission. It was then so much easier to settle quarrels, etc.

Can any of the sisters tell me of a sure cure for the habit of bed-wetting? My little girl had catarrh of the bladder last year. The physician cured the complaint, but the habit still remains, although we've doctored since then. I've tried washing her feet, and letting the water dry on them, but to no avail. Would be deeply grateful if some sister could prescribe a cure.

Mrs. Lottie Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson, you are to be congratulated on breaking your little daughter of thumb-sucking, and mothers would be more persistent in this matter if they realized the number of children who go through life with deformed noses and jaws, protruding gums and irregular teeth, all from this thumb-sucking habit. At this early age, the bone and muscle structures are very flexible and easily changed in form. Perhaps other sisters can give methods of preventing and curing this habit, and if so, we would like them. —Ed.

GASTON, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years. My mother took the good paper when I was a very small girl, and now for eleven years I have been married and have a home of my own. I still have dear old COMFORT. I live in the western part of Washington Co., being born and reared in the state of Oregon. The subject which has been much discussed and the one that lead me to write, is the adopting of children. Through the columns of this paper many have expressed their ideas. We never had any children of our own, so it seemed by chance we could take a child to the best of our ability, and be sure our conscience tells us we have done our duty. God will not hold us responsible after that child has left our care. Of all the many erring ones I have known in my thirty-one years of life, I cannot recall to mind one, but what I must say the home influence was not the best. Many have said to me, "a child you bring up may prove ungrateful." The Lord will reward us all for the good we do. My small daughter understands she is an adopted child; also is taught that we took her so she might have a good home and papa and mamma. No happier home than ours can be found. No one can say we do not have our little daughter as any parents do for she is the sunshine of our home. We live on a ten-acre ranch and work for a living. We are members of the Presbyterian church, and little Genia is being brought up under religious teaching. Wishing you all success in life, I am,

Mrs. E. A. Herrington.

RUBENHART, R. 1, OHIO.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS: Again I come to our charming circle wishing to introduce a subject which I think worthy of discussion. Not long ago, I heard a lady make this remark: "It is like hunting for a needle in a straw-stack, to find a hired girl, and when I do get one I simply can't keep her." And is it any wonder? When a girl goes to a place to work, she is ushered to a small room in the rear, next to the attic, with a bed, chair and a little dresser. This is to be her home as long as she remains at this place. Now she must rise early in the morning and fix the furnace fire, and then prepare breakfast for each member of the family as they are called to get up. Then her general work for the day begins. Now while the family are eating dinner, she sits in the kitchen waiting to answer the

bell. When they have finished eating, and the pet dog has been fed from the table at which they eat, the girl takes what is left to the kitchen table where she has prepared dinner, and there with the stacked up pans and dishes, she sits alone, having plenty of time to wonder if she really is like, what she is being treated. She scarcely ever gets to church, for the mistress goes while she must get the Sunday dinner. Of course she gets an afternoon off once a week to do her own mending and laundry work, etc. She must either spend her evenings alone in her room or seek entertainment elsewhere. The mistress seldom recognizes her on the street, even with a nod or smile. If she has company she must entertain them in the kitchen or on the back porch; but of course this is not embarrassing to a hired girl. Most girls do not fancy this kind of treatment, and prefer to work in a factory where they get shorter hours, Sundays off, recognition of being a civilized human being; even if they barely make enough to pay board and buy clothes. And what is the result when the girls go to the factory? When they marry they have not the slightest knowledge how to cook or keep house, which leads to quarrels and finally ends in divorce.

I am not ashamed to say I was once a servant girl, for it makes me feel proud to see the way my good Jim puts away my lemon pie and strawberry short-cake. I cannot understand why it is, that the majority of people in this civilized country, look upon the assistant housekeeper (hired girl), as though she were a piece of modern machinery, invented solely for the purpose of doing whatever duty she is supposed to perform, and then set back entirely from observation until again needed. Society people look at her, as we would at present look at a Mexican soldier.

If when a respectable girl (and if she is not respectable she should not be allowed in our kitchen any more than our parlor) goes to a place to assist with the housework, she be allowed a place at the table, and to spend her evenings in the family sitting-room, occasionally taken to the theater, and treated with respect in general, then the hired girl question would not be such a difficult problem. It is a wonder to me the girls do not go on a strike, demanding better pay, shorter hours and above all recognition of respect. I write this hoping to help both the girl, and the lady who can't keep a hired girl.

If Mrs. Wilkinson deems this worthy of publication very well, if not no one will be any the wiser, if it slips into the waste basket.

Mrs. Jas M. Crowe.

WINNIE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Several years ago I was very sick from the effects of a cold which left me with a cough. I slowly developed symptoms of what I thought at the time was consumption, but my doctor said it must have been chronic bronchitis. I had heard of pine tar being good for colds and lung trouble, so I experimented with it until I got my disease all cured, whatever it was. That was nearly five years ago, and never had a sign of it again. I cured myself in less than a month; the cough had been running for seven months. Now I want all who have consumption in any form or stage, and all who have lung trouble of any kind to try this. If

it cures you, please write and let me know, as I am very anxious to have this tested fully, and this is the best way to know to test it. Take pine tar (not coal tar), put some in a can and heat it smoking hot, and breathe the smoke clear down into your lungs. It causes violent coughing, and spitting. Some of you may be too weak to stand it; but keep trying any way. Also, put some of the tar in a vessel and let water stand on it, and use the water to drink.

Mrs. Jas. J. Matal.

GRAND RIDGE, FLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I do hope that some of you can tell me how to remove the lime crust that has formed in my kettle, also how to keep it from forming again. I am just one of COMFORT's large band of admirers. Have read it from my childhood, and no matter how scarce quarters get I can't seem to do without it. I had rather go without a new dress than to let my favorite subscriptions drop.

I live in sunny West Florida, where the summers are warm (and some days warmer) and the winters are very mild. Last winter we didn't have weather sufficient to cure meat properly.

We are small farmers. Have been married nearly seven and one half years. We have no babies and I can't help but feel envious sometimes, though I have been told by more than one mother that we are better off without any. They were mothers who had seen many anxious hours over their erring sons. We had one little son born to us, but he only lived four days. Thanking anyone who can give me requested information,

Mrs. E. B. Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley, because I have had the same experience with inside of teakettle crust, will tell you the crust is a lime deposit which boils out of the water, when at a certain thickness it will probably flake off, but form again. Your drinking water contains an excess of lime and I would advise having it analyzed at your state laboratory.—Ed.

DAHMER, Pendleton Co., W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a silent reader for several years, but never wrote to your cozy little corner before, though I greatly enjoy reading the letters. But before I begin I hope someone will please cover the waste basket.

I am a farmer's wife; husband farms through the summer and teaches school in the winter-time. We were both reared on a farm from little tots up, so we know all about farm life. I greatly enjoy making a garden, raising chickens, turkeys and making butter; also all other kind of work that I am able to do for our family. Husband helps me when he has time and can do lots of work as well and fast as a woman. I am twenty-four and have been married nearly six years, have two children, ages four and two; Ella Valden and Lucy Verona. They are both bright, sweet, brown-eyed girls with light brown hair, they are lots of company to me and help too, as we are by

ourselves so much through the day when husband is at his work, and teaching school.

I believe in bringing children up to work when they are young. My oldest girl saves me many a step, and likes to do little errands. If mothers would praise their children instead of scolding them into work, it would do lots of good. I know it does mine more good, so mothers, try it and see.

And another thing in which so many parents make a mistake with their children, is if one disciplines them the other takes its part, and that soon ruins your child. Like you all say, I have one of the best Johns living, he is so good and kind to me, never gives me a cross word. We always talk over our work to get advice from one another, and we keep no secrets from each other, what one knows the other one knows, and sisters don't you think that is the right way to live? West Virginia is a good old place. Most all kinds of grain and fruit can be raised here. Success to you all.

Mrs. Estella Dahmer.

BRIGHT, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Since my letter appeared in COMFORT I have received many requests for the formula to silitate eggs. You will know how kindly I feel toward the COMFORT sisters when I tell you I had the formula printed at my own expense and sent to each one requesting it who inclosed stamp for reply. I just really did not have time to write it for all. I have nothing to sell but just mentioned silitating eggs as one way to earn pin money.

Many people wish to preserve eggs in summer so they will be useful for home consumption and for sale in winter. I have tried several methods but find sodium silicate to be the best preservative.

Get from your druggist, sodium silicate (known as water-glass) which will cost about one dollar per gallon. Make a solution using ten quarts of pure water that has been boiled and cooled to one quart sodium silicate. Use stone jars that have been scalded. Pour solution in jar, putting in eggs daily until full, then cover and set in cool, dry place. Be sure there are two inches of solution covering eggs at top of jar. Eggs must be kept under solution.

Eggs must be put in solution the day they are laid, must be perfectly clean and cool and should be infertile to obtain best results. Use greatest care in putting eggs in solution as one cracked egg might spoil all around it.

One gallon sodium silicate will preserve forty or fifty dozen eggs. It is a good plan to use china nest eggs to avoid getting an egg that is not perfectly fresh. On real hot days gather eggs twice daily. Preserve in July and August and sell in December has been my plan.

Eggs should remain in solution until the day before they are wanted. Then remove, and wash in clean milk-warm water. If placed in lime water for thirty minutes their keeping qualities will be improved.

I would advise preserving only a few the first year. After this the method will be understood and more can be preserved the second year.

I have been using this method for years and know

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

you can. I can see you have had a bad time

Nina looked at her a little pitiously. "Ah, if you knew!" she breathed. "But I don't know, and I don't want to know, unless you want to tell me." Nina drew a long sigh—"and I see you don't, I've undertaken to ask no questions, dear, and I'm sure you won't be bothered by anyone else; so you needn't look so anxious and unhappy."

In a few days Nina was strong enough to leave the cabin, and the doctor and Polly helped her to the deck, and ensconced her in one of the long deck chairs, in a corner warmed by the sun and sheltered from the wind. The vessel was crowded, and her appearance created a great deal of interest and curiosity; but the passengers, with the consideration which is one of the few good things for which we have to bless the modern civilization, did not intrude upon her, but left her alone in her nook, to look on dreamily at the life on board a ship.

Every now and then, as she watched the promenaders, the gay and noisy groups playing at deck quoits and similar games, her hand stole to her bosom, in which still lay hidden the oil-skin pocket containing Fleming's diary and her marriage "lines," as if she were trying to realize by actual touch the reality of the past.

All day the theatrical company made the ship gay by laughter and snatches of song, and in the evening there were informal concerts in the vast saloon, to a corner of which Nina sometimes stole, to listen and look on unobserved, as she listened and looked on from the nook on deck which had tacitly been reserved for her.

Sometimes the captain approached and spoke to her, or one of the passengers offered the stereotyped courtesies, but Nina seemed to shrink from them all, save Polly, and, recognizing her reticence and reserve, they gradually ceased to address her.

But they were nearing England, the voyage was drawing to a close, and, on the last evening the captain pulled up beside her, and in his gruff voice, which his kindly smile fully discounted, he said:

"We shall be in port tomorrow, Miss Wood. Can I wire to your people to meet you? You are in my charge, you know."

Nina colored and looked down for a moment; then she raised her eyes bravely. "No, thank you," she said; "I—I will not trouble you."

The captain tried not to look surprised, and Nina hurried on:

"My passage—I must pay for that. I—I ought to have spoken of it before."

The captain laughed and shook his head. "Never mind the passage money, my dear young lady. The Weldon Line hasn't dropped down to asking fare from a castaway. Why, we're only too proud to have picked you up and carried you with us!"

Nina drew a sigh of gratitude and relief, for she knew that her slender purse—the small stock of money which she had brought with her from the island—would have been exhausted by the heavy fare.

The captain hung about for a moment or two, shuffling from one leg to the other awkwardly; then he said, as gruffly and with as tender a smile as before:

"If—if there's any difficulty about your people meeting you, Miss Wood, I'm sure my wife would be glad if you'd come home to us. I've got five girls of my own, and you wouldn't feel lonely."

But Nina pictured those five girls playing her with friendly, sympathetic questions, and, with moist eyes, thanked him and declined the offer.

"My plans are all made out," she said. "But, oh, I am very grateful!"

The next morning Polly came and sat down beside her.

"I suppose the captain will wire to your people to meet you," she said; "but if anything happens, if they don't turn up in time, how would you like to come home with me? I've got diggings in Chelsea. They're quite the 'humble cot' kind of thing, far too small and modest for a swell like you, Miss Wood—"

Nina smiled at her and laid her hand—the fever had left it thin and white, very different to the brown "paw" of the island—on Polly's arm affectionately and gratefully.

"I'm not by any means a swell, Polly," she said. "I am very poor."

"A great many swells are," interrupted Polly, with a worldly-wise nod of her curly head.

"And I shall have to work for my living; but"—repeating the words with which she had declined the captain's offer—"my plans are all made out, and—"

"All right!" broke in Polly, with a nod of comprehension. "I didn't mean to intrude. Anyway, here's my address, and if you can you'll look me up, won't you? I rather think Harcourt intends taking a London theater; if so, I shall be settled there"—she put a card in Nina's hand—"for some time; and if I go into the country with the company, the landlady will give you my address."

Nina glanced at the card, and, trying to express her thanks, put it in her pocket.

"And now can I help you to pack—"

She stopped awkwardly, as Nina, with a laugh and a blush, shook her head.

"You forget that I haven't anything—why, even this dress and other things are yours! I will send them to you when—when I get some others."

"That's all right," said Polly. "But I'd rather you come yourself than send the things, for—well, I've got fond of you, you see, if you don't mind my saying so."

The last day of the voyage was one of bustle and confusion, lightened by the electric gaiety of the company of actors, who sang from morn to night, and got up another charity concert, in which they performed with an enthusiasm far and away beyond that which they would have displayed on the ordinary and professional stage.

When the vessel glided slowly into port, Nina said her grateful good by to the captain and Polly, and shook hands with some of the people who had been kind to her, and in the confusion slipped away.

With the clothes she stood up in—and they were mostly Polly's—and a small handbag, also Polly's, she found herself in the whirl of the crowded thoroughfare. She had remembered a cheap and quiet hotel in one of the streets in the Strand—Durham Street—at which she and her father had stayed many years ago, and she went there in a cab, and was fortunate enough to obtain a room. It was a small one, near the roof, and she sat down on the bed and looked around, and, through the window, at the opposite roof, with a sense of loneliness which she had never experienced, even in her worst moments on the island, for Mannerling had been there to rely on, to cheer and encourage her.

She tried to drive all thoughts of the past from her mind, and to fix it on the future, and, when she had washed and rested, she took out her money and counted it.

There were only a few pounds, and for a moment the reaction flashed across her that there, on the island, she had left wealth which, as Mannerling had declared half cynically, was beyond the dreams of avarice.

But the island was far away, so far as to be the island of a dream, and her present needs were very near and pressing.

She remained in her room until the morning; then she rose early and, with every regard to economy, purchased some clothes. After breakfast she made a parcel of the things Polly had sent her, and with a few lines of gratitude, sent it to the address on the card: "26 Percy Street, Chelsea."

Then she set out to begin that most difficult of pursuits, the search for a livelihood. It need hardly be stated that she looked through the papers in the daily papers. There were advertisements that seemed to her suitable to her case, and she selected one which set forth the desire

of "X. Y. Address Messrs. Sloper & Slyne, 249 Rutland Street, Regent Street," for a young lady secretary.

Nina, in the simple black dress she had bought, and with her veil down, found, not without some difficulty, the Rutland Street mentioned in the advertisement, and was somewhat surprised to find that, instead of a private house, which she had expected it to be, it was an office over a rather seedy-looking bonnet shop.

Knocking at the door, which bore in black paint the name of Sloper & Slyne, she was bidden by a shrill voice to enter, and, obeying, found herself in a small room furnished, as far as a desk and two chairs went, as an office.

The first thing that struck Nina was the strong perfume of hair oil, with which she rightly credited the sleek, black head of a young man who was seated at the desk surveying himself in a small, crooked mirror which hung conveniently above it. Seeing that he was an extremely commonplace youth, one would have thought that the glass could have afforded him little satisfaction. Nevertheless he did not withdraw his eyes from it as he drew in a rich cockney accent:

"Well, what is it?"

"I wish to see Messrs. Sloper & Slyne," said Nina.

At the sound of the musical voice the youth swung round, opened his mouth—it was like a gash across his ill-favored face—and stared at her with watery eyes.

"Oh," he said at last, as if he were slowly recovering from the shock of her beautiful face and low, sweet voice, "You want to see the gvn'ors? Sorry; they're both away. Gone on special business to the Marquis of Quilsby. Wire for this morning. Awfully sorry. P'raps I'll do. I'm their confidential clerk, you know."

"I came in answer to this advertisement," said Nina, taking it from her purse and laying it on the desk.

The youth looked at it curiously, critically, as if it were a curiosity of the rarest kind.

"Oh," he said at last, "Ah, yes. Quite so! So you want a situation as secretary?"

Nina expressed assent.

"Yes; will you take a chair?" He dragged one forward. Nina sat down and waited, and the youth stared at her and stroked the place where, if the gods are good to him, a mustache will some time grow. "Well," he said, when the silence and the stare had become almost intolerable to Nina, "this place has gone."

Nina promptly rose, saying: "I'm sorry. Good day."

"Oh, here, stop a moment, you know!" exclaimed the youth in an aggrieved tone. "Don't go like that! There's no hurry. Is there? This thing's gone, but there may be something else to suit you, Lemme see."

He turned—his eyes left Nina's face slowly and

reluctantly—to the desk, and opening a ledger ran through the pages, muttering in a singsong voice to himself, but glancing the while out of the corner of his watery, vulgar little eyes at Nina.

"Nursery governess, fifty pounds a year. Ah, that's gone. Lady help in a nobleman's family. That's gone. Companion to a clergyman's widow. Filled up last week. Secretary to a member of Parliament. And that's gone. Don't seem to be anything left to suit you at present. You'd better let me put you on the books, Miss—Miss—er

"Wood," said Nina.

"Wood. Right. And address?"

"Hickley's Hotel, Durham Street," said Nina.

"Right. One guinea booking fee, please," he remarked in a business-like tone.

"Is this a registry office for situations?" asked Nina, with pardonable surprise.

"Of course it is," he responded briskly. "What did you think it was, a cheese-monger's? Sloper & Slyne—sorry they're not in; they'd be glad to see you—employment agents. See? I'll enter your name and let you know if anything turns up likely to suit you. Though, by the way," he added, with a glance at her, "it would be better if you looked in now and again."

Nina was foolish enough to take a sovereign and a shilling from her purse and place them on the desk. The youth caught them up, as if he feared they might fly away if he lacked promptitude, and put them inside the desk.

"That's all right," he said, as if assuredly was from Messrs. Sloper & Slyne's point of view. "You look in again; early and often, you know. Come in tomorrow—in the afternoon. I get back from lunch about four. See? Good morning."

He got off his seat, and opened the door, and stood gazing, with his gash of a mouth stretched in an admiring grin, as Nina went down the stairs.

"My, she's green!" he ejaculated as he tore himself away from the door and returned to the desk. "But she's prime, prime! Wonder if she'll come back, or whether she'll spot the game!"

Nina was not without her suspicions; but she did not spot the game, and the next afternoon—oh, the desolation and the solitude of that day in London, in a place which owned to a population of four millions, and not one friend for the solitary girl!—she again presented herself at Messrs. Sloper & Slyne's.

The youth was in his accustomed seat, and carried a pungent cigarette—it mingled affably with the scent of hair oil—in his loose and bibulous lips.

"Ah, how are you?" he said, with a mixture of impudence and deference, for the refined beautiful face, with its grave, violet eyes awed even him.

"Glad to see you. Gvn'ors still away. The marquis can't part with 'em. Important business."

Sorry to say nothing has turned up." He referred to the ledger and mumbled over it as before. "Rather a slack time just now. Dessay you find time hang 'eavy on your hands. Do myself sometimes. Now, what do you say?"—he had sufficient grace to stammer and look uneasy—"what do you say to doing one of the halls this evenin'?" I'm not particularly flush—Sloper & Slyne don't pay me a princely salary, oh, by no means—but I can run to a couple of dress circles for the Frivolity. Know the Frivolity, I s'pose?" with a leer; "I dessay we can manage a bit o' supper afterward, eh?"

Nina regarded him with an amazement which evidently disconcerted him, for he turned away and eyed the glass and fingered the incipient mustache with some embarrassment.

Nina leaned forward in her chair, her heart beating fast with a sensation of disappointment tempered by disgusted amusement.

"Are you asking me to go with you—with you—somewhere?"

"That's so," he said uneasily. "You'd better."

Nina laughed bitterly, for her eyes were suddenly opened.

"Tell me—though it isn't necessary—is this pretense of business, of getting me a situation, only a pretense? Tell me the truth, please."

Something in the musical voice, so low and yet so clear and commanding, compelled the youth to an unaccustomed veracity which afterward astonished him.

"Well, you know," he said grudgingly, "if you drive me into a corner—and that's where you are driving me, don't you know—it's something like what you call it. We're a registry office. We take the fees, don't you know. As to the situations"—he shrugged his narrow shoulders—"we might get 'em or we mightn't; most often and generally we mightn't."

Nina rose pale and statuesque in her anger. "But don't you cut up rough! Look here, you're no good for any of this 'secretary' or 'companion' business. You're a lady; anybody can see that with 'alf an eye. What you want, with that face of yours, is the theater or the 'alls. You come with me to the Frivolity and we'll talk it over—"

Nina rose, pale to the lips, but smiling. "My good boy!" she said. "Haven't you a mother, a sister? Is there no one to teach you—no, I will not go with you to this place. Will you give me back my guinea?"

The youth's face fell.

"Can't," he ejaculated. "Entered it in the books. More than my place is worth. Sure you won't come with me? Pleasant evenin'."

As Nina moved toward the door he followed her.

"Hi!" he said. "Look here. You're new at this game. Take my advice and cut it. There's no good in it. They'll—Sloper & Slyne or anyone

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



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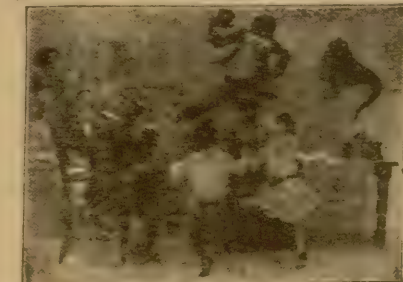
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Don't Cook Grain Feed

THE Creator never intended animals to eat cooked feed. They were endowed with great masticating batteries of teeth and the ruminating animals were also blessed with the wonderful power of chewing their feed over and over again. Men and hogs have no time for such extra mastication of feed. They tend to bolt it quickly and trust to luck that it will be properly digested. In the hog it will be well taken care of, for that animal has a wonderfully powerful digestive apparatus and pours saliva into the stomach to take care of starchy feed and turn it to sugar. Man treats his food with saliva in the mouth, so does the horse and both should have lots of leisure time in which to properly masticate or chew their food. Man is a big hurry and cooked food is to him more easily digested without much chewing. Cooking is unnecessary for animals and doing away with the necessity of proper mastication tends to induce indigestion, which we may term dyspepsia. Hogs suffer from that when pampered and stuffed with feed, more so if fed cooked feed. Cooking costs money and time and is lost labor. Repeated experiments show that it does not pay to cook ordinary feed. Wetting it thoroughly with hot water, so as to form a thick slop that will just pour from a pail, is all the cooking that pays in connection with hog feeding, on corn and such like grains. With potatoes and pumpkins for hogs—feeds which do not require much mastication in the raw state—cooking is generally favored and such feed in connection with corn-meal or barley-meal proves profitable and beneficial. The bad effects of too much corn may be lessened or wholly prevented by the feeding of cooked pumpkins, while boiled potatoes are the favorite feed to finish hogs on barley or rye meal. Slop, made as we have indicated and with the addition of about one pound of salt for each hundred pounds of ground feed, will surpass boiled slop in feeding and men are beginning to understand that the addition of a strong, easily digested protein feed, like digester tankage or blood meal improves the feed and leads to quicker and more profitable gains. What a difference is coming over the hog feeding practice of the farm! People are even getting away from the slopping method on the big corn growing farms of the West. Hogs are now allowed free run on uncut and unhusked corn. They are allowed to "hog it down" and so fed they are making bigger gains than by the other, older and more expensive methods of feeding. Meals and succulent feed are added, however, if the greatest gains are to be had from hogging off corn. In feeding horses all cooking is unnecessary and the horse also should do his own feed grinding.

Succulent Food Necessary in Winter

Let it be remembered that animals need laxative or succulent feed badly in winter-time, to take the place of grass and other green feeds plentiful in summer. Trouble with pregnant ewes and sows in winter-time in hundreds of instances is simply due to the feeding of dry, bulky fodder and dry grain for prolonged periods of time. An abundance of pure water is absolutely necessary in the feeding process, but strange to say it does not perfectly take the place of succulent feed. Turnips contain much over 80 per cent of water; therefore some people incline to the belief that it is waste of time and labor to raise a crop containing so much water, or to haul such roots any distance for feeding purposes. These ideas are highly erroneous. The British farmer winters his young stock on turnips and oat straw. He makes turnips a large part of the ration of his feeding cattle, his dairy cows, his idle stock and his breeding and fattening sheep. He could not get along without roots. They are to him as important as is corn to us. We can profit by his experience and base him at his own game, for we can supply corn cheaply and he has to buy it at high prices. Learn to combine corn with succulent roots, or silage, and animals will benefit by the change in feeding. Silage, if free from mold, is an excellent feed, yes, an indispensable feed, for pregnant animals, especially cows, sows and ewes in winter-time. If ewes receive enough silage to properly regulate their bowels they will thrive well on clover hay and a little oats and bran. If they have good Alfalfa hay and silage or roots they will do well without grain. Such ewes have little difficulty at lambing-time and their lambs are strong and thrive. Plenty of milk for their reception. So it is with sows. Feed them some silage or roots when pregnant and they will have an easy time at farrowing, have lots of milk and not tend to break down in their hind quarters or have small, puny, weak pigs, or suffer from constipation and so be unable to bring forth their pigs. Horses need succulence, too. Carrots are fine for them and parsnips come next; although that is not commonly known. Silage may also be fed. If combined with first-class hay, the preference being for well-saved clover or Alfalfa hay. This is especially good for idle horses and for pregnant mares during the first months of winter; but do not feed much silage to mares when they are getting to be heavy in foal and never feed moldy silage. It will kill horses as sure as a shotgun.

Three Troublesome Pests

There are three insect pests that give great annoyance to farmers in their attempt to cultivate crops on sod land. These are the wireworm, the white grub and the cutworm. All of these insects pass the winter either in the ground or on rubbish close to it so that their destruction is difficult. All of them feed on the roots and leaves of grass and multiply very rapidly on sod ground. Their food supply is so abundant, however, that the few plants destroyed by them are seldom noticed. But when this sod is turned over and planted to another crop they often attack the young plants with such vigor as to completely destroy the crop. No absolute control of these pests has yet been worked out but since there are a few good methods known by which their ravages may be checked they will be outlined here.

Crop Rotation Control

No piece of land should be left down in sod for more than two or three years. Sod furnishes such a convenient hiding place for these pests and so much food for them that they multiply very rapidly in sod. Crop rotation accompanied as it is by fall plowing will both destroy many

of these insects and prevent their rapid multiplication.

Poisoned Seed

Since the wireworms feed on the newly sown seed, often destroying it before it has had time to grow, poisoning the seed and replanting is a good method of control. "The seed may be coated with gas tar and dusted with Paris Green until it assumes a green tinge and then planted." The wireworms feeding upon this poisoned seed will be destroyed and if a replanting of seed treated in the same way is made a stand of corn or other grain may be secured.

Poisoned Food

Cutworms like sweet green soft food. If clover or Alfalfa is first sprayed with a strong solution of Paris Green then mowed and cut into short lengths and scattered through the corn field the cutworms seem to prefer this wilted food to the growing plants especially if a cheap molasses has been added to sweeten the spraying mixture. Another way is first to cut the clover or Alfalfa and then spray it with the poison and molasses mixture. This should be done at evening as it must be remembered that cutworms feed at night.

The White Grub Hard to Get At

Since the white grub feeds below ground it is pretty hard to get at. The insect takes three years to reach maturity and passes the winter buried from two inches to a foot below the surface of the soil. Crop rotation is the best known method of control, never leaving the land for more than two years at a stretch in sod and never following sod by corn or potatoes in badly infested fields.

Alfalfa Again in the Lead

The South Dakota Experiment Station has recently concluded an experiment with roughage for fattening lambs that places Alfalfa again in the lead. One interesting thing to be observed from this experiment is that all the best feeds were legumes. Of these legumes Alfalfa stands first, sweet clover second, pea hay third, while corn silage did not show up well and is placed at the bottom of this list, next to shredded corn fodder which is pronounced to be less valuable than prairie hay for fattening lambs. Lambs fed on Alfalfa hay made an average daily gain of one half pound per head and received in addition about three and one half pounds of grain while those fed corn silage made no gains and received five pounds of grain daily per head. This must not be construed as an argument against corn silage but it shows that young growing animals need protein. Since the grain ration consisted of a mixture of corn and oats the grain did not supply all the protein needed. Alfalfa being rich in protein made up this lack while corn silage, being low in protein, was a poor feed. Had the silage been fed to old sheep fully grown and mature doubtless different results would have been obtained. There can be no question, however, that for all classes of animals at all times and for all purposes Alfalfa ranks first as a roughage and the Dakota experiment only emphasizes this fact.

The Farm Workshop

Young men in the Short Courses at the various Agricultural Colleges are learning to do shopwork nowadays. They are made to draw plans, do carpenter and blacksmith work and take apart and set up farm machinery. That is fine business for such fellows to be at. It gets them into the way of helping themselves, when they go to farming. Many a half day, yes, whole day, is practically wasted in a long trip to the blacksmith shop or wagon shop in the distant town or village, for a small repair that might just as well be done at home, if the farmer or his son but knew how. On many a farm the tools are here and there and nowhere in particular, or nowhere. We mean that there is no proper place for the tools, no tool shed or workshop; or there are no tools to be used and nobody who knows how to use tools. The successful farmer is a man of diverse knowledge and ability. It has been said that if a farmer is not found to have in his pockets and one and the same time, a nail or two, a bit of string and of leather, a staple or two and such other things as a rivet, a nut, or bolt, along with his strong, sharp jack-knife, he is not much of a farmer. That is about true; for the real farmer is always looking for breaks and mending them when found. Such a man should have and usually has a workshop on his farm. In such a shop there should be a small forge and anvil, with necessary supplies of iron of various sizes, a vice and work bench. A grindstone and wheelstone, besides scythe stones. Besides these there should be a good assortment of modern, sharp, clean tools, each in its place and always returned there when used. Here the boys may be taught how to use tools in winter-time and soon they will take to the work and learn to mend and make things to the saving of much outlay in time and money. Such a shop is profitable and if the owner or his boys are fairly expert will prove one of the most necessary and helpful equipments of the farm. On some farms large machines are installed and all work from a power shaft run by a gasoline or kerosene engine. That is a good plan.

Some New Silage Problems

Dry Corn Silage

Recent experience indicates that a fairly good silage can be made from ripe and dry corn and that corn stover can be utilized for the same purpose when the stock of silage runs low. Feeders in the silage districts of the corn belt prefer to use dry corn for silage without the usual addition of water. The reason for this is that the silage is fed to steers out of doors in the feeding lot. During cold weather wet silage freezes badly while the silage made from dry corn is not open to this objection. Since no water is added at filling time it is necessary to use much greater care in filling. The silage must be very solidly packed down to prevent spoiling. Several men are put to work tramping it down when the cut stuff is run in. Silage prepared in this way is said to keep well and be much more satisfactory to feed out of doors during severe weather.

Artificial Silage

Artificial silage is made by running dry corn or corn fodder through the machine, cutting in the

usual lengths and adding water sufficient to bring up the moisture content to about seventy-five per cent of the total mass. This may be done in early spring after the corn has stood in the shock all winter. This method was tried out at the Vermont Experiment Station with good success. The writer claims that when this "mock silage" was fed once a day in lieu of the other silage that it was eaten with great relish and little waste and that it seemed to be equal in every way to the other silage and just as good a milk producer. He points out, however, that it was impossible to add water enough with the hose while filling to wet the entire mass "hence some portions were dry and fire fanged".

Weedy Silage

Another interesting experiment made by the same station was to determine the effect of placing weed seeds in the silo upon their power to germinate. It is often argued that weedy corn should not be made into ensilage because the weed seeds will be distributed in the manure to other portions of the farm. The conclusions reached in these experiments, however, show that seeds will not grow after being held in the silo for 144 days. Hence there is very little danger of spreading weeds over the farm by making ensilage from weedy corn. In our opinion, however, more experimental work needs to be done before this question can be regarded as settled.

Cooperation That Wins

Much is being said these days about the value of cooperation to farmers. It must be remembered, however, that the kind of cooperation that has succeeded is not so much the kind of cooperation that seeks to fix the price of the article or that aims to limit the output as it is the kind that secures improvement in the quality of the product. We talk much about cooperation and direct marketing as a means of getting past the middleman but the high-class article can always get by the middleman. The best thing that cooperation in marketing has effected is the standardization of the product. Take for example the Hood River Apples, the Sturgeon Bay Cherries or Jones Little Pig Sausages. While the above named articles do not always reach the consumer without the intervention of the middleman, any of them easily could. They have a reputation for excellence that makes it easy for them to go direct from producer to consumer. Neither are all these articles produced under absolute cooperation, but the true spirit of the highest sort of cooperation is evident in the production of all. It is such high ideals that will make cooperation and direct marketing possible. The movement is now viewed with disapproval and suspicion in some quarters. It has developed the direct opposition of the middlemen. It must win its way if it is to succeed. It can succeed only by having such high ideals that its products create confidence, not distrust. It must be depended upon to furnish the best quality of product. If it can do this then direct marketing through cooperation wins.

A Harmless Poison for Rats

Poultry raisers are frequently troubled with rats and mice. It is difficult to put out poison because of the danger of poisoning the chickens. A good poison for rats and mice but one harmless to other animals is made as follows:

Plaster of Paris.....5 parts.
Pulverized sugar.....1 part.
Flour.....1 part.

Mix thoroughly and keep in a dry place. Put out a small quantity at a time near the holes and run-ways. Poultry raisers report using this with very satisfactory results. The plaster of Paris "sees" in the intestines of rats and mice but does no harm to poultry.

The Barnyard Water Supply

Fresh, pure water is as essential to the health of stock as it is to that of human beings. Hence the water tank should be kept clean. It should be provided with an opening at the bottom so that it may be drained at least twice each month and be thoroughly scrubbed out. Immediately refilling, about a tablespoonful of permanganate of potassium should be added for each ten barrels of water which the tank contains. This will destroy the disease germs which the tank may contain and disinfect it properly, and prevent the growth of pond scum so frequently seen in water tanks, for a time at least. The tank, the trough or even the spring is frequently surrounded by mud and filth kneed deep. This ought not to be. Besides being very unsanitary it causes great distress and annoyance to stock and keeps them from doing their best either in the laying on of fat or in the production of milk. Besides, this filth sticks to the legs and udders of dairy cows, gets into the milk and a poor product is the inevitable result. This can easily be prevented by providing proper drainage for the tank, filling in around it and sand or gravel, or better still, concrete. Waste water should be led away from the drinking place in proper channels, not mixed up with mud and manure. The ground around the tank should be thoroughly packed down and slope away from the tank. All manure which is bound to accumulate in the near vicinity of the watering place should be as carefully cleaned up and hauled away as is that dropped inside the barn. Many otherwise good farmers neglect to take proper care of their stocks' water supply.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions repeatedly after a month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

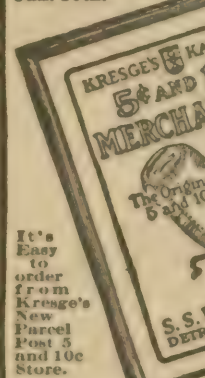
NEW SOIL IN ORCHARD.—Would it benefit our apple trees, which need fertilizer, to apply the soil taken from a newly dug well? It is mostly yellow soil and hard pan. If not beneficial what probably would be the effect? **Miss A. C. Litchfield, Ill.**—The surface soil would be a great advantage to the old orchard and may be applied freely, but it would not be wise to use subsoil freely at first. Subsoil usually is acid and contains iron salts which have to be oxidized by exposure to the air. Put the new soil in a fat heap, three or four feet high and turn it several times at intervals of a month, until it is well aired and mellow. An addition of eighty pounds or so of ground phosphate rock and as much ground limestone per acre of soil, would be a beneficial addition when the soil is first heaped. Lime will not be needed, however, if the soil is already rich in lime. Use the new soil as a top dressing on the plowed orchard, and then disk it in.

GRAPE FERTILIZER. VACCINATING TREES.—My grape vines should be in their prime of bearing, but for the last three years they have failed to bear. Two years they fruited heavily with very large bunches, but never since. I have given them the same attention every year, except that this year I pruned them severely. The soil is a sandy loam, well drained and sunny exposure. What do you advise as the remedy? (2) A part is traveling this section of the country, vaccinating trees, which he claims will kill all kinds of insects and rid the tree of all kinds of fungus diseases. He represents that one treatment will be effective for nine years. Have you any faith in it? **B. L. H., Palmyra, Pa.**

A.—Your grape land needs fertilizing. It is light and sandy and soon loses fertility after a big crop of grapes. If the vines have not been too badly damaged by injudicious pruning they should respond profitably if you dress the land heavily with well-rotted stable manure and harrow in a good grape fertilizer in spring. Obtain the fertilizer from a reliable firm and use it according to instructions. Mutch the land well after cultivating to clean it of the first weeds in spring. (3) We have no faith whatever in this tree vaccination.

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HOW TO GET RID OF WIREWORKS.—I would like to know how to kill wireworms. We have ten acres of fine soil but it has so many of these wireworms in it that they spoil the crop. A. J. R. Tenino, Wash. D. C.—Your question is fully answered in an article on "Three Troublesome Pests" which appears in COMFORT'S Modern Farmer this month. See this article in another column.

COTTON MILK FILTER.—Please tell me how to make a cotton milk filter. F. E., Wisconsin. A.—Dealers in dairy supplies sell a piece of apparatus known as the sediment test for this purpose. Absorbent cotton placed over the bottom of an ordinary milk strainer may be used.

CAN BROOM CORN BE GROWN IN MICHIGAN? F. L., Michigan.

A.—Yes, but not to advantage. Broom corn flourishes best in a sub-tropical climate. Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Nebraska afford the best climate for the successful growing of broom corn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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material and is
closed in back. Sizes, 34 to 38 inch bust measure.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Skating Girl

THIS is the jolliest of all the jolly
months of the year! Don't my girls
agree with me? I am sure they do,
when they listen to the crunch of the
snow under their heels and are joyfully
conscious of the ice freezing over down
on the creek or the big skating pond.

Because there isn't any fun which is quite so
inspiring or wholesome as an afternoon on the
ice!

I hope everyone of you is fully ready for the
skating season, with the smartest little sweater
and the most becoming stocking-cap or knitted
Tam-O-Shanter, and the trimmest tailored skirt
reaching just a
little be-
low your
shoe-tops.

But, in
getting to-
gether all
these ac-
cessories
of winter
sports
there are
one or two
other things
it is even
more im-
portant
that you
do not for-
get, and
our little
talk this
month is
to remind
you of them.

Even the most
fetching
little cap
into which
to tuck
your curls
will avail
you nothing
unless the
face that
looks out
from be-
neath it
is soft
and smooth
and rosy,
with red
lips and
clear-
est of eyes.

And you
need not
think that
you can
lay claim
to any of
these pos-
sessions
while Jack
Frost is
holding
carnival,
unless you
make up
your mind
right here
and now
that you
will pre-
pare yourself for his advent.

Roughened skins, chapped lips, reddened eye-
lids, and puffy noses are the gifts winter brings
in his train and forces upon many an unwilling
little maid; so let us bestir ourselves and see
that, this year, at least, we escape his delicate
attentions and keep for ourselves the nicest kind
of complexion in spite of wind and weather.

First and foremost, do not forget that you
must not use hot water on the face in winter
except at night, just before you cuddle yourself
safely and warmly into bed. To use hot water
in the day and then expose the skin to the winter
air is to make a rough, unlovely skin an abso-
lute certainty. Use hot water at night to your
heart's content, but dry the skin thoroughly af-
terward, and see that it is kept warm and only
allowed to grow cool by degrees. The bed will
see to all this for you!

In the morning, wash in tepid water and finish
by dashing cold water vigorously over face and
throat and chest, until the blood is coursing
through your veins and your cheeks are glowing
redly. Then, with a warm dry towel, rub the
skin until it is entirely dry. With these precau-
tions the danger of chapping will be consider-
ably lessened.

But you need not think that this is all that
is expected of you, for if you are to acquire or
retain that perfect complexion, there is much
more work ahead of you. The skin must be not
only softened but stimulated, and, here, massage
must be called to our aid. Every night, before
you retire, the facial skin must be thoroughly
manipulated and plenty of cold cream rubbed in
and absorbed by its pores. Only in this way can
you hope successfully to resist the rough treat-
ment winter metes out to you.

I do not need to remind you that massage
should never be used unless the skin is speckle-
less, spotlessly clean, for, otherwise, the dirt will
be rubbed into the pores.

Dip the finger-tips into your cold-cream jar
and smear the face generously; then massage
the skin conscientiously for fully ten minutes.
In the morning don't use soap on the skin,
but tepid water, as I have recommended, and a
tiny bag of prepared oats, instead of a wash-
cloth. This will prove as cleansing as soap, and
infinitely more soothing to the skin.

All this advice is for every day in the week and
for all my girls; but for the skating girl, I have
an extra ounce or so of wisdom. She will need it.

Before she dons cap and sweater and swings
her skates across her shoulder, she must first her-
self to the cold-cream jar and apply a generous
coat of it to the skin, rubbing it in well, and
adding a dust of powder before going forth.

When she returns to the house, the skin must
again receive her attention. Waiting only until
her skin is at normal temperature, she should
wipe on a little cold cream, and, then, after leav-
ing it on for about ten minutes, wipe off again
all that has not been absorbed by the pores. Then
she should spray her skin with a good benzoin
lotion, being careful to dry the skin thoroughly,
after. Here is a formula you will like to use:

Elder-Flower Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, one half ounce; elder-
flower water, two ounces; rose-water, two ounces;
powdered alum, forty grains, borax, one and one
quarter drams.

If you stay out too long, or do not dress quite
warmly enough, and, as a consequence, feel the
approaching symptoms of a cold—a sneeze or
two, a too friendly chill permeating up and
down the spine, etc.—seek the bathtub the mo-
ment you reach the house, and filling it half full
of as hot water as you can stand, jump in and
stay for ten to fifteen minutes, letting the water
run all the time you are in the tub. Of course
you are to roll yourself up in some blanket im-
mediately after, and go to sleep—or you will
catch more cold than if you had submitted to the
inevitable in the first instance.

If, for one reason or another, you fail to take

this stitch in time, and a cold puts in an ap-
pearance, with exasperating little fever blisters
blossoming out all around your mouth, and a bad
case of "the sniffles", get out your alcohol and
vaseline bottles at once. With the contents of the
first, bathe the fever blisters every few minutes.
If not too far advanced, they will dry up and go
away. With a bit of the vaseline anoint the
nasal passages as far as the little finger can con-
veniently reach, and you will find conditions vast-
ly improved by the next morning.

If the eyes have become inflamed from their
battling with the breezes, wash them out with a
three per cent solution of boric acid two or three
times during the evening. Use an eye-cup, which
you can buy at the druggists for ten cents or a
quarter. It will be a wise precaution, as well, to
touch the edges of the lids with white vaseline
before retiring.

To get the most joy out of her chosen pas-
time, the skating girl must have strong ankles
that will not bend and turn with every movement.
She can secure them, too, if she is only willing
to work a little to bring about the desired results.

Every night let her faithfully practice the fol-
lowing exercises, and she will soon notice great
improvement in the strength of her ankles.

Exercise One

Just before jumping into bed, slip your kimono
over your nightgown to avoid getting chilled, and
standing on one bare foot lift the other from the
floor and shake it limply and vigorously from the
ankle, as if it were a bit of old rag instead of
flesh and blood and bone. Shake it back and
forth from right to left and as rapidly as you can
possibly move the foot. Continue until you are
tired, or lose your balance; then change to the
other foot and repeat.

Exercise Two

Stand erect, with heels together, toes slightly
pointed out, hands on hips with fingers toward
the front and thumb toward the back, shoulders
back and chin thrown up. Rise on the toes,
counting six slowly; now sink to the heels while
counting six again. Continue until a sensation of
leg strain begins to make itself felt.

This last exercise is an excellent one to call
to one's aid if the feet begin to feel cold while
outdoors. Remove your skates for a few minutes
and practice it right where you are, until you can
feel the blood warming your feet and a good
healthy glow spreading over the entire lower
limbs. This is an excellent way to avert a cold.

Dear me! I had meant to talk about chilblains
and frost bites and many more ills which may
confront my skating girls during their cold and
frosty winter, but I shall have to let them go
over to another time. You all know, however,
that if you need any special advice, it is yours
for the asking. Happy New Year!

Questions and Answers

Estella F., E. B., Marie and Alice.—If you wish to
try the spanking process for reducing your double chin,
which I mentioned in the October issue of COMFORT,
bathe the chin in hot water, then snap the flesh rapidly
and vigorously with the thumb and first finger of your
right hand. Keep this up for ten or fifteen minutes.
When this time has elapsed, bathe the chin in cold water
in which you have dissolved a lump of alum the size
of a pea.

Mrs. M. M. D., Troubled Girl, Malsie and others.—A
cream would be the best suited to your
needs. Spray the face five or six times a day with the
following astringent lotion if you wish to close up the
pores; also, when washing your face in hot water be
sure to dash on cold water afterwards.

Astringent Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis wa-
ter, fifteen drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.
It is because your pores are so open that your skin
is oily.

Mrs. F. F. and Country Girl.—See my reply to Mrs.
T. N. in this department. If you wish to increase your
chest measure practice deep breathing. Dark circles
under the eyes are the result of eyestrain or some
internal disorder. If you suffer from indigestion, it
would be a good idea for you to drink two glasses of
hot water half an hour before each meal and before
going to bed. If you are in a constipated state, take
some mild laxative and practice some simple abdominal
exercises. Be sure to get plenty of sleep in the out-
door air (that is, sleep with your windows thrown
open), eat plenty of wholesome food and get a great
deal of exercise out of doors. If it is your eyes that
are troubling you, consult an oculist; or if the internal
disorder is of a more serious nature than mentioned
above, consult a reliable physician.

L. P., Marie, Iowa, Mrs. D. L. and others.—The
condition of your skin will improve when your bowels
are in better shape. Besides practicing the exercises
given below take the following mild laxative every
day. Fig and senna paste: Chop together one pound of
prunes and one half pound of figs, then add one ounce
of senna powder. Pour over all one cup of water and
let mixture simmer on stove for three quarters of an
hour. Put resulting paste in a jar and use as wanted.
A fine exercise for the abdominal muscles, and conse-
quently for constipation, is as follows: Bend the body
forward at the waist; then move it to the left, back,
and right, successively, moving first to the right, then
back, and sideways to the left. Do not raise the trunk
to the erect position till the end of each set.
Take all of these movements in a gentle manner.
In this exercise a straight line drawn through the body



THE SKATING GIRL.

describes the figure of a cone with its apex at the
angle of the spinal column. Trunk rotation brings into
play many of the muscles of the back and hips, the
slipping muscles of the abdomen, and all of the muscles
of the torso. Their contraction is directed up and
down the trunk, and the abdominal organs are ex-
posed to their work in a vigorous manner.

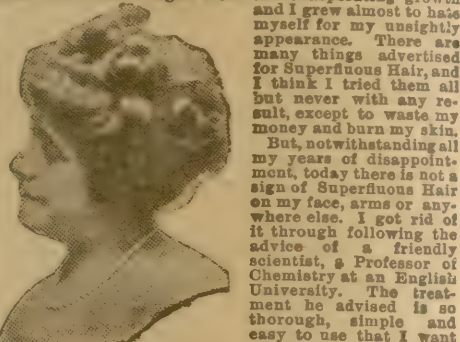
Daddy's Girl, Disheartened and Elise.—Massage your

HOW I CURED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

A Friendly Scientist Showed Me How
to Cure It Forever

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW
TO GET RID OF YOURS TOO.

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous
growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My
face was indeed a sight from the exasperating growth
and I grew almost to hate
myself for my unsightly
appearance. There are
many things I've tried
for Superfluous Hair, and
I think I tried them all
but never with any re-
sult, except to waste my
money and burn my skin.



But, notwithstanding all
my years of disappoint-
ment, today there is not a
sign of Superfluous Hair
on my face, arms or any-
where else. I got rid of
it through following the
advice of a friendly
scientist, a Professor of
Chemistry at an English
University. The treat-
ment he advised is so
thorough, simple and
easy to use that I want
every other sufferer in
my appearance and happiness, that I gladly share with
natural feelings of sensitiveness, and will tell broad-
cast to all who are afflicted how I destroyed every trace
of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details,
just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss)
and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage,
and I will send you in full detail the advice and instruc-
tions which resulted in my own cure after all else failed.
Address your letter, Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 501
B. O., No. 625 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

NOTE: Mrs. Jenkins as her photograph shows, is a lady
of refinement, and for years was well-known as a Society
Leader in Scranton, Pa.

scalp every night for ten or fifteen minutes, with the
tips of your fingers, moistening them with the follow-
ing hair ointment: White vaseline three ounces; Castor
oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid,
one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty
drops. Do not get any of this oil on the hair itself as
it will make it hard to manage. Wear a bandage over
your ears at night if you wish to train them in place.

Violet H. L., L. P. A., Mollie D., Miss Maude G.
and **E. L. T.**—The surest way to dispose of a red nose
is to improve one's general health, getting plenty of
sleep, taking long brisk walks to improve your circula-
tion, and eating only wholesome food at regular
hours. Take a warm bath every night, and once a
week go over your whole body vigorously with salt,
rubbing it well into your body until the skin glows.
In a month, if you follow this regime closely, you will
have no more trouble with your nose. If your nose
is rough, scrub it thoroughly every day with hot soapy
water and a camel-hair complexion brush, then rub
in a good cold cream. Wash your hair once a month,
using my special soap jelly shampoo, which you have
probably seen mentioned in my department before, rinse
thoroughly, first with lukewarm and finally with cold
water, then apply this lotion every other night:
Witch-hazel, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces; dis-
tilled water, one ounce; resorcin, forty grains. Rub
this well into the scalp.

Brown Eyes, Della and Mrs. George D.—An astringent
is a device for spraying, such as used for perfume.
A delightful tooth bleach and one which possesses anti-
septic qualities, is made by adding a half teaspoonful
of bicarbonate of soda and three drops of oil of cinna-
mon to a half cupful of warm water. Rinse the mouth
out twice daily with this fragrant lotion and you will
have white teeth, a fragrant breath, and a clean mouth.
The white spots which disfigure your nails are caused
by a stoppage in the flow of the nutritive juices. A
paste composed of equal parts of refined tar and myrrh
—melted and stirred together—will, if spread upon the
white spots at bedtime and allowed to remain on until
morning, banish these ugly blemishes. Apply a little
olive oil in the morning to take off the paste.

Miss M. M. Ky and others.—I am sorry, but for
obvious reasons, I cannot give addresses in the columns
of my department. Look for the advertisement of the
wrinkle plasters in fashion magazines. You can make
these plasters yourself by coating thick, transparent
paper with the white of egg. When one coat dries, ap-
ply another. Two or three coats will be sufficient. Cut
the paper into triangles for the crow's feet, crescents
for the wrinkles around the eyes and mouth and long
oblong shapes for the long wrinkles in the forehead.
Draw the skin taut before applying the plaster and let
remain on all night.

**Mrs. T. N., B. L. E., Florida Matron and Mrs. N.
D.**—As the fat-bleached woman is generally under-
weight, it is essential that she should eat plenty of
fat-producing foods. Not only must she eat plentifully
of broiled or roasted beef, lamb chops, bacon and
chicken—but she should make it a point to take cocoa
or chocolate at every meal and before going to bed,
sip a glass of milk and eat an unsalted cracker. Further-
more, I ask her to drink milk between meals and take
two tablespoonfuls of peanut oil after each meal. Such
a diet will make the best development, willy-nilly.

**Mrs. Fred P. C., E. S., Phoebe, Discouraged Miss,
Mrs. A. A. F. and E.**—The following method of de-
stroying unwanted growths of hair is simple, cheap,
harmless and sure. When the hair falls out, it is out
to stay. This treatment consists of applications of
aqua ammonia and peroxide of hydrogen applied on al-
ternate days. You must first buy at your drug-store a
twenty-five cent bottle of peroxide of hydrogen. It you buy
ten cents' worth of aqua ammonia it will last you for
quite a long while, but be sure that the druggist gives
you aqua ammonia or toilet ammonia, not household am-
monia. The growth to be removed should be moistened
with peroxide one day and ammonia the next and so
on for three to six months. When applying the am-
monia to the face, you will find that it causes a
burning sensation but this only lasts a second, so do
not be alarmed. If your skin for the first few days
is a little chafed or tender from the application of
ammonia, rub in a little cold cream each night. The
skin will soon become slightly hardened and the am-
monia can be applied with no bad after effects. The
peroxide bleaches and dries the hair, while the
ammonia gradually kills the little hair roots. This
treatment is not recommended for people with
very sensitive skins, or people troubled with eczema or
facial eruptions.

Miss I. C.—See my reply to Violet H. S. in these
columns. You evidently suffer from indigestion. I
would advise you to try my hot water cure.

C. J., Ellen C., Rosebud and others.—Massage your
eyebrows with warm sweet almond oil for five minutes
daily and anoint the lashes with the oil, being care-
ful about keeping it out of the eyes.

A Reader.—If you will bathe your bosom in hot wa-
ter, then swathe it in thin rubber sheeting and practice
some vigorous exercises with weights or dumbbells
for ten or fifteen minutes, your bust will gradually di-
minish in size.

Lady Love.—You ought to weigh one hundred and
forty-three pounds, so you see you need a little build-
ing-up. No, I do not think that you are too tall to
marry a man six feet, two inches in height, but rather
think you would make a good-looking couple.

Mrs. A. Berna.—See my replies to Mrs. M. M. D.,
Daddy's Girl and Mrs. C. J. When washing your face at
night use hot water, in the morning, tepid water. Yes
vaseline is good to promote a growth of hair.

Mrs. Frank S. and Mrs. R. L. B.—By white kitchen
soap I mean the kind of box you use for washing
your clothes, silk gloves, etc. I am sorry but I can-
not name this soap through the columns of this depart-
ment. It comes in five and ten cent sizes.

Country Lass and L. M. J.—You only weigh three
pounds too much. If you wish to reduce your fat
cheeks, rub them with the epsom salt solution, spoken
of so frequently in these columns.

Address all letters containing questions to
**KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
Augusta, Maine.**

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The Farm Woman And Her Work

By Mrs. J. Brown

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THE man on the farm is the feeder of multitudes. As years go by there is constant decrease in the number of those who produce the bread and meat and a constant increase in the number of those who consume it. Any power from any source that aids in keeping intelligent, industrious men on the farm is a power that will help the whole people.

No woman exercises so vital and far-reaching an influence, in our land today, as the farmer's wife. There is more truth than poetry in the old saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." There can be no real progress, mental, moral, physical or spiritual where people are without necessary food.

The greatest need, the best investment of the man who farms is a good helpmate. He must have a good working partner, not simply an assistant in his home. He cannot make a success without such a helpmate.

The great unrest of the age, the great desire to do something to make people sit up and take notice has finally found its way to the farm home, and to the hearts of the farm women. Added to the numerous grave problems of soil fertility, crop rotation, drainage, conservation of the soil moisture, etc., the man on the farm sometimes has three greater than them all to solve, namely: "How to keep the boy on the farm." "How to keep the girl on the farm," and last and worst of all, "How to keep my wife on the farm." Sometimes the wife problem is how "Can I keep her financially," and other times it is her physical presence. Realizing that it is imperative for the public good to keep the farmer where he is, and realizing that no farmer can do his best work unless he is satisfied to stay with him, many doctors come forward with remedies to cure this direful disease—unrest. Furnace heat, electric lights, water works, household machinery operated by motor power—are some of the remedies advocated.

Many of the doctors make matters worse by painting pictures (in words) of the most doleful farm conditions imaginable, usually picking out extreme or imaginary cases. They paint pictures of the farm women as destitute of hope in the world, constantly drudging, always dressed in faded calico and checked gingham apron, with no hope in life, no future except the insane asylum or the grave.

Farmers' wives can best administer their own remedies. They must use good doses of common sense. Cultivate an appreciation for what they already have. Stop comparing their lives with the lives of the very few women who live in luxury, and ease. Take a good look at the masses of women and girls in the great cities, struggling single-handed against poverty, want and crime. Compare the clean surroundings of the family home on the farm, the pure surroundings for the children and then think of the masses of little children with no playground but the city streets, within sight of every known evil influence. When women realize that happiness and work go hand in hand, and when farmers' wives realize that of all women they have the biggest, most important job of all, then we shall have no more trouble keeping the whole family at home on the farm.

There was a time, years ago, when the farmer and his family lived in quiet seclusion. They came and went and no one took any notice of their doings. But times have changed. The high cost of living caused investigations of every description and the public finally focussed its eyes on the real offender—the producer of the bread and butter—the farmer. Since that time he has become a public character and every point in his life is exposed to public view, and as is the case with every public servant, to public criticism.

The public is interested in what he eats, what he wears, how he treats his help, his relations with his neighbor, the house he lives in, his farm surroundings, where he gets his bacon, how much spending money he gives his wife; and even how long she wears her hats or how many eggs she uses in her cakes are all matters of public interest, and find their way into print. Accordingly many advisers of every description step forward with plans for the welfare of the farmer and his family. Sometimes it almost seems that the man who knows the least about farm conditions is the readiest with his advice. The great mass of buying public begin to realize that the farmer is the important man of the time. All matters of farm management and farm economics are probed to the core.

The farmer's wife comes in for her share of advice. The dietitian says: "As a man eateth so is he." The brain and brawn to do the world's best work must come from the farm. The farm boy and girl are America's great hope, feed them right or the nation will be lost. Broll, bake, stew, toast, roast (I didn't say fry, did I, you must not do that, it is hard on the liver), feed a balanced ration. Let only pure food, cooked in the best possible manner find its way to the table.

The physician says: "Clean, scrub, scrub, air, disinfect, deodorize, sterilize, keep the conditions of the farm as sanitary as possible."

The man of affairs, backed up by the suffragette faction, says: "Keep abreast of the times, read, ponder, think, keep posted on the daily doings of the great world, emancipate yourself from the round of daily drudgery."

The beauty lover says: "Keep the farm conditions and surroundings beautiful, bring nature to your aid and have your yards filled with grass and beautiful flowers. Use the front porch, take time to live."

The minister says: "The future of the church today lies in the hands of the rural population. You farmers' wives must take time for church work. Look to your Sunday school in all its departments. Take time for your spiritual life."

The student of child life says: "The child is the most important thing in the world. Take good care of him. Give him high ideals of life, train him to use his hands, his brain and fill his heart with such love for humanity that he will be a power in the world."

The fashion editor says: "The farm women must change their ways of dressing. They can well afford it. The days of the faded calico dress and the gingham apron are gone by. The farmer's wife has no excuse for being behind the times in dress."

Then he outlines an outfit for farm women beginning with a skirt measuring one and one half yards in circumference at the bottom and ending with a hat that looks like a cross between a bushel basket and a scoop-shovel.

The student of farm labor says: "Make the life of the hired man attractive. Give him the best room in the house. Make it beautiful. Don't always expect him to do the chores, in stormy weather, too. Do them for him sometimes."

These are a few advisers of the mother of Fred Brown of Muscatine, Atchison county, winner of Capper cup for Top Notch yield of corn in Kansas, 1912, with an average of one hundred bushels fifty-two pounds from five measured acres. He also won a prize of three hundred dollars in the B. Wagoner corn contest of Atchison, Kansas. Time and space forbid the mention of numerous others. Is it any wonder the public thinks that the burden of being a farmer's wife is greater than anyone woman can bear? Is it any wonder that the intelligent college girl hesitates when the college boy intending to go back to the farm, asks her to share his lot?

It is the desire of every true woman to do her part in the world if she can only find out what that is. Happy is that woman who decides for herself, regardless of what "they" say. Just what her share in the world's work is. Happy is the woman who fearlessly takes the middle of the road and keeps it, who does her own thinking and works side by side by the finest man in the universe, the Kansas farmer. Here is the biggest

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most important task of all and her lot is the happiest.

Artificial Eggs

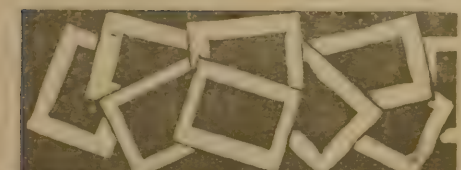
NOW word comes from Germany, that one Professor Berthsen, has well-nigh perfected a process for making or producing eggs without the aid of the hen. His process consists of compounding some of the chemical elements which enter into the composition of the natural egg of the hen, and his process is based on the modern methods of capturing and turning to account the nitrogen of the atmosphere. It is predicted that before long the egg will be successfully duplicated and a process worked out which will permit of its manufacture. Then all the hens may go on a holiday.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

It is too strong for chickens, and advise you to use best scraps, which is sold in bags at about the same price.

L. B.—I would like to ask you to print in the columns of COMFORT the best way of preventing the young chickens from getting lice; also how to disinfect and keep the henhouse clean. What breed of chickens would you recommend for laying purposes in southern Ohio. The climate is rather changeable in fall, winter and spring. Would the roosting-house and the henhouse be better? I have had some experience in poultry; have helped attend to chickens all my life, and I pronounce the case rump. Can you give me any information as to a cure, which I would appreciate. The last hatching of my little chicks seemed to do all right for about a week, then they seemed to have a very good appetite but don't lay any eggs, and have yellow droppings. I have had some experience in poultry; have helped attend to chickens all my life, and I pronounce the case rump. Can you give me any information as to a cure, which I would appreciate. 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WE WANT RELIABLE AGENTS to show our beautiful and exclusive line of **Wash and Sift Materials**, **Handkerchiefs**, etc. This is an exceptional opportunity for you. Excellent territory. No experience required. Samples FREE. Mitchell & Church Co., 201 West St., Binghamton, N.Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

They will keep if directions are carefully followed. With love and best wishes to all I sincerely wish you success.

Mrs. Hendrix, I think it is most generous of you to send a printed formula of your method of preserving eggs to all who sent you a stamp for reply. No doubt you have materially helped many a sister and you must feel a great personal satisfaction. I wish I might have found space for it earlier, but COMFORT is so far reaching that there will be those who will put this formula into immediate use. When anyone helps our COMFORT sisters I always want to give them my personal thanks.—Ed.

FAIRMOUNT, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for years but have never written to you or thought of doing so until I saw a letter asking for someone to tell what to do for a two-month-old baby boy that was ruptured at the navel. I have a boy of six years and girl of four that were ruptured when babies, and I made a band, or I should have said several bands, with armholes buttoning over shoulders, then I placed two corset staves on each side of front with a piece of lead or big cork cut the thickness of a dollar over navel. Sew a tab to front of band to pin to napkin to hold in place. Watch the staves to see that they do not cut through cloth. Loosen band a little after each feeding for at least thirty minutes, then tighten again, and whatever you do, do not let baby cry, and keep band tight.

Mrs. J. M. CALL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON: I have been reading the letters from the sisters in good old COMFORT. I have seen every subject discussed, but the grandest of all is *Mother*. There is no one that has done so much for us, has suffered, worried, toiled all day and watched over us at night in our sickness; she has smoothed our fevered brow with her tender hands, has prayed for us, never tired of doing for her children. How many are there who have repayed her for that when they are grown and gone out into the world? One week should never pass by without a letter or remembrance of some kind to mother dear. Then the birthday comes with some pretty little present for mother. We must not forget the love is just as dear for us then as when we were little at her knee. We do not prize as we should, that most beautiful of all possessions—our mother's love. Never changing, her heart is all our own. It is quite right to set aside one day as Mothers' Day; to meet in churches or other places to honor, and in various ways to pay homage to mother. When she has reached the end of her journey it will be a great solace to know she never had occasion to think you had forgotten her. Do not wait till then to surround her with flowers which she cannot then appreciate. Scatter sunshine in her path and surround her with those pretty flowers now, while she is able to see and let you know how she appreciates them. I trust this will help COMFORT sisters to start this moment with COMFORT's help. We will all feel much happier.

I agree with the sister from Tennessee in regard to dogs taking the place of some little child. What greater duty and pleasure is there than training one of those little ones in the way they should go. I think if the women would spend more time in training the little ones, there would be a greater good done.

I wish the sisters all success and happiness and may COMFORT have great success in continuing its great work. It has done so much good and is improving every day. God bless you all.

Mrs. S. O. RANDALL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: It has been many years since I paid the dear old COMFORT corner a visit. What changes the years bring! Then I was a young inexperienced mother; now the children are scattered here, there and yonder and it wrings my heart for them to pass out of the home life. I can never get used to the vacant chairs.

One was such a young lad, but he took the Western fever, and he no longer landed in a strange country than he was taken down with the measles and has never fully recovered from them, but is trying to earn money to pay his return fare, though we sent money for him to come home out. Maybe it is all for the best, but such worries drive me distracted. I am like an old hen who wants all her brood under her wings at night time.

And that reminds me, are we as kind and considerate of the stranger in our midst as we would like strangers to be towards our own, in like position? The homesick lad or lassie striving to make an honest living should be encouraged. Can you place yourself or one of your own in their position? If you can, no doubt many of your work with a real mission. Please don't think I am opposed to foreign missions, but I am a firm believer in "Charity beginning at Home." Here in our own neighborhood is a church, raking and scraping to make a big show in the foreign mission report, while all about them are little children, unable to attend Sunday school for lack of decent wearing apparel. I may be treading on someone's pet corn, but I take it that this is our corner where we are allowed to express our own opinion.

Have any of you sisters any spare literature, if so pass it on. When read, I will do the same. Write first.

Mrs. Wm. Phillips.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Will you please make room for an Oklahoma sister? Some of you sisters write on how to make money at home. Many seem to think there is more money in chickens; but sisters I think boys are as paying, and are not any more trouble if as much. Three years ago I started into raising hogs with only one blooded Polon China sow pig. I have sold one hundred and forty-two dollars' worth of pigs and have about seventy dollars on hand. I lost between fifteen and twenty pigs in January by not having a good shelter for them. They were only a few days old when they wandered from their mother and at that time a big freeze came on.

Husband is in the cattle business while I prefer hogs. Hogs require more water than any other animal. Give them your fresh dishwater and scraps fresh from table.

I have been very busy, too busy to look in the mirror of late, but as I remember, I have brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds. I have been married four years and have two sweet children, Elmer Boyd and Nellie Alice.

Will someone send in poem, "Jennie McNeal?"

I enjoyed reading sister Alice Eaton's letter from Central America.

Mrs. Wilkinson, is the postage on a letter to Old Mexico ten cents? What is the postage to Central and South America, and England?

As it is almost feeding time will get my bonnet and run. Would be glad to hear from all of the sisters.

Mrs. LOMA LOWE.

Mrs. Lowe, for the benefit of all who would like to know more about domestic and foreign mail matter, I will give some rules regarding the classification and rates of postage.

First Class Domestic mail matter includes all written matter, all matter closed against inspection, and all matter, though printed, which has the nature of actual and personal (individual) correspondence, except that certain writing or printing may be placed upon matter of the second, third, and fourth classes without increasing the rate.

Second Class includes all newspapers and periodicals which bear the authorized statement, "Entered at the post-office as second-class mail matter."

correspondence, except newspapers and periodicals bearing the statement: "Entered at the post-office as second-class matter."

Fourth Class includes all merchandise and all other matter not comprehended in the first, second and third classes.

Note.—Matter of a higher class inclosed with matter of a lower class subjects the whole package to the higher rate.

Domestic Mail Matter includes all matter deposited in the mails for local delivery, or for transmission from one place to another within the United States, or to or from or between the possessions of the United States.

Domestic rates of postage apply to mail matter sent from the United States to Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the Republic of Panama, and the United States postal agency at Shanghai, China.

Domestic mail matter is divided into four classes:—

First Class.—Rate, two cents for each ounce or fraction thereof. Limit of weight four pounds.

Second Class.—Unsealed.—Rate, one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof. Full payment required. No limit of weight.

Third Class.—Unsealed.—Rate, one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Full payment required. Limit of weight four pounds, except it be a single book.

Fourth Class.—Unsealed.—Rate, one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, except seeds, bulbs, roots, scions, and plants, which are one cent for each two ounces or fraction. Full prepayment required.

United States Government postal cards are entitled to all the privileges of letters except that of return to the sender when undelivered.

United States postage stamps are good for postage in Guam, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Tutuila, but not in the Philippine Islands or in the Panama "Canal Zone."

A special-delivery stamp, in addition to the lawful postage, secures the immediate delivery of any piece of mail matter at any United States post-office within the letter-carrier limits of city-delivery offices and within a one-mile limit of any other post-office.

Section 1.—Domestic Mail Matter: Porto Rico and Hawaii are included in the term "United States." The Philippine Archipelago, Guam, Tutuila (including all adjacent islands of the Samoan group which are possessions of the United States), and the Canal Zone are included in the term "Possessions of the United States."

The term "Canal Zone" includes all the territory, purchased from the Republic of Panama, embracing the "Canal Zone" proper and the islands in the Bay of Panama named Perico, Naos, Culebra, and Flamenco.

Domestic rates of postage apply to mail matter sent from the United States to Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the Republic of Panama, and the United States postal agency at Shanghai, China.

The rate of letter postage applicable to all foreign countries, other than those above mentioned, is five cents for each half ounce or fraction of half ounce.

The postal conventions do not define the term "letter," but it is held that a package upon which postage at the letter rate has been prepaid in full was intended by the sender to be sent as a letter; and when it does not contain prohibited articles is required to be considered and treated as a "letter." Consequently packages addressed to foreign countries, except Canada, Cuba, Mexico, and the Republic of Panama, which are fully prepaid at the rate of postage applicable to letters for the countries to which the packages are addressed, are allowed to be forwarded by mail to their destination.

Note.—Articles, whether sealed or unsealed, which appear to contain dutiable matter, on their arrival at the exchange post-office of the country of destination, will be inspected by customs officers of that country, who will levy the proper customs duties upon any articles found to be dutiable under the laws of that country and not prohibited transmission in the mails.—Ed.

CLARKSTON, Box 51, WASH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I find so many helpful hints in the Sisters' Corner that I am sending a few in return.

To remove peach stains, wash garments thoroughly in clear cold water before putting in suds. While hot water removes cherry stains it only sets peach stains, which I found to my sorrow with some of my best table linen.

I am sending a recipe for baking beans, which is delicious and I am sure you will all like if you try it. I usually bake them on wash day, when I have a fire a long time.

I tried the remedy of boric acid and water, for running ear sent in by one of the sisters in a back number of COMFORT, and it certainly is good. Our little girl six years old had a running in her ear last November and I stopped it in two weeks with the use of boric acid. Her ear trouble is from the effects of a cold.

I have been married nine years this coming June to a good kind husband and have three children. Cleland is eight years, Mildred six and baby Harry will be two in January.

With best wishes to the COMFORT staff, Your COMFORT sister, Mrs. G. J. MARGENT.

SYCAMORE, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have read the sisters' letters for over seven years and have found many helpful things in them.

So many sisters write on the subject of caring for children and that interests me greatly for I have two babies of my own, a little girl nearly eight and a baby boy nearly five. I always devour every letter pertaining to the care of the little ones.

I am twenty-six years old, have been married almost nine years to one of the best husbands in the world. He is just as much of a lover to me now as when we were sweethearts. We live in a small two-room house, and are very crowded, but I try to keep things tidy and my babies reasonably clean and hoe in the garden quite a bit, care for about one hundred and forty baby chicks, and still have time to visit with my baby when he comes home of evenings. I do anything I can for him and he does the same for me. I even pet him when things go a little wrong and I get lots of petting in return and it does us a lot of good.

And I will ask a favor of the sisters. I have some fine roses, but they are midgets. Will you do for them? Surely in all this land of sisters someone knows of a remedy for them. I will await patiently the coming of the number that brings me the required information. With love to all,

Mrs. EMMA HOWARD.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: How many of the readers will welcome a newcomer from the pine woods of Mississippi?

As I never noticed a descriptive letter from Green Co., will in a brief way tell you something about the Southern part of Mississippi. The land is not very fertile, being mostly upland, but with the help of fertilizer most anything will thrive. My papa is a farmer and we grow corn, cotton, sugar-cane, peas, beans, sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes. A variety of fruit trees here, such as peaches, apples, pears, plums, pomelo-grapes and guineas and we get wild dewberries, elderberries, persimmons, cherries, chippapina, scuppermons, buckberries, etc.

We have very good seasons I believe, as good as can be found, although there are times when we would welcome a rain, also times when sunshine would be welcomed. My papa farms and I never knew him to lose a crop for lack of rain or sunshine.

How many of you readers think you would like to live here? I am sure you would enjoy the country, breathing the pure air from among the pines. This is a thickly timbered part of the country, but the timber is being cut off fast. Papa owns quite a lot of timber land; but don't think it will be cut any time soon as we live far out in the country, only sixteen miles from town.

I am sure you readers realize to some extent how lonely I get. I walk two and one-half miles to a small country school, but expect to go away to school next year. I have a brother who will graduate at Blue Mill Academy this year, and am very proud of him. I will be glad when I can say I have graduated. I think every young person should strive for an education. How many agree with me? Will describe myself as most sisters do.

I am a tall, well-set-up girl, five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have fair complexion, light blue eyes and golden blonde hair, will be sixteen years old Sunday, Jan. 11, 1914. Would be glad to be remembered with a shower. Words

I WANT 200 SALES AGENTS AT \$1200 TO \$3600 A YEAR

To introduce my new **Compress and Vacuum Washing Machine** to every home in the country, I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. I consider this machine the most brilliant inventive achievement of the age in household necessities. It is selling faster than anything I have ever heard of—going like wildfire.

PROFITS START FIRST DAY

No waiting or guessing. The price of only \$1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200 per cent profit to you. The biggest opportunity ever offered. I want hustlers—men and women who want to make money quick and fast. No large investment needed—business supplies the capital.

NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED. Just follow instructions. Failure impossible. Success assured. Frank Greene sold 45 first three days—profit \$45. Mrs. L. O. Marwick made \$90 first three weeks. In spare time only. J. H. Goddard took 18 orders first three hours. No talking necessary. Just show it—the order is yours right on the spot.

H. F. WENDELL, Pres. Wendell Vacuum Washer Co.,

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MAIL YOUR APPLICATION TODAY

Don't delay. Get your county under contract. No charge for territory. To wait means to lose. Write me a letter or a postal card today. If you are honest and willing to work I will give you the position. Do not let someone else get in ahead of you. I want agents, general agents and managers. Write today—then you will have done your part. Do it right now. Address

132 Oak St., Leipzig, Ohio

cannot express how thankful I will be to all those who help me pass the day and make it day to be long remembered. With best wishes to all,

MISS ORLIE McLAIN.

ALEXANDER, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I saw some requests which I thought I might give some help on.

I think Bertine Boone, Cruce, Okla., I feed my birds boiled potato, fresh cabbage, lettuce, apple, cracker, and mixed bird seed. The young ones are especially fond of boiled egg. Give them plenty of fresh water to drink and a bath each day in the summer and not so often in the winter.

Mrs. Ingram, I don't believe I would advise you to feed your baby prepared food. When you milk the milk you know the milk is fresh and you do not know how long the prepared food has set on the shelf.

I think your baby has infantile scurvy. I would give new cow's milk if possible; half water at first and not sweetened very much. Give it a teaspoonful of orange juice three times a day, one hour before feeding time. I think olive oil and gentle massage would be a good thing too. Outmeal water would be good and rice-water is recommended by most doctors for babies. Do not feed under two hours.

I have two babies, Reita three years old and Myrl seven months. Myrl had orange juice until she was three months old.

MRS. GLADYS CODDINGTON.

My DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I enter your circle just a moment this rainy day? I am not an interesting writer but I enjoy your circle so much. I have read dear old COMFORT for many years and must say I can't find words to praise it enough. I wish I could congratulate Mrs. Wilkinson, face to face, for the great work she is doing.

I indeed agree with Mrs. Lane about parents holding the confidence and respect of their children. Parents should always be firm and give them their very best advice, do your part, then if they won't heed your pleading any longer, and go wrong, they will surely repent later.

As I never see a letter from this part of Texas will try and describe my town. McKinney is the county seat of Collin Co., situated thirty-two miles north of Dallas. We have two railroads, the H. & T. C. and the Katy, also an interurban line. McKinney has about ten thousand inhabitants; fourteen grocery stores, seven dry goods stores, three banks, three drug stores, nine churches, four schools, best of all no saloons, five gas, one cotton mill, ice plant, oil mill, and other places of business too numerous to mention.

The seasons here of late are very uncertain. When the summers are dry the hot winds burn up everything, and when it rains too much, the boll worms get the cotton which is our main crop. We don't have much fruit on the black land. Some of you sisters who are not used to black mud ought to be here now. I think the sayings are true, when it is dry the ground is too hard to make a track on, and when it's muddy you just pick up the ground. If you will stay with it while it's dry, it will sure stay with you when it's wet.

Must tell you who I am before I go. Am twenty-three years old, have been married three years. Now if you don't make sport of me after I close the door, I will come again and bring some recipes.

Mrs. SALLIE DALTON.

SARANO, R. B. 1, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have often thought of adding my mite to COMFORT's corner, so seeing a request for a remedy for lung trouble, will send one that was sent to me to cure my husband of tuberculosis, but was received too late. I hope the sister will try this and report results.

Put a dozen lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft). Roll and squeeze until all the juice is extracted, sweeten enough to be palatable and drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should this cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity and use five or six a day until better. Then begin and use a dozen again and by the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. As you get better do not use so many.

Mrs. Steel, I, too, am a widow, but do not find much time to get lonely. I work in the field as well as at the house. I am contented and still have time to read. My troubles and trials seem to be more than I can bear sometimes, but the dark cloud rolls away and the sun shines again.

I must say good by, wishing you all a long and happy life.

Mrs. W. C. WESTERMAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

My mother is an old experienced nurse and requested me to send the following recipe, given her by a famous baby specialist, in hopes it may save some dear little baby's life.

For severe stomach and bowel trouble: Brown two tablespoonfuls of flour, just rounding full, to a light brown. Stir this into one quart of cold water, with a pinch of salt and boil one half hour. It should boil away one half. Take one quart of milk, add one level tablespoonful of sugar and let come to a boil and mix the two while hot.

Give warm four ounces every four hours, to a child from six months to a year old. Should the child worry between times, give it warm water in the bottle. Bottle and nipples should be boiled every day. The food must be made fresh every day. My mother has used it for children that physicians had given up and brought the baby back to health.

Now dear sisters, I would be glad if one of you could tell me where I could get a good homestead. I have three children and we are so anxious to get a homestead where we could make a good living. I would like to go where I could raise hogs. I will be so thankful for any information you may give me.

Mrs. M. Brown.

652 Riv. Ave., East Liverpool, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I read so much about spinal meningitis and hear of so many children having children's meningitis which develops into spinal meningitis, I feel it a duty to tell what cured my little nephew who was thus affected.

He was so ill the doctors had despaired of saving his life, when an old German woman told them to use onion poultices. The onions were crushed to a pulp and bound onto pains of hands, soles of feet, and quiet and lay as if sleeping. The poultices were left on until the next day when the mother had them taken off, thinking the child was getting worse because he never moved, and in a few minutes the legs were moving. Again the poultices were put on and changed to fresh ones frequently. The following day, at a time when all thought the child would cease breathing, when the doctor found this were true he said: "Go ahead with your onions," and we did and saved his life.

The onions in no way interfered with other treatment. Don't be afraid to try them. Mrs. Ida M. LOWERS.

LOOMIS, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have read COMFORT off and on ever since I was a little girl. First, "way down in Florida," then in

Please your wife! Stop growing old so fast! Make your mustache a rich brown or black. Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

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30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

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to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the best machines that sell at \$25.00—

to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone of your section, so you can enjoy the finest entertainment for one whole month. Return the outfit

AT OUR EXPENSE. If for any reason you do not wish to keep it, drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials. They are free.

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no smoke—no dirt—no odor. A convenient lamp for every purpose.

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For selling thimbles and needles. We positively give a genuine American Sewing Machine and Wash Basin fully equipped case, warranted time-keeper, 10-year guarantee, Sewing Machine Sewing Foot, etc., all for selling 25c worth of thimbles and needles. Write for details. No money required. HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 212 Chicago, Ill.

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Silk Remnants for Fancy Work, Crazy Quilts, Pillow Tops, Pin Cushions, etc. Big package 10c. 3 for 25c. 1 Lb. \$1.00 Postpaid. The S. & D. Co., Dept. 60, Brunswick, Maine.

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WILL PAY RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN \$12.50 to Borax Soap Powder among friends. Perfumed. A. WARD & CO., 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

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In the Byways of Matrimony

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

She was not, she could not be ignorant of passion, of temptation and the hazards of this tumultuous life. But these things had never touched her; she had never felt the scorch of love, and in her delicate, colorless loveliness and her prim, retiring manner there had been nothing to attract the merely animal in man.

The young farmer had spiritually divined her at the moment when their eyes had first met, and he, coming to mock, remained to reverse.

Her hesitating, gentle, yet wistful coldness had been like a pale torch touching his waiting heart to flame. Something akin to his mother's pure austerity he had felt in her, tempered by a sweetness, a helplessness before his virility, and strength of will that thrilled him, not so much with the desire of possession, as with the purer longing to protect, to cherish this too deeply shaded flower of womanhood. To bring it to the light and watch its unfolding fairness.

As for her, the woman's destiny, so long delayed, had come upon her at last like a strong man armed. She had melted at the first long look from those strangely compelling eyes. Against her reason, tradition of all her traditions, she had given herself—and then had come the storm that had torn away the sweet veil of secrecy, laying bare the intimacy of two souls in a supreme moment; cheapening the whole wonderful experience, and making her cringe and cower as she thought of it.

"What must he think of me," she murmured. "Now, he will take the second thought—and he will despise me. I am glad I am going away—he will forget—he will never come back."

"Sara," called her aunt in a loud whisper, "Sara may I come in? I want to speak to you—the girls are asleep—Sara—"

"Aunt Belinda—I can't talk now. Some time I will tell you everything; but not now—please."

"Well—I just wanted to say, I've been thinking—and I believe he's all right. I believe he's good. And he thinks the world of you—I could see he did; and it must be that you—Sara—I want you to be happy; maybe this is your chance. If it is—I want you to take it—you hear me—Sara—I want you to take it."

Sara folded her hands on the door panel and laid her face upon them.

"He's gone," she said quietly, "and it's all over; don't let's talk about it; it was silly of course—but—"

"I want you to be happy," her aunt insisted. "And you remember what I tell you—Sara; it don't come but once—and it's the greatest thing—there's nothing like it—in this world." Her voice broke and the two women wept on the insensitive door between them.

"Well," said Mrs. Wintermere after a while, in something like her ordinary voice, "I'll go to bed now; I can't say any more; but you—don't you be scared out of it—if your heart's in it. Take your chance—when it comes."

The night wore away as Sara kept her vigil by the window; once or twice she started up and looked hastily down upon the street as a horse trotted by on the asphalt; as the electric lights began to pale before the coming dawn she aroused herself to make the final preparations for her journey. She locked her trunk and bathed her face, and dressed herself carefully and precisely as was her wont. Then she opened the little door and stepped out on the balcony. How cold it was; the few stars looked pale and sunken in the blue-black depths of the cloudless sky; a dying moon looked faintly at her over a chimney top—hush—horse's feet—a young horse swung lightly around the corner, tossing his head, on which gleamed a white star; there was a man in the light cart, a man in a broad-brimmed, soft, black hat.

"Whoa, boy, whoa, boy," he drew up at the curb.

Sara slipped through the door and fell on her knees beside the bed. "Let me not be too glad," she sobbed. "Not too glad—and oh, help me—I want to be good—always, always."

She rose and quietly opened her door and stood waiting, but this was not their moment. Her aunt was already on her way to the door, and the twins were waking at the sound of feet, rubbing their eyes and brushing back the hair from their sleep-pale faces.

He came in, smiling at sight of her, but he did not speak to her; he turned and put a slip of paper into Mrs. Wintermere's hand.

"This," he said with some severity, "is a telegram from the man who performed that silly ceremony, and here is a line from our mutual friend—Barrington—who for pure mischief put that absurd idea into the girl's head. You see there was no ground for your apprehension—it's all right, it has taken me all night to get the messages—but it settles the matter. Mr. Husted never in his life had any authority to perform the marriage ceremony, and if he had—the words he used would not have married your daughter to me."

The twins, with sighs of relief, came at this moment to fall upon Sara with kisses and self-congratulations.

"We did it—cousin Sara—and we'll come and stay with you—and it will be lovely—"

"Girls," said their mother severely. "You seem mighty pleased to have cousin Sara go away. I guess you'll miss her some."

"But she isn't going right now," they stared at Sara, and then at John, and then broke into a wail. "Cousin Sara—you're not going now, not right now, we thought you would be married here, and we would be bridesmaids, we had got it all planned, and I think you might—"

"Hush, hush dears," whispered Sara tearfully. "It seems best that we should go now—you shall come and see me soon, and I have left something nice for you, in my dresser—"

"Good by, good by," they looked up at the outer door to see two brush-heap heads hanging over the balcony, and to receive a stinging shower upon their faces.

"Oh," cried Vi, "it isn't rice at all—it's beans." The young horse stilled, and snorted as a tiny, stubby slipper fell with a spat beneath his nose, and they were off.

"Oh, poor little kittens, dear little things," grieved Sara, straining back over John's shoulder for a last look; "dear, pretty children," she murmured wistfully.

"Pretty," said John cheerfully. "Well, I guess they are but I haven't seen anything of them yet—except the whites of their eyes, and the insides of their mouths."

Sara drew closer to him; the cold wind seemed to cut her flesh and he was so big and warm.

The young horse fell into his long tip-toeing trot. He was not tired, only slightly bewildered by the strange adventures of the night. He seemed to think that explanations were due, and he rumbled subdued questionings, as he obediently turned this way and that.

"It's all right, old boy, all right—steady now—steady."

The man threw his arm around the trembling woman and held her close. "Don't worry," he said, "we'll just drive up to Lake Park—see the sun rise on this splendid new day of ours; then we'll go back to the Flankington for breakfast, and then you shall have a room, and rest while I go out, and attend to some things. Then we'll hunt that minister. Steady boy, steady, it's all right I tell you—and here we are."

They turned into a broad avenue leading straight across the park to the shore of Lake Michigan. The young horse, with a toss of his heavy mane stopped short, and stood as motionless as the bronze charger beside him, gazing with erect ears, and wide, soft eyes at the picture before him. The pair behind him sat long in silence before that wonderful pageant, the opening of the doors to the coming king.

The courtier clouds pranked themselves, and

flung their purple and rose draperies into ever lengthening lines; pale spirit forms rose from the still blue of the lake, and as they drew the flooding light from those opening doors, their robes of gauze were touched to rainbow tints, and they wavered, and swept circling about, as if in tremulous rapture before the pomp and splendor of that wonderful procession of the morning.

It was very still; only the drip of heavy dew from the sleeping trees, and the long, soft murmur of the water lapping the sands below.

The man's warm hand sought and clasped the slight, cold fingers of the woman. His arm drew her closer, his breath was warm upon her cold cheek, rosy with the stinging touch of the morning air. He could see the prism of tears upon her dark lashes, he could feel the long thrills that shook her slender body from head to foot.

"I love you," his deep voice murmured in her ear. "I love you—and it's a new day."

"I bless the day," she threw back her head, and lifted a flushed and youthful face to his ardent gaze. Then the dark lashes fell, the tears rolled helplessly upon her cheek, as their lips met in a sacramental kiss.

Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

No. 6184—Ladies' Wrapper. The deep collar, bell-shaped sleeve and shaped back are features that make this garment very desirable. Where a dressy wrapper is desired, challis trimmed with lace makes a very desirable one; or, for a bathrobe of heavy material, cut the collar at line of perforation and hem edge.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires six yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5688—Ladies' Dress. This neat dress has many possibilities. A frill around the neck and cuffs adds a dressy effect. Made of serge with fancy silk bands, or brown plain gingham with brown and white checked gingham bands make two stylish combinations.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material and one yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6266—Ladies' Dress. A smart costume with up-to-date features. The waist is worn soft at the belt and has a large armhole. The vest with front opening is trimmed with a frill of lace on either side. The skirt is cut in two gores and is made with a yoke in tunic effect.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6263—Ladies' Coat. Brocaded velvet, cheviot, corduroy or heavy satin, velvet trimmed, are some of the suitable materials for this stylish coat. It has a deep lap in front and closes with an ornament.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and one half yards of 54-inch material and one eighth yard of 24-inch satin. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6275—Girls' Dress. Very attractive model for party dress developed in any soft material. The back yoke extends over the long shoulder. The tiny revers finished with a square bow make a dainty finish. The chemisette may be used or not, as desired.

Cut in sizes six to 12 years; age eight years requires three yards of 36-inch material and three eighths yard of 27-inch material for revers and girdle. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6140—Girls' Dress. A simple dress, very smart in effect, adaptable to all materials. The closing is at the front in Duchess style and is made with a two-piece skirt.

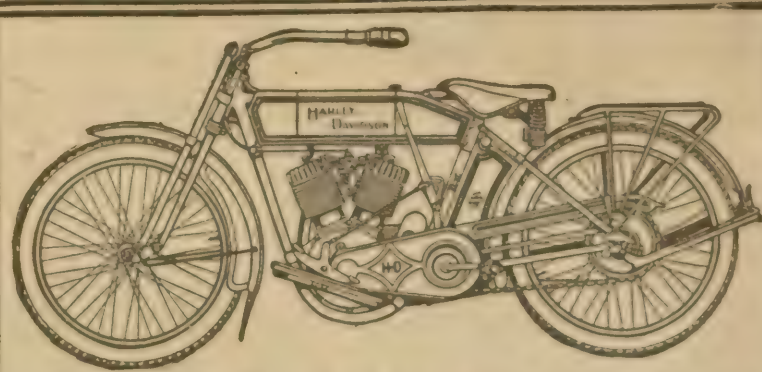
Cut in sizes six to 12 years; age eight years requires three yards of 36-inch material and seven eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6145—Boys' Play Suit. An excellent and necessary garment for the boy to romp in; also, it is equally suitable for the girl. The suit closes at the back and can be made with either the high or low neck and with the long or short sleeve.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years, age four years requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5717—Children's Dress. Just the kind of a dress every little girl needs several of. The dress opens the entire length at side-front. Long or short sleeves and high or low neck can be used.

Cut in sizes four to 12 years; age eight years requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.



Startling, Exclusive Improvements Mark the 1914 Harley-Davidson

Step Starter Starts Machine With Rider in the Saddle and Both Wheels on the Ground

In case the rider accidentally stalls the motor in crowded traffic or on a steep hill it is no longer necessary to dismount, perhaps in the mud and find a level place to set the machine upon the stand in order to start the motor. Instead a downward push on either pedal—the step-starter does its work, and the motor begins again to throb.

Selective Type of Two-Speed

The Harley-Davidson two-speed gear (another patented feature) is located inside the rear hub, thus avoiding dust, dirt or damage. Its speeds are selective and the rider can shift from low to high, or high to low, or to neutral, at any time, whether the machine is standing still or in motion.

Ful-Floting Seat

For the third successive year the Ful-Floting Seat is standard. This patented device floats the weight of the rider between two concealed springs, assimilating all jars and vibration due to rough roads.

Double Clutch Control

The patented Harley-Davidson clutch can now be operated either by a foot lever on the left foot board or by a hand lever. The foot lever does away with the necessity of taking either hand off the handle bars, a great convenience when riding through sand or mud.

Double Brake Control

The new Harley-Davidson Band Brake (patented) can be operated either by a foot lever or by back pedaling on either pedal.

Folding Foot Boards

All models are equipped with Folding Foot Boards in addition to the regular pedals.

We will gladly send you on request our complete 1914 catalog giving full details of these and forty other improvements

Harley-Davidson Motor Co., 877 A Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Producers of High-Grade Motorcycles for More Than Twelve Years

No. 6106—Children's Dress. A smart little French dress, made with yoke and fastens in the back. As represented the skirt is made of deep flouncing, the yoke of tucking or allover.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; size six years requires two and three eighths yards of eight and one half inch flouncing, one yard of 36-inch plain material, one quarter yard of 18-inch tucking and one yard of narrow edging. Price, 10 cents.

Nos. 6154 and 12-1-28—Child's Yoke Dress and Embroidery Design.

Cut in sizes one half, one, two and three years; age two years requires two yards of 27-inch material. Each pattern is 10 cents.

No. 6341—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. This popular style is developed in all materials. The dress closes at the back and is made with a three-gored skirt which can be made with either the high or regulation waistline.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 years requires two and five eighths yards of 54-inch material, six yards of edging for neck and sleeves and three yards of ribbon for sash and to trim. Price, 10 cents.

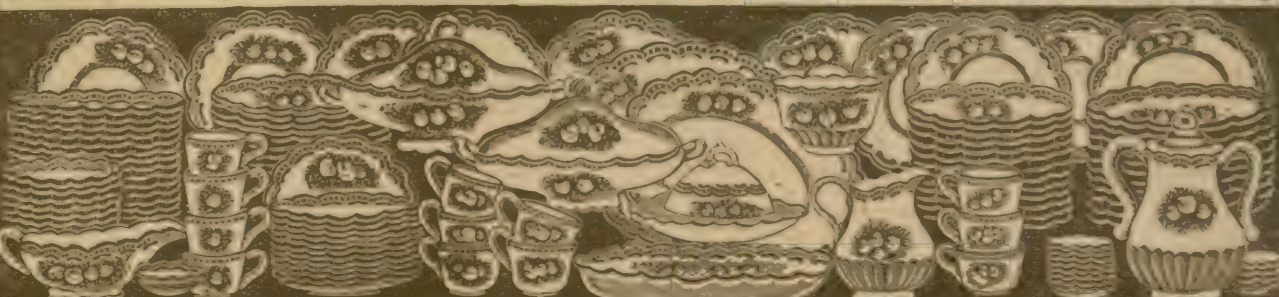
No. 6354—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. For general wear this dress is very popular. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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FITS YOUR OLD LAMP.
100 Candle Power, Incandescent
pure white light from (kerosene) oil
oil. Beats either gas or electricity
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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Pointed Wheel Pattern Doily

THIS month we are glad to be able to illustrate an attractive collection of doilies and table mats made by COMFORT workers.

As it is usually in January that housewives look over and replenish their household linen, it is an especially good time to plan for needed doilies, for even these little handmade necessities become shabby and discolored in time, although they are not actually worn out. Because they are so durable, one's time is certainly well spent in making a set.

The Pointed Wheel Pattern is one of the simpler designs and is especially good on account of the contrast of open and solid work.

Begin with ch. 9. Join into this work 1 s. c., 15 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. between first and second d. c., skip 2, ch. 3 and 1 d. c. all around, then one round all of ch. 5 and 2 d. c. under each ch. 3. If one crochets tightly these chains can be increased.

4th round.—Ch. 8 and 2 d. c. under each ch. 5.
5th round.—8 d. c. under each ch. 6.
6th round.—1 d. c. on each d. c.
7th round.—Ch. 3, skip 1 d. c., 6 d. c. on d. c., ch. 3, skip 2, d. c., repeat.

8th round.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, ch. 3, skip 1 d. c., 4 d. c., repeat.

9th round.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c. This finishes small points around center.

10th round.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. all around.

11th round.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. under same ch., 1 d. c. under next ch., ch. 3, 1 d. c. under same ch.

12th round.—3 d. c. under ch. 3, between the 2 d. c. under same ch., ch. 3, 3 d. c. under next ch. 3, repeat.

13th round.—Ch. 5, 5 d. c. under ch. 3, 5 d. c. under next ch.

14th round.—5 d. c. under ch. 5, 1 d. c. on each d. c.

15th round.—Ch. 3, 19 d. c. on d. c., repeat.

Next 8 rounds are made by decreasing the number of doubles in each point, each round, by 2, skipping one on each side and increasing the number of chains. Then one round all of ch. 3, 1 d. c.

Repeat from 12th round.

Small mats may be made by finishing with the 12th round and if one prefers a scalloped edge may be added.

Circular Doily with Crocheted Edge

The beauty of such a doily as this, by Nida Hope depends largely on having the center of linen a perfect circle. To begin with the linen used should first be shrunk and ironed. Then a circle four and one half inches in diameter should be traced on linen, or on a paper to be used as a pattern, should one prefer two or more of the same size. Stitch along the line on the sewing machine, then cut just outside. The first row of stitches—which may be double crocheted or buttonholed—should be taken over the stitched line closely so as to cover the raw edge completely. It will be quite an aid in making the first row, to stitch around just within the line, using the machine without threading, thus making a row of tiny perforations, into which to work the double crochet or buttonholing; this will insure evenness without the necessity of so much painstaking. Having completed the row of doubles, or buttonholing, work as follows.

1st round.—Ch. 6, 1 d. tr., ch. 3, repeat in every second or third st. or until there are 61 d. tr. fasten last ch. 3 in 3rd. st. of ch. 6.

2d round.—Ch. 1, 3 s. c. under ch. 3, repeat around, fasten in ch. 1.

3d round.—Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in each s. c.

4th round.—Same as 3rd. round.

5th round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c. in 4th. s. c. repeat around.

6th round.—Slip st. to 4th. st. of ch. 7, ch. 7 fasten in 4th. st. of next ch. 7, repeat all around.

7th round.—Same as 6th. round.

8th round.—Slip st. to 4th. st. of ch. 7, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in 4th. st. of ch. 7, ch. 4 repeat around fasten last ch. 4 in 4th. st. of ch. 7.

9th round.—Ch. 1, 4 s. c. and ch. 4, 1 s. c. in s. c., repeat all around.

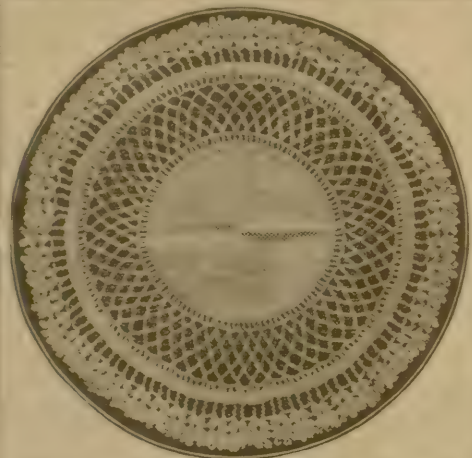
10th round.—Like 3rd.

11th round.—Like 3rd.

12th round.—Ch. 7, sk. 4 s. c., 2 d. tr. in 2 s. c., ch. 3, repeat all around, fasten last ch. 3 in 4th. st. of ch. 7.

13th round.—Ch. 1, 4 tr. c. under ch. 3, ch. 5

fasten back in first st., to form picot, 4 tr. c. under same ch. 1 s. c. between 2 d. trebles of

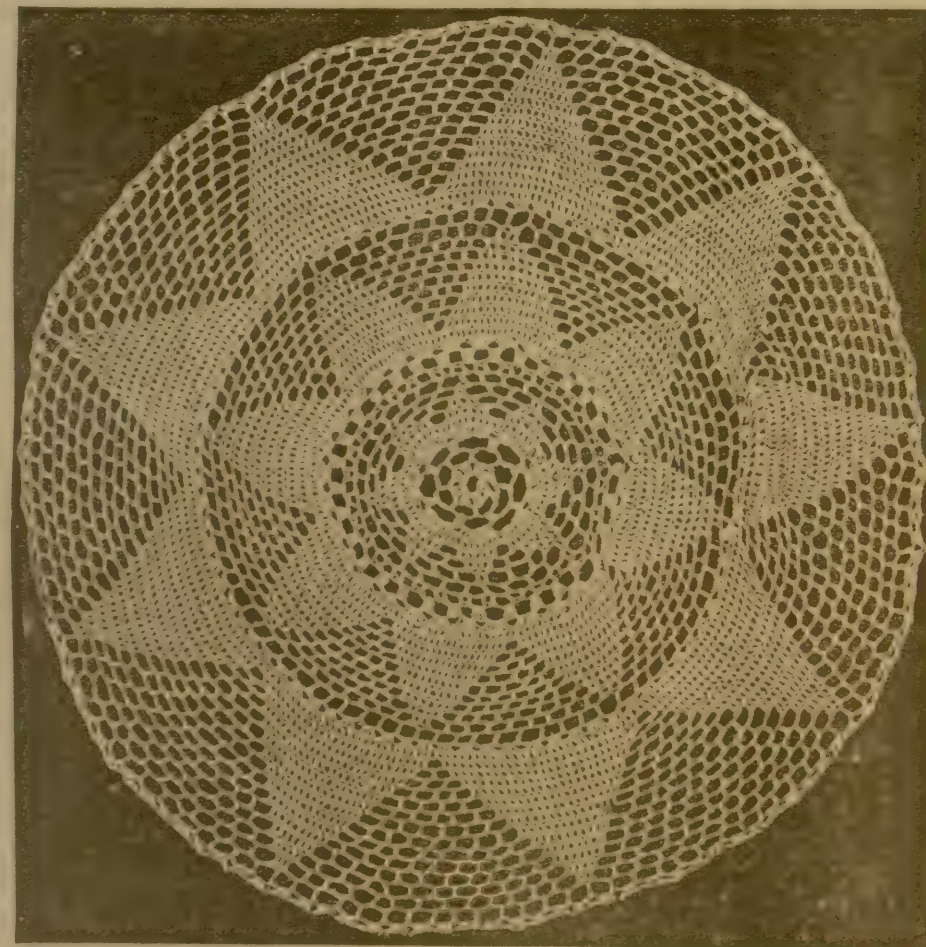


CIRCULAR DOILY WITH CROCHETED EDGE.

previous row. Repeat all around, fasten in ch. 1. NIDA HOPE.

Crocheted Table Mat

Begin with the open work in the center of the mat by making a chain of 28 stitches; a double in the 5th chain from the needle, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in to every second chain until four are made, which makes five in all and is the start of one point; chain 13 and work the same as first point; without any chain now make a double in the same place as the last double of first point was made, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in every second chain to the end of



POINTED WHEEL PATTERN DOILY.

string which makes seven in all not counting the points; again ch. 13 and make a point, again ch. 13 and make the last point, join with a sl. st. on base of first double.

2nd row.—Always turn as this is to be made in rib stitch and the singles must be made in the loops away from you; of course in this row where you work singles in the base of doubles you cannot. In this row a stitch is skipped on each side of a point in the indents and corners



CROCHETED TABLE MAT.

started on each point. In detail this row is as follows:—Slip stitch over 1 st. (this is to skip it) ch. 1, 7 s. c. in a row, in the 8th st. make a point or corner by working 3 s. c. in it, 1 s. c., a corner in next, 1 s. c., a corner in next, 7 s. c. in a row, skip 1 st. on each point and make 7 s. c. up next point, a corner in 8th, 1 s. c., a corner, 1 s. c., a corner, 7 s. c. in a row, skip 2 st., 13 s. c. in a row, skip 2 and make these two points like the other two, at the end skip 1 and join on first single.

3rd row.—Same as 2nd with this difference on the points, make the corners in the center of

corners and a single in each stitch between, and where you skipped 2 on the sides where the 13 singles are skip only 1 and that on the side of the point so that there are always 13 s. c. on 13 s. c.

4th row.—Same as 3rd row except on each outside corner make only 2 s. c. in place of three as it would become too full, the center point however must have three s. c. Repeat the 4th row until there are four ribs.

Open work border.—This is ch. 5, 1 s. c. in every third stitch and on the points an extra ch. 5 and 1 s. c. in last single.

2nd row.—This is done with right side of work toward you. Slip stitch up to the center of first ch. 5, now ch. 5 and slip stitch in the center of every ch. 5, again an extra ch. 5 and 1 s. c. in the points. Repeat this row twice more.

5th row.—In this row the fullness is gathered in the indents by making just 1 s. c. in top of the ch. 5 and no chains between, you must decide for yourself just how many to do like this as the mat should be perfectly flat; over the rest work ch. 2 and 1 s. c. in each ch. 5, no extra ones on the corners.

Turn and do eight rows of rib stitch again; it would take entirely too much space to go into detail and after the center is well started it should not be necessary. The necessary part is to keep the work flat and to do so you must miss a number of stitches in the deep indents in the sides until in the 8th row it is joined and you work straight across from corner to corner. The indents on the short sides are still left seven stitches deep.

Make a round of openwork with ch. 1 and 1 d. c. in every 2nd stitch with ch. 3 and an extra double on the corners. Again eight rows of singles in rib stitch making four ribs.

On this work four rows of open work as made before and finish off with a 3 chain picot in the center of each ch. 5. A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Corner Crocheted Centerpiece

The material used for this was a crocheted cotton as coarse as carpet warp, and can be bought for a few cents.

Begin with ch. 4 joined in a ring.
1st round.—Ch. 1, 8 s. c. in ring, join on first single.

2nd round.—Ch. 3, this stands for a double, 1 d. c. in next single, 1 d. c. in next single; (ch. 3 1 d. c. in the same s. c. as last d. c. was worked in 2 d. c. in next 2 s. c.) Repeat until there are

5, making 9 in a row: ch. 5, 1 s. c. on center of three, ch. 5, 2 d. c. before the doubles and one on each double and two after, ch. 5, 1 s. c. on center of 3, ch. 5, 9 d. c., ch. 3.) Repeat 4 times.
17th round.—(Begin with 13 d. c., ch. 2, 2 d. c. before the next doubles and 1 on each and two after; ch. 2, 13 d. c., ch. 3.) Repeat 4 times.
18th round.—Begin as before and make a d. c. on every stitch and corners same as before.
19th round.—This time around make doubles again but a ch. st. between and skip 1 d. c.
20th round.—Turn and sl. st. into the center of the corner space, ch. 7, turn again and make two crossed doubles into the corner space; do this by making every second double back of the first one, this crosses them; after this make one crossed double into each ch. 1 space, the corners



CORNER CROCHETED CENTERPIECE.

4 with ch. 3 in the center. End with two more crossed doubles in the first corner and sl. st. on the 3rd of ch. 7.

21st round.—Sl. st. to center of corner, ch. 7, 2 crossed doubles in corner and 1 crossed double on 1 below (ch. 5, skip 2 crosses, then 3 over 3) repeat to next corner; and with the 3 crossed doubles last on corner to correspond with first, ch. 3 for corner. Repeat 4 times, end with group of 3 and sl. st. on ch. 7.

22nd round.—Sl. st. to center corner, again 3 crossed doubles in a row; then (ch. 4, 1 s. c. in the center of ch. 5, below; ch. 5, 1 crossed double in center of group of 3). Repeat to next corner, ending these with 3 crossed doubles to correspond with first corner. Repeat 4 times, join on ch. 7.

23rd round.—Sl. st. to center, ch. 7, 1 crossed in corner space, 3 crossed on 3 and after, making 5 crossed in a row; (ch. 4, 3 crossed over the 1, to correspond with the second row). Repeat to corner, ending with 5 crossed doubles. Repeat from beginning 4 times.

24th round.—Sl. st. to center, ch. 7, (one crossed in corner then 1 crossed over each 1 and 2 under each ch. 4, 1 crossed on corner ch. 3.) Repeat 4 times.

25th round.—Sl. st. to center of corner, ch. 7, (double in corner space, ch. 1, 1 d. c. between each cross double and 1 on corner, ch. 3.) Repeat 4 times.

26th round.—Sl. st. to center of corner and turn the work to make it ribbed. Go around with 1 s. c. in each stitch, and 3 on center of corners.

27th round.—Turn and make like last round, but making singles in the lower loop, to this make rib. Do not work in rounds after this but back and forth eleven times on each side.

1st row.—From the corner with right side toward you, ch. 3 for a double, 6 d. c. in row on 6 s. c., (ch. 5, skip 5 s. c., then 13 s. c. in row taken through both loop of singles; ch. 5, skip 5, 7 d. c. in a row; ch. 2, skip 2, 7 d. c.) Repeat twice. This should end with the last of the 7 d. c. on the corner, making three points on the side. Turn.

2nd row.—Begin with ch. 1 and sl. st. on first d. c. then ch. 3 for a double 5 d. c. on 5 d. c. and 1 under ch. 5. This makes slant for the point, make 7 d. c. with the ch. 3. This will not be given in detail again. *Ch. 5, 11 s. c. over center of 13, ch. 5, 7 d. c. in a row, beginning with 1 before the doubles below, 6 on the d. c.; this makes the slant for the point, and is the same at this place each time; ch. 3, 1 d. c. under the ch. 2; ch. 3, 7 d. c. in a row beginning on the second d. c. and ending on the chain is same at this place each time. Repeat from * to the end.

3rd row.—Begin same as 2nd row. The order of stitches in the row will only be given this once. (7 d. c. ch. 5, 9 s. c., ch. 5, 7 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 3, double in same place, ch. 3.) Repeat for two points more leaving off for last at first ch. 3, as only two scallops are started.

4th row.—(7 d. c. ch. 5, 7 s. c., ch. 5, 7 d. c., ch. 3, 8 d. c. in center space for scallop, ch. 3.) Repeat for two points more, leaving off for last scallop.

5th row.—(7 d. c., ch. 5, 5 s. c. ch. 5, 7 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c. on each of 8 d. c. on scallop; ch. 3.) Repeat for two points more, leaving off for last scallop.

6th row.—(7 d. c., ch. 5, 3 s. c., ch. 5, 7 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on each of 16 d. c., ch. 3.) Repeat twice, leaving off last scallop.

7th row.—7 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 7 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c. on first and last 2 d. c. and one on each between on scallops, ch. 3.) Repeat twice more, leaving off last scallop.

8th row.—(7 d. c. no chains and singles this time, but 7 doubles on other side, ch. 3, doubles on the scallop to make 21, ch. 3.) Repeat twice, leaving off last scallop.

9th row.—5 d. c. over center of 7, the same over next seven, ch. 3 d. c. on first d. c. of scallop; ch. 3 and d. c. on every 3rd d. c. of scallop; ch. 3.) Repeat twice, leaving off last scallop.

10th row.—(3 d. c. over center of 5 on both sides; ch. 8, 1 sl. st. in 6th ch. from needle for a picot, ch. 2, 1 s. c. under ch. 3, repeat this chain and picot for each ch. 3 space on scallop.) Repeat twice, leaving off scallop.

11th row.—Make 4 d. c. over the center of point and draw them together on top by keeping the last loop of each on needle until the four are made then draw thread through all the loops. Ch. 5, a sl. st. on picot. (ch. 2 and 10 d. c. made into the picot, take out needle, insert on top of ch. 2 and draw last loop through, ch. 5 and sl. st. on next picot.) Repeat this for each picot on scallop, and begin again at beginning of row. At the end sl. st. down over the doubles to the corner and begin again at the first row. Do this for the four sides. At the top of the last side when finished do not sl. st. down but make the same kind of chains and picots as you had made before over the rows down and over the rows up on next side, and then behind the knobs make only the ch. 5, leaving off the picots. Do this all around and fasten off neatly.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

The Wedding at the White House

Brilliant Nuptial Festivities attending the Marriage of President Wilson's Daughter
Written Especially for COMFORT by Edna Mary Colman, of Washington, D. C.

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DAN CUPID is particularly jubilant these days. He is chuckling with glee while he sharpens up his arrow points and looks triumphantly at the last nick he has cut in his bow. He has scored the biggest victory of his life over his old antagonist, Superstition, and the sour-faced old crone is shivering and shaking in terror and rage over the outcome and her loss of prestige.

Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson, the thirteenth bride of the White House, braved all of the dire omens and evil boding signs that have held the world in thrall since prehistoric times, in her marriage plans. Not only did she utterly disregard all time-worn prophecies which have kept society, particularly the feminine portion, acquiescent, since Miss Roosevelt's marriage but she actually courted and haunted the harbinger of death and destruction by having thirteen in her bridal party.

Not only Miss Jessie, now Mrs. Sayre, but the whole Wilson family has muzzled and tamed the beasts of ill omen and they all, from the President down, consider the number 13 the family mascot, and it certainly has been intermingled very closely with the President's career, as well as the events of his private life.

After weeks of bustle and preparation, which affected the bride elect least of all, Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson became the wife of Francis Bowes Sayre, in the East Room of the White House at 4.30 P. M., Tuesday, November 25th, 1913, in the presence of a distinguished gathering of intimate friends and relatives of the two families, as well as the elite of the Official world of the United States and the notable envoys and representatives of the courts of Europe, Asia, the Orient and the Americas.

Dignified simplicity marked every detail, and over and above all of the glitter of gold lace, the sparkle of jewels, the glister and clank of swords, the delicate fragrance of the flowers, the brilliance of lights, and the gorgeous kaleidoscopic beauty of the gowns, romance cast a spell, an all enveloping glamour of heart interest which tugged at the emotions of the most blasé and world weary and wrung its full tribute of blessings and good wishes.

As the hour for the wedding approached the guests assembled in the palm-banked, flower-decked East Room where for more than a hundred years, Fate with busy fingers has been steadily weaving rosy-hued and drab-tinted threads into the tapestried history of the nation, whose principal actors have here staged the setting for their star rolls, which have run the gamut of joys and sorrows falling to the lot of man.

Here in the windows facing the Treasury building a dias was erected and on the very same spot where Nellie Grant became the bride of Algeron Sartoris, of England and "Princess Alice" Roosevelt joined her lot with that of Nicholas Longworth, the bridal altar for this ceremony had been constructed. The four big windows are draped with a lambrequin of old gold plush with curtains on either side, and wherever a loop or a fold offered artistic possibilities ropes of trailing smilax and bunches of lilies were fastened. In front of these windows the platform, approached by two semi-circular steps, had been built. The whole was covered with soft green velvet carpet which led the width of the room to the door of the corridor. Upon the platform was placed a beautiful white rug, the gift of the Minister of Peru and Madam Pezet. The prie-dieu, or kneeling bench, covered with white brocade and tied with white satin ribbons with graceful bunches of bride roses and lilies-of-the-valley, occupied the center of this white picuna fur rug, which came from Peru and is valued for the tradition which portends good luck to its owner as well as for the soft creamy fur which is more like heavy plush than anything else. Behind this, allowing just space enough for the officiating clergyman to stand, was massed a regular jungle of palms—the bridal palms of other White House brides, and a bank of ferns with great bunches of lilies. The space on both sides was roped off by white satin covered cords, and the official guests, that is the Diplomatic Corps, members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and their families were escorted to the Southern half of the great room while the general assemblage of guests were ushered into the Northern half. The aisle roped off for the bridal party was made wide enough to accommodate, on either side, the members of the immediate families.

Exactly at 4.30 o'clock President Wilson with Mrs. Wilson on his arm came down the main staircase from the family apartments and made their way to the big state dining-room where the bridal procession was forming. Mrs. Wilson paused there only a minute or two and then was escorted by Col. W. W. Harts, U. S. A., military aide to the President, and who later made the introductions to President and Mrs. Wilson, through the parlors into the East Room and up the green carpeted aisle to the front of the dias. Mrs. Sayre, mother of the bridegroom, on the arm of Lieut. Commander Needham L. Jones, U. S. N., naval aide to the President, took her place just opposite Mrs. Wilson. A fanfare of trumpets, with the last notes fading into the beautiful strains of Lohengrin's peerless wedding march played by the famous Marine Band, to whose music scores of Washington brides have been wedded, announced to the expectant throng that the wedding procession was approaching down the long corridor where every available niche and space had been filled with flowers and palms.

First came the bridesmaids, Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, younger sister of the bride, Miss Mary G. White of Baltimore, Miss Adeline Mitchell Scott of Princeton and Miss Margoline Brown of Atlanta, Ga., all daintily garbed in varying shades of pink to deep rose color and carrying great bunches of roses to match their gowns. With them walked the ushers, Benjamin J. Burton of New York, Charles Evans Hughes, Jr. of New York, Dr. DeWitt Seaville Clark, Jr. of Salem, Mass., Dr. Gilbert Horvax of Mount Clair, N. Y., all of whom were college associates of Mr. Sayre.

Next in line came Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, maid of honor, walking just ahead of the bride who was escorted to the altar by her father. President Wilson looked as serious as any father would be expected to look under the circumstances, and Miss Jessie, who has always been dubbed the beauty of the family, made a most lovely and stately bride in her soft trailing white satin and graceful tulle veil with its orange blossom fastenings.

As Miss Wilson and her attendants drew near to the dias Mr. Sayre with Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, his best man, who had come in from the Blue Room, were awaiting her and at the foot of the altar Mr. Sayre stepped forward, took his bride by the hand and led her up the low steps of the dias where the entire bridal party assembled. President Wilson had meantime stepped back to the side of his wife.

The service was a blending of the Episcopal and the Presbyterian. The Rev. Sylvester W. Beach, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton, N. J., where Miss Jessie taught a Bible class and where the Wilson family had worshipped for many years, read the service in low, clear tones and the responses were equally distinct.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The President stepped forward, took the hand of his daughter and placed it in that of Mr. Sayre.

The President and Mrs. Wilson sent out cards the day after the wedding announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson, and Mr. Francis Bowes Sayre. The announcement is engraved on a double folded sheet smaller than the ones used for the wedding invitations, and has the national coat of arms embossed on the top. It reads as follows:

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON

have the pleasure of announcing

the marriage of their daughter,

JESSIE WOODROW,

to

MR. FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE,

On Tuesday, November the twenty-fifth,

nineteen hundred and thirteen,

Washington, D. C.

"I, Francis Bowes, take thee, Jessie Woodrow, to be my wedded wife," repeated the bridegroom after Dr. Beach, "and I do promise and covenant before God and these witnesses to be thy loving and faithful husband, in plenty and in want, in joy and sorrow, in sickness and in health as long as we both shall live."

The bride repeated the same except that her responses were added, "to be thy loving, faithful and obedient wife."

Dr. Beach took the ring from Dr. Grenfell, handed it to Mr. Sayre who placed it on the bride's finger and repeated the pledge of "con-

stant faith and abiding love." The bride took her ring from her maid of honor and, as she too repeated a pledge of faith and love, placed it upon the finger of her husband.

As they knelt on the satin covered bench the Rev. John Nevins Sayre, brother of the bridegroom, and missionary to China, pronounced with benediction. The couple rose, shook hands with the clergyman and to the triumphant strains of Mendelssohn's way down the long corridor to the Blue Room. After the briefest few minutes for the families to shower their blessings upon the young people President and Mrs. Wilson took their places near the door with Mr. and Mrs. Sayre and received the good wishes of the guests.

at the conclusion of which the bridal party went to the private dining room where the table, with its big cake, was a dream of beauty in pink roses and soft shaded lights.

The collation for the guests was served in the State dining-room which presented a scene of festivity long to be remembered by the participants. Delicacies were served from three mahogany console tables supported by large carved eagles over and around which the silver chandeliers and the eight silver electric side lights cast their brilliance. The masses of ferns, cysanthemums and pink roses banked on mantels and in windows made a background which enhanced the beauty of this famous room and brought into bold relief the table decorations and appointments.

This repast, which was the same as was served



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BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DRESSED FOR THE WEDDING.

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The cake itself was a splendid sample of confectioner's skill. It was made in New York by a celebrated French pastry cook and was constructed in two layers. It was two and one half

feet high, three feet in circumference, weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds and its cost is placed at five hundred dollars.

When Mrs. Sayre retreated up-stairs to prepare for the first stage of the wedding journey she paused a minute at the landing, half way to the top, and with a mischievous smile to send her bouquet of bride roses and lilies-of-the-valley with its cascades of blossoms and buds and streamers of gauze ribbon down into the gay little group gathered in the corridor below. Either by Mrs. Sayre's intention or Cupid's design the bouquet fell into Miss Margaret Wilson's hands and forthwith began predictions and prophecies of another White House bridal with another of the Wilson girls as the principal figure.

In the meantime the ropes had been removed and the young people with the aid of the Marine Band began a delightful dance which lasted well into the evening.

The bridal music was particularly fine and was arranged under the direction of Miss Margaret Wilson, the musician of the family, and consisted of the following program which included the "Marche Nuptiale," composed by Ethelbert Nevin, a cousin of the bridegroom:

1. Overture "Festival" Reinecke
2. "Rustle of Spring" Binding
3. (a) "Torch dance of the Brides of Kashmir" chmbr
- (b) Wedding Procession (from "The Fera-mors") Rubinstein
4. Serenade Drigo
5. Marche Nuptiale Nevin
6. Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin" Wagner
7. Wedding March Mendelssohn
8. Bridal song and Serenade from "The Rural Wedding" Symphony Goldmark
9. Spanish Dances, Nos. 1 and 3 Moszkowski
10. Serenade "Spring Morning" Lacombe

About eight o'clock the wedding journey was begun. After the hurried good bys the young people went through the basement corridor, the one the President uses daily in going to his office, and gained the rear door of the executive office building. Here, hidden by shrubbery, Secretary Tumulty's automobile, less conspicuous than the monogrammed White House limousines, awaited them. With the assistance of the police, who were everywhere on guard, the chauffeur managed to outdistance the newspaper taxicabs which had glimpsed the bridal couple and were bent on following. The police, forewarned, stopped the trailers and the young people thereupon successfully lost themselves to the public until they turned up for luncheon in Baltimore on Thanksgiving Day, and later motored over to the White House for dinner with the Presidential family.

Next in interest to the White House bride herself, at least to the women of the land, is her trousseau. In the opinion of critics Mrs. Sayre's wedding outfit, though modest, has been designed with artistic skill and carried out with materials whose elegance and quality make her gowns appropriate for all occasions. She planned her clothes to fit the wants of a college professor's wife with ample provision for occasional jaunts to Washington and New York. The wedding gown was made of lustrous white satin, a product of the now-famous Patterson, N. J. mills and was adorned with rare point lace, an heirloom in Mrs. Wilson's family. It was fashioned along the prevailing draped mode, slightly loose back and front, and the bodice was embroidered in a delicate design of orange blossom which outlined the open neck and extended down the side of the skirt; the sleeves were also finished off with the same design from which fell a deep frill of lace. The folds of the skirt were caught here and there with tiny clusters of orange blossoms, and the full court train, which was fastened at the shoulder, was also adorned with this traditional wedding flower. The full length veil was the finest French tulle and completely enveloped the bride. It was arranged from a lace cap which was fastened closely to the golden hair of the bride and was adorned with sprays of orange blossoms. Tiny clusters of the flowers were caught in the veil to the very hem. Mrs. Sayre's only jewel was a diamond pendant and chain, the gift of her husband.

Her traveling suit was a girlish costume of hunter's green zibeline, with a waist in the shade of charmeuse. It was ornamented with embroidery in green tones and a brightening shade. Her hat was of green moire of which stiff velvet bows made the trimming.

Besides her traveling suit Mrs. Sayre has two tailored suits in her trousseau—one of blue velvet trimmed with white fox and the other of velour de laine, made with draped skirt, draped coat and collars and cuffs of brown fox. With this she has a blue velvet hat trimmed with fur and a tiny spray of roses. These two suits, a three-piece afternoon costume, an afternoon and an evening dress are the only Paris made gowns in her trousseau. The three-piece suit is of Dresden blue chiffon brocaded in velvet, with a knee deep hem of plain blue in the same shade, a draped coat of plain velvet finished with collar and cuffs of white fox fur. The dinner gown is one of the handsomest in the outfit and is made of soft ivory-white velvet which is draped to the figure with all the grace of satin. This gown has no trimming and very little drapery to the skirt which has a slight train. The sash is of the new shadow embroidery which material with chiffon comprises the waist.

The Paris evening gown of creamy white satin has a double tunic of chiffon and Spanish lace. The chiffon falls to the knees and is edged with tulle and the handsome Spanish lace is only a few inches shorter. The bodice which is cut in a V is made entirely of Spanish lace and has supplementary sleeves of tulle.

One of the dresses, which was planned by the bride, is a pale blue satin made with a long draped train and semi-decollete. Gold shot chiffon and tulle are draped about the waist and an unwired short tunic of the chiffon has a perky ruffle of the tulle. With this is worn a girdle of old rose velvet.

Another feature of this trousseau, which bears the ear marks of the loving thought of mother and sisters, is the quantity of dainty hand-embroidered waists and lingerie. Mrs. Wilson put in much of her time at Cornish this summer on these things.

The bridesmaids wore gowns of pink charmeuse blending from deep rose to the palest pink. The gowns were made with draperies of chiffon to match the charmeuse and tunics of silver. They wore hats of pink moire velvet and silver lace. Miss Margaret Wilson, the maid of honor, wore a gown of pale pink charmeuse made similar to those of the bridesmaids. Her hat like the others was of pink moire velvet and she carried an armful of pink roses.

Mrs. Wilson, mother of the bride, was particularly handsome in a gown of ecru velvet brocaded chiffon, adorned with ecru lace and mink-tail trimming. The skirt was draped to one side of the front with a cascade of lace falling to the bottom of the skirt, and was finished with a long sash of lace at the back outlined with mink-tail fur. The bodice was of lace draped over old blue and gold brocade. The corsage bouquet of French roses completed the costume.

Mrs. Robert Sayre, mother of the bridegroom, wore purple velvet trimmed with point lace; and diamond ornaments and a black hat trimmed with fur.

The bridegroom, best man and the ushers, like the President, all wore the conventional afternoon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

The Wedding at the White House

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

clothes while the President's naval and military aides were garbed in their full dress uniforms as were also the army and naval officers who were guests. The Diplomatic corps were resplendent in all the bravery of gold lace, jeweled orders and the picturesque court dress of their native lands, and Rev. Dr. Beach, in his collegiate dress with his white silk hood, offered a decided note of contrast to the Reverend Nevin in his white Episcopal surplice.

The romance which culminated in the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Sayre began about two years ago at a house party at the home of Mr. Sayre's aunt, Miss Blanche Nevin of Lancaster, Penn. Their mutual ideals and community of interests and love for social work acted as a magnet drawing them closer together and cemented the bond of congeniality from which it was but natural that a deep and reciprocal love should grow. A result their betrothal was announced publicly last July.

Mr. Sayre is twenty-eight years old and his bride is twenty-six. Both are of the same height, tall and blonde. Mr. Sayre comes of an old Pennsylvania family which dates back to 1634. Robert Heysham Sayre, father of Francis, died in 1907 in his eighty-fourth year. He had built the Lehigh Valley Railroad and was later assistant to its president. He had founded, and was general manager of the Bethlehem Steel Works. He was president of the Board of Trustees of Lehigh University.

The mother, Mrs. Martha Finley Nevin Sayre still lives at Lancaster, Pa. Her father, John Williamson Nevin was president of Franklin and Marshall College. She is descended from Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, one of the framers of the Constitution. Her brother, the late Robert J. Nevin, was head of the American church at Rome, Italy, and Ethelbert Nevin, the composer, was her cousin.

Mr. Sayre went to Williams College in 1905, finishing his course in three and a half years. He was graduated in 1909 at the head of his class and won the Phi Beta Kappa key, a trinket symbolical of merit, which his wife also won in her college days. He managed the football team, organized a good government club to study municipal government, and took trips with members of that club to sociological institutions to study child labor and other problems of social welfare.

He went as the personal assistant to Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell to do hospital work along the coast of Labrador in 1909, and it was in those days, when young Sayre joined him in holding services on the rocks for the Labrador fishermen, that an affection and close friendship developed, which was reflected in the selection of Dr. Grenfell as best man at the wedding.

When returning from the Grenfell camp that year Sayre missed his steamer, but found the Arctic ship, Roosevelt, with Peary aboard, at Battle Harbor, and acted as secretary for the explorer. Another time in New Foundland, he tramped one hundred miles in ten days with a friend. They could not keep the route planned, and after much suffering from black flies in the forest underbrush reached the habitation of a friendly hermit, exhausted from want of food and rest. Sayre's companion on this expedition was Dr. DeWitt Seville Clark, Jr. of Salem, Mass., one of the ushers at the wedding.

Once the same two traveled twenty-three hundred miles down the Yukon river in Alaska. When they got to Nome they wanted to get to Siberia across the Behring Strait. They were told it could not be done, but they set out in a fifteen ton schooner, which they happened to pick up, and after a thrilling adventure in a deep fog found themselves off the coast of Asia. Sayre got as far North as 66 degrees. For the past year Mr. Sayre has been in the office of the District Attorney in New York from which he has resigned. After his honeymoon, which is being spent in Europe he will take up his duties as assistant to President Garfield of Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass. Mr. Sayre has had all the advantages of travel which wealth can provide having been pretty much all over the world. He will inherit an ample fortune, and the Alabama Coal mines, where he spent a year of his career, are family possessions.

Mrs. Sayre has been so absorbed in her work in the cause of social welfare that she has spent but little time in the social life of Washington. She was born in Greenville, Ga., but ever since she was five years old has called Princeton "home". Her education went on like her sister's until her twelfth year, under a German governess, supplementing the training in which Mrs. Wilson took first hand. After Princeton's schools, Mrs. Sayre went to Goucher's College, Baltimore. There she began her settlement work. That is said to have been a compromise as, it is believed, she really wanted to go into the foreign missionary field.

Her first assignment as a settlement worker was in the Kensington mill district in Philadelphia, where she stayed two years. Mrs. Sayre's work in the settlements of Philadelphia, and her close study of social problems, have made her a believer in woman suffrage.

She is a good housekeeper. She can cook, sew, do fancy work, trim hats, remodel gowns, and is expert in all the other feminine tasks to which busy fingers are bent. Her bridal finery included many homemade and home-decorated articles. She also is an accomplished linguist, writer of note and clever public speaker.

The invitations to and announcements of the wedding, sent out at the expense of arm of the United States at the top, were plain enough for any private family. The list of invited guests to the wedding contained less than seven hundred names. It included, besides the relatives and intimate friends of the two families the members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court, Diplomatic Corps, the New Jersey delegation in Congress, the leaders in Congress of the big political parties, excepting the "Bull Moose", and their families.

Senator Kern of Indiana, by virtue of being the titular leader of the Democrats in the Senate, was asked while Senator Gallinger represented the Republicans. Senator Clark of Arkansas, was invited because of his position as President pro tempore of the Senate. Speaker Clark was asked as presiding officer of the House, Representative Underwood, because he is the majority leader in the House, and Representative Mann because he is the Republican leader. Among the many other notable guests were the Admiral of the Navy and Mrs. Dewey, Admiral and Mrs. Peary and Miss Peary; the Chief of Staff of the Army, Gen. Leonard Wood; the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, Mr. William F. McCombs and his bride; Miss Mabel Boardman, president of the National Red Cross; Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Resident Commissioner of the Commission on Industrial Relations; Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port of New York and Mrs. Malone, and some coworkers of the young couple in social service and Y. W. C. A.

The gowns and jewels of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were of their customary gorgeousness while the ladies of the Supreme Court maintained in their toilettes a stately elegance.

Much eagerness was evinced over the appearance of the ladies of the Cabinet, as this was the first big formal function which President Wilson's Cabinet had attended as a whole.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, wife of the Secretary of State, wore a becoming toilet of deep violet velvet, the bodice of exquisite lace giving a relief of color, and like the rest of the costume, including the velvet hat, was trimmed with bands of Siberian squirrel.

Miss Noma McAdoo, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, wore a costume of blue velvet which was exceedingly becoming to her blonde beauty, the small hat with plumes being of the same shade of blue.

Mrs. Lindley M. Garrison, wife of the Secretary of War, was exceedingly modish in a gown of sage green poplin with bands of sable on the

draped skirt, the bodice composed almost wholly of chiffon and lace, with bands of the same fur. Her hat of sage green velvet was trimmed with fur and plumes.

Mrs. Albert Sydney Burleson, wife of the Postmaster General, wore a black crepe de chine gown, draped in modish lines with old rose moire introduced in long lines, and touches of white lace on the corsage, with orange velvet girdle, and a black velvet hat with plumes.

Miss Lucy Burleson wore gray crepe de chine, with a cherry-colored jacket of taffeta trimmed with fur and a black hat trimmed with bands of ermine and pink.

Miss Sidney Burleson was attired in a white crepe de chine trimmed with taffeta ruffles and fur. She wore a black picture hat.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, wore a charming afternoon toilet of amethyst velvet fringed with fox fur, hat of the same shade velvet trimmed in fur, and a cluster of violets.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, had on a blue brocade silk gown with long velvet cloak, velvet hat, with citron plumes.

Mrs. David Houston, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, wore an exceedingly handsome black velvet suit, with cream lace blouse, combined with brocade chiffon, hat of black velvet trimmed in a band of fitch fur and a tall aigrette.

Mrs. William C. Redfield, wife of the Secretary of Commerce, wore a becoming demi-toilette of heavy plum-colored silk and chiffon, the latter run in silver threads and embroidered in the same tones. This was made in draped model, worn with a velvet hat to match, trimmed with sable fur and roses.

Mrs. William B. Wilson, wife of the Secretary of Labor, wore a gown of taupe matelasse poplin trimmed with cut steel and showing a soft tone of lavender under the lace of the bodice. She wore a small black velvet hat, with plumes.

Miss Agnes Hart, Wilson's costume was of robin's egg blue crepe meteor, the bodice of gold threaded lace made over soft yellow chiffon, with a little velvet of a deep tone, forming small revers. A small black velvet hat, with an aigrette in yellow shades, finished the costume.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sayre set up housekeeping in Williamstown they will carry with them an array of bridal presents such as only a White House wedding could call forth. They vary in elegance and costliness from the tiny beaded hand-made purse from the four-year-old cousin of the bride to the twenty-five hundred dollar diamond necklace presented by the House of Representatives. Following is a list of a few of the important ones.

From the United States Senate, a silver service of Colonial design, costing one thousand dollars, and comprising a tea set of five pieces, a water kettle, a tray, a chocolate pot, an ice cream dish, two compotes, and four candlesticks. Besides this, many senators gave individual presents.

From the House of Representatives, each member contributing five dollars, a pendant and chain of diamonds, eighty-five stones set around a large yellow diamond in the center of an ornament. The large stone is six and one quarter carats in weight and perfect in cut.

From the United States Supreme Court, a large silver centerpiece, carved, bowl-shaped, standing about nine inches from the base, with a raised silver wire flower holder on the top.

The President and Mrs. Wilson—A set of dining-room furniture.

Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan—A mahogany tea table and chair.

Secretary of War and Mrs. Garrison—An old Chinese vase.

Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Houston—Old English andirons.

Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson—Empire silver vase.

The Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson—A gem-studded bracelet.

Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Redfield—A china fish set.

The President of Guatemala—A silver centerpiece.

The French ambassador and Mme. Jusseurand—A silver tray.

The German ambassador and Countess Von Bernstorff—Antique sugar and cream set.

The Italian ambassador and Marchesa Cusani—Four silver candlesticks.

The Spanish minister and Mme. Riano—A silver bowl.

The British ambassador and Lady Spring-Rice—A case of gold coffee spoons.

The Russian ambassador and Mme. Bakmeteff—Carved umbrella handle studded with gems.

The minister of Uruguay and Mme. de Pena—A jewel box.

The minister of Costa Rica and Mme. Calvo—Flowers.

The minister of the Dominican Republic and Mme. de Peynado—Flowers.

The minister of Peru and Mme. Pezet—A rug.

The minister of Bolivia and Mme. Calderon—Flowers.

The Swedish minister and Mme. Ekengren—Flowers.

The minister of Belgium and Mme. Havenith—Flowers.

The admiral of the navy and Mrs. Dewey—A silver vase.

Representative and Mrs. James R. Mann—A cloisonne vase.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie—A dozen solid silver dinner plates.

Dr. De Witt S. Clark, an usher—An antique mirror.

The New Jersey delegation in the Senate and House—Two Persian rugs.

The minister of Guatemala and Mme. Mendez—A piece of silver.

The minister of Nicaragua and Mme. Chamorro—A piece of silver.

The minister of Colombia and Mme. Betancourt—A piece of silver.

Mrs. Robert H. Sayre, mother of the bridegroom—A silver tea set.

Miss Alice Nevin—A pair of silver lamps.

The minister of Siam and Princess Prabandh—Silverware.

Some Presents from Unexpected Sources

White knitted hammock, made and presented by William West, an inmate of the Aid Association for the Blind.

An original poem, "The Wedding Bell," by the Rev. W. J. Shaw, pastor of the Methodist church at Washington, Mass.

Two rag carpets.

A sewing machine.

Five bushels of Bermuda onions.

A fifty-pound cheese.

Six boxes of soap.

Two washtubs.

A washing machine.

Coal sootles.

Brushes, pails, etc.

Huge sack of black walnuts.

Barrel of fine apples.

Barrel of potatoes.

Elderdown quilt.

The fact that Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall were absent from the wedding occasioned comment, particularly as Miss Jessie was a favorite of Mrs. Marshall. For sometime prior to the ceremony the Vice President and his wife were visiting Mrs. Marshall's parents in Arizona and did not reach Washington until several days after the wedding. Before her departure for the West Mrs. Marshall made for Miss Jessie a hand-embroidered robe and on their way home purchased and sent from Indianapolis a beautiful set of things as their expression of good will to the young couple.

For their future home the young people have chosen a Colonial cottage at Williamstown, Mass., whose spacious rooms and beautiful view was the cause of its selection by Mrs. Wilson and the prospective bride and bridegroom during the summer months.



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A Girl in a Thousand

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

when Cuthbert, the second son of the last branch of the family, reached his majority and realized the empty condition of the Ashburton coffers, he informed his father that he was going to institute a new departure and go forth into the world to seek his own fortune.

He had no desire, he said, to sit idly down and play the part of a Southern gentleman upon an impoverished plantation; and, although such a proceeding was regarded as detracting somewhat from the dignity of the family and the prestige of the old name, he persisted in his determination, boldly started out for himself and located in Philadelphia, where he entered the law office of an eminent barrister, with whom he studied diligently for four years; living meantime most frugally upon a small sum of money that had been the legacy of a maternal aunt.

He passed a brilliant examination, and entered at once upon the duties of his profession, to which he proved himself an ornament, rising so rapidly in his career, that ere long he found himself looked up to with marked respect, and, in some instances, with envy, by those who had been much longer in the field.

He married a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of the foremost families in the city—Miss Belle Ingraham—and from the first their home became the favorite resort of a brilliant coterie whose aim was literary culture and social refinement.

Alice Ashburton was the only child of this union, and was a source of joy and pride to her parents, for she combined the best qualities of each, at least, so it seemed, in their partial eyes.

Her mother lived until she was nine years of age, and to see her husband made a judge, with wealth and honor rapidly placing the favors upon him, and then she was suddenly taken from her dear ones with scarcely a moment's warning.

For five lonely years the judge remained a widower, and then married a dashing widow—a Mrs. Farquhar—who also had one daughter, and whom he had met at Atlantic City during his summer vacation.

But he was not long in awakening to the fact that he had made a sad mistake, for the woman was vain and shallow, living only for society and the enjoyment of the present moment; while her daughter, Imogen, who was two years Alice's senior, proved to be a selfish, unruly girl, who, from the first, was exceedingly jealous of his child, and took no pains to conceal the fact, and so made life anything but pleasant for the hitherto reformed and peaceful household.

Three years after her marriage an accident, which resulted fatally to Mrs. Ashburton, made the judge a second time a widower; but before she died his wife made him promise that Imogen should always find a home with him as long as she needed one.

Robert Ingraham was the son and heir of Mrs. Ashburton's only brother.

Early left an orphan, Judge Ashburton had been appointed his guardian, and had given him a home, and had superintended his education until he went away to college.

After taking his degree he greatly disappointed his guardian by manifesting no desire or ambition whatever to study a profession or engage in business. He launched out at once into society, where his handsome face, dashing manners and reckless extravagance soon made him a prime favorite with both men and women, and where he was regarded by the latter as a "great catch."

But from the first he devoted himself to his fair cousin, whom he had long secretly loved, and who, for a year or two, accepted his attentions in the same cousinly spirit in which she supposed they were offered, until her eyes were finally opened when Robert declared his absorbing affection for her and begged her to become his wife.

Then, with pained astonishment, she realized, too late, the mischief she had unwittingly done, while she kindly but firmly assured her cousin that she could never marry him.

Piqued in his pride and almost maddened by his disappointment, the young man for a time transferred his attentions to Imogen Farquhar, who had conceived a violent fancy for him immediately upon his return from college, and who now took him in earnest, which she supposed they were offered, until her eyes were finally opened when Robert declared his absorbing affection for her and begged her to become his wife.

She was not long in discovering, however, that her regard was not returned—that Robert Ingraham still loved his cousin, who seemed to have the power to sway him by her slightest look or tone; and the petty jealousy which she had hitherto entertained for her stepfather's daughter now took another form, and she began to hate her most cordially; especially when Robert, tiring of her wayward moods, resumed his attentions to Alice and she realized that she had no hold whatever upon him.

Then Roland Fletcher, a recent and brilliant graduate from Yale, came upon the scene, and she turned her arrows upon him and awakened to the fact that she had never truly loved Robert Ingraham, but that she simply worshiped her new hero.

But from the first moment of Mr. Fletcher's meeting with Alice, the fate of both was sealed for all time, and their acquaintance finally culminated in the engagement referred to in the previous chapter.

Judge Ashburton heartily approved his daughter's choice, even though he knew that Roland Fletcher was a poor young man, who had his own way to make in life, although he belonged to a good family, his mother having been the child of an eminent English physician.

But it was the man himself whom the judge admired, for a nobler, manlier fellow did not walk the earth, and he won the respect of everyone with whom he came in contact.

After graduating from college, his small patrimony having been exhausted, he had failed to find any opening which would enable him to study *materna medica*, a love of which seemed to have descended from his grandfather, and he was forced to accept a clerkship in a government department, with the hope that, in time, it might lead to something better.

He proved himself so faithful and trustworthy in this position that he attracted the attention of a high official who hinted to him that, if he was favorably disposed, he could become his private secretary, upon the expiration of the term for which the present incumbent of the position had been hired.

Young Fletcher was "favorably disposed," for the outlook was decidedly encouraging, the salary considerable more than he had been receiving, while his duties would put him in the way of learning much in connection with political affairs which might become very valuable to him in the future.

Thus, when this good turn in fortune's wheel came to him, he went to Judge Ashburton, in a manly fashion, and confessed his love for his daughter. He spoke frankly of his present poverty, but told him of his prospects and that at the end of a year he believed he would be able to provide comfortably for Alice, while his life should be devoted to her happiness.

The judge grasped his hand and shook it cordially.

"I know that you will make her happy, my young friend," he said with his genial smile. "For I have not been blind to Cupid's pranks during the last few months, and you shall have the dear girl with my heartfelt benediction at the end of the year you stipulate. What if you are poor in this world's goods?—you will come out all right—you cannot fail to, imbued with the energy and honor you manifest. I had my own way to make in life and I can appreciate your position, while I admire the ambition and determination to rise, which you exhibit, and which cannot fail of success."

And so the lovers were pledged, the contract ratified by the fond father and the engagement publicly announced.

Robert Ingraham, assured that his case was hopeless, suddenly betook himself to Europe, thus

relieving them of his accusing and uncomfortable presence.

Imogen Farquhar, to all outward appearance, resigned herself to the inevitable and never again resented Alice, by word or look, of her unrequited affection for her lover.

Nevertheless, she secretly nursed both her love and her hate with a persistence worthy a far better object.

Thus the year sped swiftly and happily for the lovers until within a month of the wedding, when Robert Ingraham returned as suddenly as he had departed.

His uncle had mentioned in one of his letters the date of Alice's approaching marriage, and as he knew nothing of the rupture between the cousins—had remarked that he hoped the family might all be together to celebrate the event.

So the young man came, assuming a reckless, "devil-may-care" manner, and immediately began another desperate flirtation with Imogen.

But he found the sight of the lovers' happiness more than he could endure, and one day, just one week before the day set for Alice's nuptials, he announced to the judge that he and Imogen would be quietly married on the following morning and sail for Europe two days later.

It was a great surprise to all, and Judge Ashburton protested against such indecent haste just at that time; but the plan was carried out notwithstanding, no one save the family and a few intimate friends being asked to witness the ceremony, which occurred in the chapel of the church where they were accustomed to attend, Imogen absolutely refusing to be married at home.

The young couple left immediately for New York and sailed on Saturday, as they had planned, for England.

The following Wednesday the grand wedding at Judge Ashburton's fine residence was celebrated, and after a short tour of the Great Lakes, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Fletcher returned to Philadelphia and took up their abode with the bride's father, who declared that, as long as they remained in the city, he could not think of being separated from his only child; and as can be well imagined they made a most congenial household.

It was a great relief to Alice to have Imogen away, although she never voiced the feeling to anyone; but she had always been conscious of an undercurrent of constraint, in spite of the girl's efforts to conceal her jealousy and ill will, which she deemed it policy to do until the right moment should come for her to be avenged; and so the fair young wife was as happy as the day was long, in her dear old home and with her doting father and noble, devoted husband for companions.

Previous to his marriage Mr. Fletcher had been installed in his new position, as private secretary to the official before referred to, and found it very congenial to his tastes, while as he proved himself to be a most valuable and efficient helper to his employer.

Two delightful years passed thus, when suddenly the young man's employer was ordered abroad.

This was sad news to Alice, who felt greatly tried to be obliged to leave her father so alone; but, of course, her place was with her husband and the break must be made.

But she tried to comfort herself with the knowledge that their capable housekeeper, who had been with them ever since the death of the second Mrs. Ashburton, would do everything for her father's comfort, just as faithfully as if she were there to superintend, and so the young couple sailed away to new scenes and new duties in a far-off country.

Nothing had been heard from Robert Ingraham and his wife since their departure; neither had written one word to the kind and generous man who had opened his heart and home and given them a father's care and protection for so many years, and who often found himself wondering if he could have neglected his duty to them in any way that they should have grown to manhood and womanhood, with so little evidence of moral responsibility.

No one appeared to know anything of their whereabouts—they seemed literally to have dropped out of existence as far as their former friends were concerned.

Alice thought that, possibly, she might run across her cousin and wife during her own sojourn abroad; but she did not, and if the truth were told, neither she nor her husband regretted the fact.

They went first to the Island of Sicily, where they remained nearly a year, when they were ordered to Rome and where, soon after, their little girl was born.

The young mother never recovered her health after this event. A terrible fever attacked her when her little one was only a few weeks old, and she was ill for a long time. When she finally began to rally physically, her mind had become so weakened her physician ordered her to be placed in a famous retreat in Rome; but gave little hope that she would ever recover her mental faculties.

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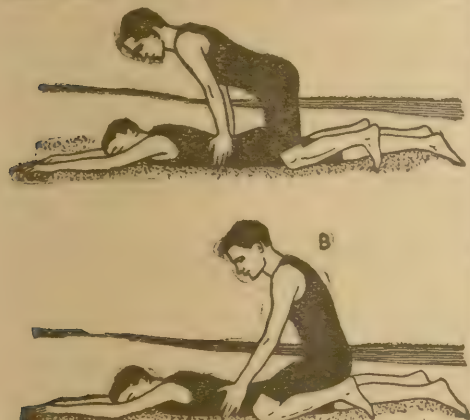
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Boy Scout First Aid and Life Saving

PERHAPS the grandest and noblest feature of the Boy Scout movement is the practical training in First Aid and Life Saving it imparts to youngsters. In this, more than in any other branch of its manifold activities, is its motto "Be Prepared" exemplified. Think of the vast amount of good that an army of over 300,000 lads scattered throughout the country, and trained to meet nearly every kind of accident and emer-



METHODS OF RESUSCITATION.

gency can accomplish. Is it not an admirable project? And yet there are those who sneer at its value and call it vain glory and hero worship. To my mind, it is inconceivable how anyone can persist in that opinion when it is a known fact that already over 100 awards for actual life saving have been made to valiant Scouts, and that thousands of victims of minor accidents have gratefully received their skillful ministrations in time of direct need.

The slogan of the Scouts is "Do a good turn every day," and many of the conscientious knights of today practice the little trick of leaving their neckties hang outside their coats until they have made themselves right with the order by performing their daily good turn. During the past two years it has become a custom for Boy Scouts to take part in public functions and large gatherings of people everywhere. This is an excellent method of bringing the movement to the attention of the public, and the fine part of it is that the Scouts, although decidedly picturesque in their natty uniforms, are not thrust forth as toy soldiers to be petted and gazed at, but are put to work performing such useful and humane work as escorting the aged and infirm across crowded streets, directing strangers to their destinations, restoring stray children to distracted parents, assisting local police in keeping the human stream moving at congested points, quelling incipient fights among youngsters, and last but not least in rendering tactful and efficient first aid to persons stricken down by the heat or accidentally.

A full-fledged Scout possesses accurate and thorough knowledge of what to do in all ordinary emergencies. More than that, he has, in his practice, learned how to use this knowledge, and has actually done the things that will be required of him in real cases of trouble. He must demonstrate this ability before he can become a first-class Scout.

To prove that it is no insignificant accomplishment to successfully meet the requirements of this test, I herewith print the list of things a candidate must know. To begin with, he must be versed in advanced First Aid, must know the method of panic prevention, what to do in fire, ice, gas and electric accidents, how to help in case of a runaway horse, a mad dog or snake bite, treatment for dislocation, unconsciousness, poisoning, fainting, apoplexy, sunstroke, heat exhaustion or freezing, know treatment for sunburn, ivy poisoning, bites and stings, nosebleed, earache, toothache, inflammation or grit in eye, cramps, stomachache and chills, and perhaps most important of all, must demonstrate artificial respiration. Respiration means breathing. Isn't it true that 300,000 lads able to do those things are a great power for good. Imagine how proud you would feel, even though you are not a member, if you were able to do those things in case of necessity. If you wish to make a beginning in this direction, get a few of your friends, and practice the methods explained in this article, until you feel that you are proficient. You can learn a lot more from the official handbook, as it is designed to fit you for first-class membership.

The first thing a Scout should learn is the method of resuscitation or bringing to a person who has been taken from the water, apparently drowned. To be effective, no time must be lost in getting to work. Even a minute's delay may cost a life. The picture that we present shows the Schaefer or prone method. The patient is laid on the ground, arms extended above head, face downward and slightly to one side to prevent closing of air passages. The operator kneels astride or at the side of patient and lets his hands fall into the spaces between the short ribs, as shown. He then lets the weight of his upper body fall gently but firmly upon his hands, thus contracting the chest walls and forcing all water out of lungs. Pressure is then suddenly relaxed, which permits air to enter lungs. This simple motion of pressing slowly and relaxing quickly twelve to fifteen times a minute is really all there is to it. By it artificial respiration is produced and natural breathing follows if the patient has a spark of life in him. Sometimes it is necessary to work steadily for two hours before the prostrate figure shows a sign of life. Then your greatest skill will be required to fan



CHAIR CARRY FOR PATIENT.

the spark of life into flame. The same motion is gone through, but with greater care and only at intervals when the patient falters, and gasps and seems unable to take in a regular and full breath. When you are certain that he breathes properly, run the legs and body toward the head. When the patient is able to swallow, and this can only be determined by trial, give as a stimulant a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, mixed with a half glassful of water. As ammonia, mixed with a half glassful of water, kept such as possible he should be put to bed and kept quiet and warm. Always send for a doctor at the first opportunity but pending his arrival,

do all you can for the stricken person. Remember that he needs air more than anything, so do not crowd around and prevent his getting some in abundant quantities.

The best way to carry the patient or anyone suffering from severe injury is on a stretcher. Of course you cannot take one with you wherever you go, but you can do something just as good, and that is have with you the knowledge of how to quickly make one out of a couple of poles and two coats. Here is the way it's done. Turn the coats inside out and lay them on the ground, tails together and open side up. Shove poles through the sleeves and button coats. The patient rests upon the side free from buttons. In order not to jounce him avoid walking in step. One should start out with the right foot while the other starts with the left. Another good way for two bearers to carry a patient is called the chair carry. It is formed by two persons joining hands in the manner shown in the small picture. In the position shown the hands form a seat for the patient, who steadies himself by holding on to the bearers' necks.

As it may be necessary sometime for a single Scout to carry a helpless comrade he should learn the fireman's lift, which is illustrated herewith. It is designed to enable a rather weak lad to lift and carry a helpless person, so in order to get the most good out of it, you must practice carefully and follow directions to the letter. The Scout first turns the patient face down and then steps astride his body facing patient's head. He now places his hands under armpits and lifts the injured man to a kneeling position, then clasping hands over his stomach, raises him to his feet. He, then, with left hand seizes patient's left wrist and draws patient's left arm around his (the bearer's) neck and holds it against his left chest, the patient's left side resting against his body, and supports him by placing right arm about waist. The operator now, with his left hand seizes the right wrist of the patient and draws the arm over his head and down upon his (bearer's) shoulder. Then stepping in front of patient he stoops and clasps right thigh with his right arm passed between the legs, his right hand seizing the patient's right wrist; lastly, the Scout with his left hand, grasps the patient's left hand and steadies it against his side when he arises. After you follow the directions a few times you will remember the different steps and

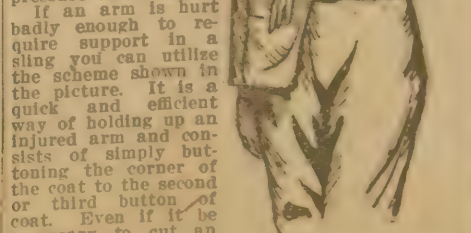


THE FIREMAN'S LIFT.

will be able to lift a prone lad of your own weight easily.

The diagrams A and B on lower part of picture show the well-known tourniquet or tight bandage, which is used to stop rapid loss of blood from a deep cut. If a vein is cut the blood will come in a steady stream and will be rather dark in color. A pad firmly bandaged on the bleeding point will stop the blood will be bright red and an artery is cut the blood will be bright red and an artery will pulsate or come in jerks, and in such case the tourniquet may be necessary and be placed on the heart side of the wound. It must never be left in place more than an hour. Remove it and if the blood begins to issue from the wound again, replace bandage. A large handkerchief or a towel is the most likely thing you will have with you for this purpose. Waste no time in placing it around the wounded arm or leg and tie the ends securely. A stick is now inserted between cloth and flesh and is twisted until the bandage is amply tight. If a large artery is cut, it will be necessary to place a round stone or some such object directly over it to increase the pressure of the cloth. A button, closed knife, watch or compass would answer this purpose, if the case is a desperate one. In the arm, the course of the large artery is down the inner side of the big muscle of the upper arm, about in line with the seam of the coat. The large artery of the leg runs down from the center of a line from the point of the hip to the middle of the crotch and is about in line with the inner seam of the trousers. Pressure should be applied three inches below the crotch. Press first with fingers you can locate it by the regular beat, and hold it firmly against bone. While you are doing this another Scout can make the tourniquet and apply pressure with same.

If an arm is hurt badly enough to require support in a sling you can utilize the scheme shown in the picture. It is a quick and efficient way of holding up an injured arm and consists of simply buttoning the corner of the coat to the second or third button of coat. Even if it is necessary to cut an emergency buttonhole in the coat corner, it will be worth while in case of necessity. To bandage a cut or wound properly one should be provided with the Red Cross first aid package. In contains the sterilized gauze which is all important. It must be remembered that when the skin is broken, the great danger lies in the possibility of infection. This means that germs and dust are liable to get into the wound



AN EMERGENCY SLING.

and cause it to fester and swell up. Blood poisoning and even death may result from such infection and the size of the wound makes little difference. Be as careful of a scratch as you would of a deep cut. An eminent authority, whom I personally interviewed to get the facts I am giving you, told me that the best thing to first apply to a fresh cut is a wash of water that has been boiled. Next, wrap it up with clean gauze and let it rest. Never touch an open cut with the fingers, or for that matter, with anything else. In washing, pour water over it. If you have nothing to bind up a wound with except a towel or handkerchief or your shirt torn into strips, use them, but remember that they must be boiled fifteen minutes to avoid danger of infection. A strictly clean, unsold handkerchief or towel may be used to bind up a wound in an emergency. On an open cut iodine is the best to use as a germ killer, on a scab, abrasion or bruise use hot water or peroxide of hydrogen. The bandage must fit snugly but not be tight enough to stop circulation. Use plenty of sterilized gauze, if you have it, and tie it up with a strip about an inch wide.

The treatment of a sprain is to raise the joint to an elevated position and apply cloths wrung out of cold or hot water. Do not move or try to walk as that will increase the injury. If something flies into your eye do not rub or touch it, until you have given the eye a chance to cleanse itself. Tears will accumulate and wash the foreign particle to the corner of the eye where it will work itself out in more than half of such cases. If this does not happen pull the upper lid over the lower two or three times, close the nostril on the opposite side and blow the nose hard. If this fails, use the dampened corner of a handkerchief to remove particle. If under the lower lid, the patient rolls his eye upward to enable you to locate speck, if under the upper lid, place a match across the middle of the lid and turn it back over match to bring the foreign particle to view. A drop of Castor oil will soothe the eye, or a bandage of steeped tea leaves, gauze covered, will allay inflammation.

In case of nosebleed apply anything cold; such as a key or piece of ice to the back of the neck. A roll of paper held under the upper lip will also help. If this fails plug nostrils with a pledget of clean cotton.

From the few hints we have herewith printed you can learn some valuable stunts. The major good that you can get out of this article, however is, that it may give you zest for information of this kind. Practice is what you need. Try to get the local doctor or nurse to be your tutor. The lifting and carrying stunts, you can practice by yourselves.

In closing, I will say that you now have before you, a visible, tangible way of acquiring the attributes of a hero.

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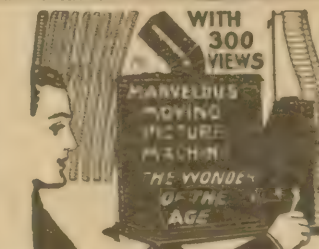
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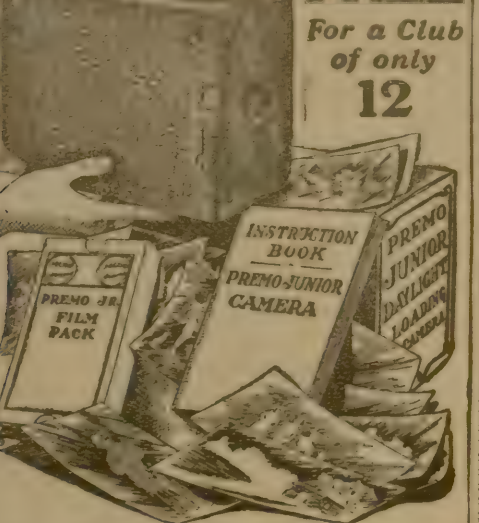
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Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

else, it don't matter—pocket your coin and do nothing for you. Cut the secretaryship business. Better go on the stage. Why, lor, you're made for it! And I say, won't you be nice and friendly, miss? Won't you join me in a regular beno of an evenin'?"

Nina left him pleading and expostulating, and made her way out into Regent Street.

Early in the afternoon as it was, the well-known thoroughfare was crowded, and she was jostled and elbowed as she made her way to the Strand. She went back to the hotel, discouraged and dismayed. She had spent a guinea at the sham registry office, and saw no prospect of employment. She was too tired, too heartsick to eat, and she spent the rest of the evening in the attic near the sky. At nightfall, weary of her solitude and the thoughts that weighed upon her like a physical burden, she went out. The streets were crowded and her solitude in the midst of the multitude was almost intolerable. She made her way to the Embankment and, leaning against the stonework which keeps the slow but mighty Thames in bounds, looked listlessly, yet longingly, at the brown water sweeping placidly toward the sea.

There, across the ocean, to which the tide was tending, was the island where she had known a happiness beyond the power of words to express. Was Vane Manning, her husband—her husband!—still there? Was he mourning for her? No! For there was the unknown woman, Judith! All his thoughts would be of her, of the woman he loved, and of whom he murmured when he slept.

She leaned her head on the cold stone and gave way to the despair which is so fitting an emotion to "the finest thoroughfare in Europe," and the most desolate, the most heartbreaking in its magnitude and solitude to one in Nina's situation.

A footfall roused her from her absorption. A woman in most unwomanly rags crept up to her, and in weak and abject tones begged of her.

"Just enough for a night's lodging, my dear!" she moaned. "I haven't slept in a Christian bed for the last three nights!"

Nina raised her head and looked at the woman. A wave of pity swept over her. How long, or rather, how soon would it be before she herself was in a similar plight? She took out her purse, and, in the light streaming from the Savoy Hotel—the strains of the supper band floated toward her on the night air—she was hunting for half a crown, when a man—the woman's accomplice—hunted against her, snatched her purse, and, with the woman, disappeared as suddenly as if they were as unsubstantial as the mist that was rising over the river. Nina uttered a cry of dismay and started after them, but a policeman who had witnessed the latter part of the familiar act stopped her with a friendly hand on her shoulder.

"No use, no use! They've got clear off into the Strand. You should never think of taking your purse out on the Embankment and, begging your pardon—as he looked suddenly at her face with its pure, distraught eyes—"this is no place for you. Shall I call a cab, miss?"

"No, no!" said Nina, bethinking herself that she had no money left. "It—it does not matter. Thank you—and good night."

The theft of her purse had left her penniless. She tried to face the situation bravely, to laugh, but the laugh would not come. Unconsciously she turned and walked up the Embankment. It was, at any rate, quiet and solitary, and she craved solitude and quiet. She had to think, to decide where she would go. She was penniless, friendless, in this great city; and already she had found how heartless it could be to the friendless and penniless.

She made her way slowly, mechanically to the Chelsea end of the Embankment. She had no thought of Polly in her mind, and it was with a gasp of surprise rather than relief that, in the garish gaslight, she saw the name of Polly's street staring at her from the end house.

Still mechanically, and half unconsciously, she

walked up the street, and, as if in a dream, stood before the house with the number Polly had given her.

By this time she was weak and faint with fatigue and excitement, and she stood swaying to and fro, and gazing at the house. At this moment a hansom cab drove up and a girl alighted, paid the cabman—after the usual dispute—and was entering the house, when her eyes fell upon the figure clinging to the railings.

Polly—for it was she—hesitated a moment, then she went up to Nina.

"Now, then," she said in a matter-of-fact voice, "what are you doing here; what is the matter?"

Nina turned her white face, and Polly uttered an exclamation of surprise and dismay.

"Miss Wood! Not here! You, and here! No, cabby, not a sixpence more! I know your fare! Off you go! Miss Wood! Oh, my dear, what has happened? Here, come in with me! Dear, dear! to think that I should find you here! And like this! Oh, come in; come in!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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November Cash Prizes Paid

133 WINNERS of November Monthly Prizes in COMFORT'S SIXTH GRAND PRIZE CONTEST have been paid the following sums, and any December prizes that they win will be paid DOUBLE to them.

E. Wagoner, Ill., 1st prize,	\$30.00	Mrs. J. B. Chastain, Ga., 6th prize,	\$5.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga., 2nd prize,	20.00	Fairlane Riley, Ky., 7th prize,	3.00
Mrs. L. J. Halley, Wash., 3rd prize,	10.00	Edna Snead, La., 8th prize,	3.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn., 4th prize,	5.00	Mary E. Doyle, Mass., 9th prize,	3.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn., 5th prize,	5.00	L. E. McCarver, N. C., 10th prize,	3.00

The Next Eight Received \$2.00 Each: Mrs. Johana Wochholz, Mich. Mrs. W. W. Knight, Ga. Mrs. H. Lake, Wis. Lora Powell, N. C. Mrs. E. F. Jones, Mich. J. Helen Regan, Ill. Mrs. Alvah Colvin, Iowa. Miss Faye Chandler, Tenn.

The Next 115 Won \$1.00 Each: Rufus L. Rollins, N. C. Mrs. J. H. Crook, Tenn. Mrs. Olive McNeil, Ohio. Mrs. Bettie Houghlin, Ky. Mrs. Otis Blount, Ga. Mrs. J. A. Williams, Wash. D. C. F. Barrett, Va. Cora J. Wilson, N. C. Eunice Montgomery, Ill. Jas. H. Shell, Mich. Mrs. Phoebe Bowman, N. J. Mrs. Belle Cunningham, Tenn. Mrs. A. G. Vanter, Ill. Martin V. Estep, Ohio. Eva Clair Moon, N. Y. Dottie Mae McBride, Texas. Mrs. M. E. Kibler, Ill. W. C. Campbell, Pa. Mrs. J. E. Bennett, N. C. Thomas A. Cherry, N. C. Mrs. L. F. Cathcart, Iowa. Edna Hopkins, Ga. Mrs. Ella Spring, N. Y. Mrs. Jane Shankwiler, Ohio. Miss Bessie Evans, Pa. Mrs. Odie Dias, Tenn. Mrs. Isabelle Fraser, Mass. Mrs. T. G. Powell, Va. Wilbur Kirk, Conn. Tenie Lindstrand, Ill. Mary Ziegler, Ill. Mrs. W. Offenbacher, Ohio. Miss Beatrice Withem, Ark. Amanda Beanes, Ark. Mrs. Johnnie Wright, Texas. Mrs. J. Kuehn, Ill. Geo. S. Ferguson, N. Y. Mrs. Hazel Hutson, Idaho. Hazel Steeves, Kans. Mrs. Hattie Clark, Mich. Miss Rosa Esch, Mich. Mrs. J. E. Hall, Okla. Mrs. W. E. Evans, W. Va. Mrs. John Frey, Va. Almee Bernier, N. J. Edna McCutchen, Ind. Mrs. Joe Wick, Ohio. Mrs. Margaret Conwell, Ind.

We are about to award and pay the December prizes and shall print the names of the winners in the February COMFORT. THIS IS A SIX-MONTHS PRIZE CONTEST, and began in November, with a separate list of Cash Prizes for each month payable each month, and a list of Grand Prizes to be paid AT THE END of six months. ONLY TWO MONTHS OF THE CONTEST HAVE PASSED. There are FOUR MONTHS LEFT YET of this PRIZE CONTEST, both for monthly prizes and for the GRAND PRIZES, so if you are not already entered, enter now for January prizes and for the GRAND PRIZES.

For Particulars See Our Grand Prize Offer on Another Page

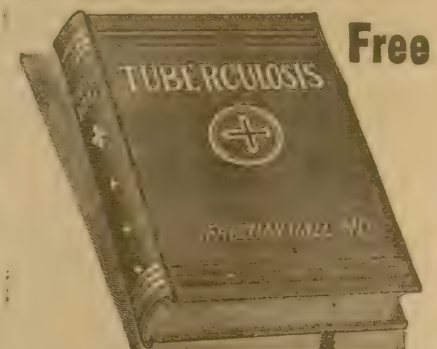
REMEMBER that if you win a monthly cash prize it helps you win one of the Grand Prizes also. REMEMBER that these monthly Cash Prizes and GRAND CASH PRIZES are not substituted for the regular club premiums. YOU ARE SURE of your REGULAR CLUB PREMIUMS ANYWAY, and all the CASH PRIZES THAT YOU WIN are that much extra, free. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. So make a try this month. Send postal for our new Premium Catalogue, mailed you free on application to COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine.

The Following 75 Women Received a Consolation or Special Prize of One Dollar Each for November

Mary West, W. Va. Susan F. Fields, Okla. Mrs. Dow A. Kinney, N. Y. Mrs. Mollie C. Robb, Ohio. Mrs. Dora Ullmann, Ohio. Mary Coolbaugh, Pa. Mrs. J. C. Bean, Texas. Miss Mattie Nutt, Kans. Mrs. J. C. Pearce, W. C. Miss Esther Reiff, Ill. Miss Clara Ayotte, N. Y. Miss Hannah M. Lynch, N. H. Loretta McGraham, W. Va. Mrs. Nora Patton, W. Va. Miss Emily F. Jones, Ky. Mrs. Morn. Comfort, Pa. Miss Emma Fonder, Ala. Mrs. Jerome Scott, N. Y. Mrs. C. L. Baker, Ga. Mrs. Jay Miller, Kans. Mrs. Juliet Phillips, Texas. Mrs. Geo. Bell, Pa. Mrs. G. T. Hatfield, Mont. Miss Annie M. Keyser, Va. Mrs. V. H. Leathers, Va. Anna McNite, Iowa. Mrs. E. DeMara, Ill. Mrs. J. R. Pierce, S. C. Mrs. Eva M. Roberts, Tenn. Mrs. Mike Ables, Wis. Mrs. W. H. Morgan, Ga. Elsie Bicker, Mich. Miss Iona Vase, S. Dak. Mrs. H. C. Ledbetter, Texas. Mrs. Zora A. Hicks, Miss. Ruth Summers, Okla. Mrs. D. L. Brower, Ohio. Ethel Mae Cochran, Ga. Mary L. Roray, Mich. Mrs. Arthur French, Wyo. Mrs. J. P. Moll, Cal. Mrs. Florence Seerist, Ohio. Miss Dorothy Reider, Ill. Levesta J. Turner, Ohio. Mrs. Melvie Yeager, Ga. Mrs. Frank Woodward, N. Y. Mrs. N. M. Bowling, Texas. Allie Bertram, Ohio. Mrs. M. J. Walker, Ill. Mary L. Brown, Ky. Miss Katie Frye, Pa. Miss Lillian Barnes, N. C. Miss Amanda Lewis, Ill. Mrs. Mary C. Mayton, Ky. Miss Alice Rose, Ky. Miss Anna Shoreshire, Mo. Miss Annie E. Spinder, Kentucky. Mrs. L. J. Schenover, Ohio. May Agnew, Ariz. Mrs. C. A. Marchand, Wash. Mrs. W. C. Farish, Ala. Mrs. C. K. Davis, N. C. Mrs. W. C. Fite, Pa. Miss Katie Labert, Mich. Emma E. Symson, Ky. Miss L. Hartman, Miss Rude (Hylen), Va. Mrs. J. R. Layton, Texas. Miss Nee Smiri, Mo. Etta Beebler, Ind. Mrs. Lucy Keniston, Ill.

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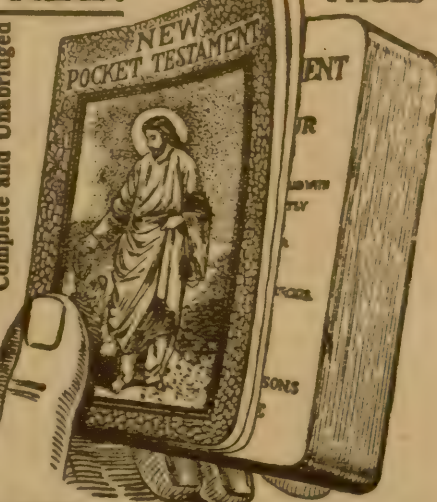
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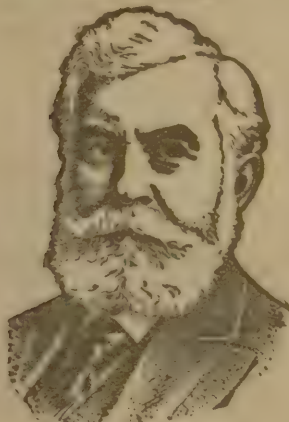
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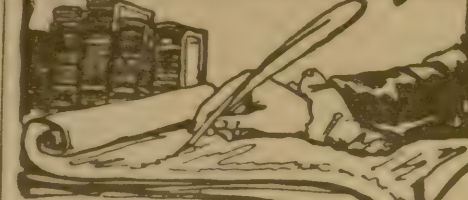
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a 16-month subscription. COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER, Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A. K., Montana.—We think the legitimacy of all children born in wedlock, is assumed; we think that upon the death of one parent, the surviving parent would have the custody and control of the children, and that the consent of the surviving parent would be necessary to the adoption of one of the children by an aunt, or any other person.

Mrs. W. M. W., Ohio.—We think that all real estate owned by two or more persons as tenants in common can be partitioned or divided in the proper action brought for that purpose, such partition would either be brought about by a physical partition or division of the land in kind, or a sale of the whole property and a division of the money proceeds of such sale; we think a creditor of one of the tenants in common can proceed against the interest of his debtor as a tenant in common in land and can compel a partition of the property. We think the costs in a partition action is a lien against the land and would be borne jointly by all the owners of the land, as such tenants in common.

M. E. D., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a life tenant under a will has no power of disposition over the remainder interest under such will, and that upon the death of the life tenant the remainder interest would go to the remainderman named in the will, irrespective of any will made by the life tenant, and irrespective of who would otherwise be entitled to receive the property under the intestacy laws; of course, the accrued income would be administered as part of the estate of the life tenant and would not go under the original will to the remainderman therein mentioned. We cannot undertake a construction of a will we have never seen, and in the will in question, we have only your statement, that your foster mother has only a life estate, and that you are entitled to the remainder of the estate; we think it wise for you to submit this will to some competent lawyer and get his opinion as to whether you have correctly construed this will, the vesting of interests under wills is, in our opinion, a much too intricate a question for the ordinary lay person to pass upon.

C. E. P., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow, but no child or descendant, no parent, no brother, no sister and no descendant of a brother or sister, the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. A. K., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man who promised to marry you, now refuses to carry out his promise, you are entitled to damages for such breach of promise, provided there was no impediment to his carrying out such promise of which you had knowledge.

Mrs. J. B., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow but no children or issue, the whole property, whether separate or community property, would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. A. G. O., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the purchase of mortgaged lands, the title of the purchaser would be subject to the mortgage unless the mortgage was released or satisfied, and that such change of ownership would not defeat the rights of the owner of the mortgage in the property.

A. J., Illinois.—We are of the opinion that an endorsement on a note is only liable in case of default in payment by the maker of the note, and that in case he pays the note he is entitled to be reimbursed by the maker. We think endorsing notes is a dangerous practice which often results disastrously.

Mrs. A. B. L., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a woman, leaving no will, and leaving four grand children and a sister as her only heirs at law and next of kin, her whole estate would be divided among the grand children to the exclusion of the sister who would not be entitled to receive anything.

J. M. K., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a deed of land conveying property to "Mary Jones and the heirs of her body" conveys the whole title to the said Mary Jones, and that she can reconvey same without the consent of her heirs.

Miss N. B., Missouri.—We do not think the validity of a marriage would be affected by the fact that the bridegroom was married under the last name of his stepfather, the same being the name he has used and been known by since infancy; nor do we think the validity of such marriage would be affected by the fact that the bridegroom was of illegitimate birth.

L. H. S., California.—We do not think that the purchaser of a set of books, to be paid for in monthly installments, would be relieved from the payment of same by reason of the failure by the seller to call each month for the payment then due. We think the seller has a legal right to let these payments accumulate if he so desires provided the time does not extend beyond four years after which, in your state, in case the same is pleaded, we think such an indebtedness would be barred by the statute of limitations.

Mrs. M. M., Nebraska.—We think that every purchaser of real estate should, before paying for same and before taking title, have the title examined by some competent lawyer or other person.

E. B. J., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all actions for the recovery of real estate must be brought within twenty years, except to persons under legal disability; but that all such are barred after thirty years; we think any person who has built over your life and upon your land can be ejected therefrom in the proper action brought for that purpose, provided you have not been barred from bringing such action by the lapse of time as above described; we think you are entitled to damages from the man who drew stone, without permission, from your land provided you were damaged thereby; we are of the opinion that either the plaintiff or defendant in a lawsuit is entitled to force the case to a trial when the same is reached on the court calendar.

Mrs. M. J., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that "a homestead to the extent of one hundred and sixty acres of farming land or of one acre within the limits of an incorporated town or city, occupied as a residence by the family of the owner, together with all the improvements on the same, shall be exempted from forced sale under any process of law, and shall not be alienated without the joint consent of husband and wife, when that relation exists; but no property shall be exempt from sale for taxes, or for the payment of obligations contracted for the purchase of said premises, or for the erection of improvements thereon"; but this does not apply where a lien is given by consent of husband and wife; we think that, by statute, each resident, being the head of a family is entitled to an exemption of the family books and musical instruments, a seat or pew in church and lot in burial ground, all wearing apparel, bedsteads, bedding, all implements of industry, stores and cooking utensils used by the family, five hundred dollars' worth of other household furniture, two cows, ten hogs, one yoke of oxen, and one horse or mule (or in lieu of one yoke of oxen and horse or mule, a span of horses or mules); twenty sheep and the

WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN—Every Reader of COMFORT to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puny, Feeble People Plump and Popular

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight. How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspepsia, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two year old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 12-N, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says: "I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEIMER writes: "I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this

makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says: "Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes: "Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says: "Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it doesn't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is, from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-N, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

wool from same; the necessary food for the stock above described for one year, either provided or growing; one wagon, cart or dray; two plows, one drag and other farming utensils, including harness and tackle for teams, not exceeding in value three hundred dollars; provisions and fuel for the support and use of the family, for one year; the necessary tools and implements for any mechanic, minor, or other person, used or kept for the purpose of carrying on his trade or

business, and in addition thereto stock in trade not exceeding in value four hundred dollars; the library implements, and office furniture of any professional man. We think a resident, not being the head of a family, has exempt his wearing apparel, church pew, burial lot, necessary tools and implements in his trade or business, stock in trade not exceeding four hundred dollars; and if a professional man, his library, implements and office furniture.

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 15 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions, and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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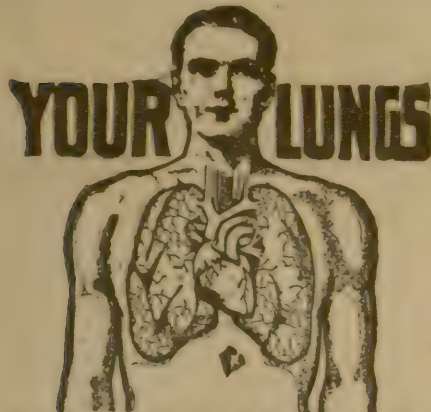
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Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hacking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?
These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes. We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

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A French specialist has discovered a scientific method for the cure of bashfulness in every form. He offers a free English book to all bashful people, showing how they can quickly rid themselves of bashfulness forever. Send 2¢ stamp to: Bureau Scientifique Français, Dept. 22, Hochelaga, Montreal, Can.

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Club Offer: A club of only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25¢ each for 15 months secures four of these ready-made Towels. Prem. No. 385. Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

F. E. J. Bellflower, Mo.—Protruding ears are nature's delight, while specialists can reduce the protrusion to some extent, we are inclined to think that nature had better be left alone unless the protrusion is a positive deformity, in which event the specialist might be called upon to trim them down to normal. There are no home remedies for protruding ears and a specialist's charges are very high.

A. C. Newton, Utah.—So far no prevention or cure for hay fever has been discovered except to go to some section of the country where it does not prevail. It is sure to come to those who are subject to it. If they remain where they got it. In certain sections of the country hay fever patients find relief and they cannot get it elsewhere by any medicine yet discovered. Hay fever is a catarrhal condition of the eyes, nose and throat produced by the pollen of certain plants floating in the air, especially golden rods. It gets its name from its appearance about haying time. It continues as long as the pollen is in the air, which may be for one month or three. The majority of people are not sensitive to this pernicious pollen and have no hay fever. With some it is very mild, while others go to bed with it.

Rosebud, Rosy, Minn.—Chilblains sometimes swell and are sometimes very troublesome. They are usually not so painful as they are itching and irritating. Bathing the feet night and morning in tepid or cold water and salt and rubbing them dry with a rough towel is an excellent preventive. Rub the feet with the hands and sprinkle oatmeal on them to get them thoroughly dry. The oatmeal is also soothing. Avoid extremes of heat and cold. If the chilblains appear in spite of preventives use on them a lotion of two drams each of alum and sulphate of zinc in a half pint of water, rubbed in warm. An ounce of camphorated spirits may be added if greater stimulation is wanted. If the chilblains break and become serious, you should have a doctor see them and prescribe. (2) Bunions are everlastingly stubborn things and a hard one can only be kept in condition by easy shoes. We do not believe they can be fully cured and the drug-store bunions remedies are about as effective prescription as you can get. Easy shoes do more good than anything else.

J. W. San Jose, Cal.—Old people like children need the care of physicians to make life comfortable. The various organs in the body of children need to be started properly and those in the bodies of old people need attention as they are getting old and work they are intended for. Many of the troubles of old age could be greatly relieved if a doctor were consulted and his advice had as to what should be done. Medicine is not needed so much as knowledge, for it is not to cure weakened organs, but to know how to handle them so they will still perform their functions. To all the old folks who read this column we earnestly recommend that as soon as they begin to feel the weaknesses of age they see a doctor and get his advice. Old people who have proper knowledge of themselves can get along about as well as the younger people. Too many think because they are old there is no good trying to brace up, but there is and those who have tried it right know there is and are glad of it.

Florence, Stapleton, N. Y.—Red nose and red skin are so often due to natural causes that it is practically impossible to prescribe a remedy as the cause cannot be removed. Those who suffer from this undue redness should consult a physician to know if anything can be done. If not, it is wise to forget it and be thankful it isn't something worse.

Daisy, Madison, Wis.—To gain flesh try two table-spoonsful of the best condensed milk in a cup of hot water each night before going to bed. Put in a pinch of salt and eat a cracker or piece of bread crust with it. Hold the milk in the mouth a while before swallowing, if your digestion is not good. Or chew it up with the bread.

M. K., New York, N. Y.—Just what an internal pain is caused by when there is no apparent reason for it cannot be guessed at from long distance. You may have indigestion and the exercise disturbs the undigested food and causes the pain, or there may be something more serious. Whatever it is you must find out by having a physician examine you and prescribe properly and not by guesswork as you ask us to do. Other COMFORT sufferers please make a note of this.

C. R., Bloomfield, Mont.—Cleanliness is the first requisite in the cure of itch in either adults or children, for itch is a germ disease and the germs live on dirt. Sulphur is the sovereign remedy and you may apply it as a salve prepared as follows: Flowers of sulphur, two ounces; carbonate of potash, two drams; lard, four ounces. Rub it in well, night and morning, washing it off with soap and a flannel rag in hot water before each fresh application.

Seattle, Wash.—To allay itching piles make an ointment of camphor by the ounce each in oil of olive; mix with gentle heat till liquidified then add simple cerate one and a half ounces and mix thoroughly. Apply several times a day. This is an excellent application for itching in any part of the body. (2) Nothing will cure cataract except an operation. (3) Patient needles are sometimes very fine and sometimes not. They help some people and others they do not. You must try them to find out.

Mrs. S. A. Patterson, River Edge, N. J., writes to say that in her family a bag of gum camphor worn between the shoulders has been a positive cure for neuralgia for years. She adds that it will also cure colds in the head and ward off contagious diseases. We should like to hear from other COMFORT readers on this subject. Nobody has ever been able to cure neuralgia yet and if we have found a cure we have done great work.

S. H., Fillmore, Okla.—No ordinary treatment will cure cataract when it is produced by climatic conditions, as it most always is. You must get out of the climate that is catarrhal and go to one which is dry all the year. Try Colorado, New Mexico or Arizona. (2) Your oily skin may be relieved by eliminating the fat and sweets from what you eat. The oily skin should be washed often with pure soap, Castile, and hot water. Use a flesh brush in washing your face and also massage the skin in order to open the pores. You cannot reduce the size of your nose, and to try to squeeze it down will make it swell up larger. Get a cake of green soap at the druggists, which you may use instead of the Castile. Get some good cold cream at the drug store and use that on your face after it is thoroughly dried. Don't take medicine, take plain food, plenty of exercise and breathe all the fresh air you can get.

Mrs. Waldo Hutto, R. R. 1, Winter Haven, Fla., has a six weeks' old boy with the roof of his mouth and part of his gums lacking and with a defective upper lip and but one nostril and she is very anxious to hear from any COMFORT mothers who have had similarly defective children to know if anything was done successfully in remedying the defects. If any COMFORT mother can comfort this mother, please write to her at the above address.

R. C. H., Cando, N. Dak.—Red scars on the skin caused by pimples or otherwise, will disappear in time unless the original wound penetrated into the flesh, in which event the scar will remain. It may be improved in appearance by proper treatment, but it cannot be removed.

Reader, Morristown, Tenn.—Pains around the heart are much often the result of indigestion than anything else. The gases from the stomach produced by fermentation, that is indigestion, distend the stomach and press upward affecting the heart. It is not necessary for you to eat more to gain weight. What you need is to assimilate such food as you do eat and you can only do that by proper digestion. Your diet may be so simplified that you have taken all the nourishment out of it. Go and have a talk with a doctor about yourself. You don't know enough now even to tell us your symptoms or what your diet is.

Mrs. J. M. R., Long Island, Kans.—You are like a

good many more COMFORT readers, not satisfied to let well enough alone. You think something is the matter if some little mark or other shows and you worry about it till it really becomes something. Your young son may have what you think are blood knots in his veins, but he is strong and eats hearty and stays in good health, you say. Well, could you expect anything more than that, if he didn't have the knots? They are nothing but indications of your ignorance and you stop worrying until your boy begins to show signs of old age or something like that.

M. E., Vienna, S. Dak.—Bathing the feet in cold water will improve the circulation. That and thoroughly massaging the legs downward to force the blood into the extremities. Active exercise, such as running and jumping, will also get them warm. Don't take medicine to make the blood circulate but get it to going by exercise. Then it will be natural and will keep moving. Thorough and frequent massage of the legs and arms is a great aid to warmth of feet and hands. Some persons have a natural tendency to cold extremities and if you are that kind you cannot expect to be warm as others are and must take more care and effort to keep warm. Set your digestion to working properly and you will find your blood will circulate more freely and that your nerves also will be in better condition. A very little vaseline at intervals is good for your hair. Rub it well into the scalp, and as little on the rest of the hair as possible.

M. S., Peshtigo, Wis.—For chapped hands use Castile soap, or rosin soap. When the latter is on rub them in oatmeal until dry. Then rub in cold water. Be sure that they are not exposed to the air until they are perfectly dry. You can get them this way by rubbing them with the dry oatmeal. If sore at night, apply mutton tallow and sleep in gloves. As a blacksmith you cannot give your hands the best care, but you can at least always keep them dry and have mutton tallow on them while at work.

Mrs. G. J. A., McCook, Neb.—A great many people suffer with gall stones and they are not only painful, but often dangerous and sometimes deadly. They are due to causes which require the personal attention and treatment of a physician and the patient should not attempt self cure or outside attention. See a physician.

C. O., Ravenna, Neb.—An ingrowing nail may be relieved by nothing the nail on top and at the end, making it as thin as possible so as to relieve the pressure at the sides. Then cut it out at the edges and put cotton under it to prevent it growing into the flesh. Also be careful of the kind of shoes you wear. (2) For oily hair eat plain diet with fat and sweets omitted and use on the hair any good tonic that your druggist will recommend.

Mrs. L. C., Broderick, Cal.—The best remedy for troublesome corns is to have them removed. The operation is simple and not very painful and the cure is about as sure as anything can be in the human body, which is liable to go wrong most any time.

Mrs. E. C., Clarksville, Ark.—The pain in your side and back is probably due to neuralgic nerves. Or it may be myalgia which is rheumatism of the internal muscles and is very painful and difficult to locate exactly. Until you know what causes the trouble, however, proper treatment is impossible and you must have a physician examine you. We want to repeat this to all COMFORT readers. Much of their ill health is due to their ignorance and their doubt of doctors. It is not necessary, when we suggest that you consult a physician, to go through a course of treatment with him, but to have a talk with him and find out something about your ailment. When you know what the matter is, or as near as it can be arrived at, you will have some idea what to do or have done to remedy it. Guessing at it and trying all sorts of remedies for all sorts of complaints only makes matters worse.

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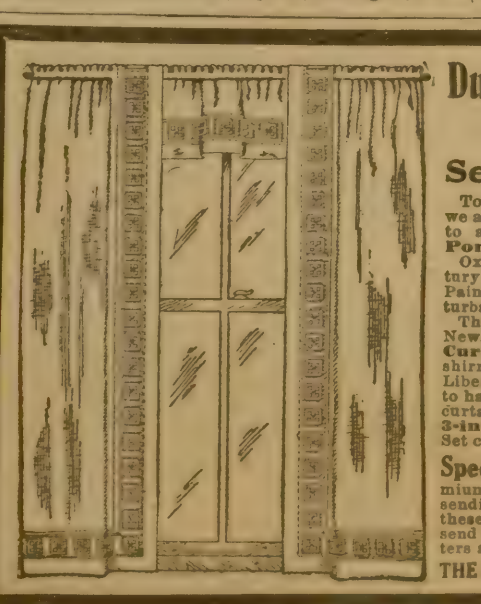
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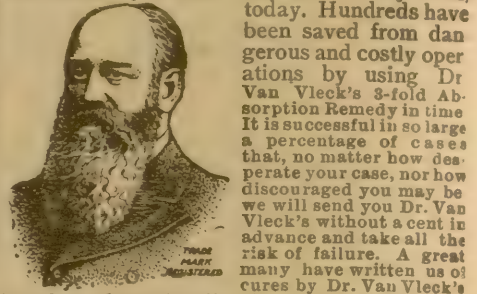


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Superior Transfer Outfit, No. 69
Containing over 40 New Fancy Work Designs and 156 Initials in Different Styles and Sizes



These Superior Transfer Patterns are the best and the simplest on the market. They are instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing back of pattern with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron on the back of patterns. If transferred by rubbing they can be used about six times and still can be transferred by pressing with a hot iron. This illustration can show only a few of the beautiful articles contained in this outfit, including Shirt Waists (front, collar and cuffs), Linen Set, collar, jacket and cuffs, Corset Cover, 6 floral designs for underwear 1 Baby Cap (2 pieces), 1 Baby Bib and Shoes to match, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 1 Picture Frame, 1 Anchor for Sailor Suit, 1 Towel End, 1 White Broom Holder, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 13 different floral designs suitable for Scarfs, Table Cover, Pincushions, 1 complete Old English Alphabet, 1 complete Script Alphabet, 1 complete Fancy English Alphabet, 1 complete Script Alphabet, 1 complete Old English Alphabet. Complete instructions for using are enclosed in each outfit. In addition to this bargain we are including in each outfit without extra charge a complete course in Embroidery and Fancy Work illustrated with all the principal stitches, with complete description of each stitch, making embroidery so simple that any child can do it. Remember, all you have to do to receive all these 156 Transfer Patterns and this complete illustrated Embroidery Course is to secure and send us at once one new 15 months' subscription to COMFORT at 25¢ not your own or send your own yearly sub or renewal and we get one of the above free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dutch Valance Scrim Curtains

3-inch Band of Filet Lace White or Ecru Sent Free by Parcel Post

To advertise our Oxien Porous Plasters at this season we are making a present of a Dutch Set, as illustrated, to anyone who will purchase four 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters, sending only \$1.00.

Oxien Plasters have been used for a quarter of a century by the public for Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Aches, Pains in back, Lumbago, Kidney troubles, Head disturbances, Stomach disorders, and Special Weaknesses, etc. These Curtains are the latest thing for your home. New, dainty, elegant effect. All ready to hang. Both Curtains and Valance are hemmed with a top and shirred ready to be draped on the rod and hung instantly. Liberal width for full covering at window and long enough to hang a little below the sill, the new style of draping curtains today. Fine quality Scrim. Insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet Lace. This 3-piece complete Set comes in white or ecru.

Special Offer. If you do not care to send cash of \$1.00 for 4 Oxien Plasters and this new Premium, you may sell 6 Oxien Porous Plasters on credit, sending us \$1.50 after you sell them, and we will then send these Dutch Scrim Curtains free. Write us today, and send cash order or say you want to sell the 6 Oxien Plasters and we will forward without expense to you. Address THE GIANT OXIE CO., 49 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE



Deformity of the Hands in General, Chronic, Articular Rheumatism.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia. Lode of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 10 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

"GLORIA TONIC" and fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in blood and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, enclosing this advertisement, to JOHN A. SMITH, 6681 Smith Building, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

With A Simple Home Treatment. Book Fully Describing The Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

DR. W. H. KNIGHT of East Saurus, Mass., writes: "My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd Treatment kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Consumption, it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of consumption and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the starting statements of Dr. W. H. Knight of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. G. Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of consumption and lung trouble.

If you are suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus-filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted body, loss of strength—write me today and I'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, without ache or pain, happy, full of power after a few months' use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. JUDD Q. LLOYD, 6631 Lloyd Building, St. Louis, Mo.

BEAUTIFUL BUST

How to Get a PERFECT FORM

50c Box FREE

We want to send you free a 50c package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful bust plump and firm; also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." Dr. Kelly used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patients' bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write to-day and enclose 10c to help pay distribution expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain package.

DR. KELLY CO., Dept. 300 A. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayes Co., 183 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

honest day's work and demand a fair price and he would be swamped with offers of work. One family of seven children who came here last spring with only forty dollars now have six hundred dollars in the bank. I have a number of friends who are unable to find help (cooks, mother's helper, sewing, etc.), for the home. The girls here either do not need to work or work in the fruit growing and shipping being our main industry during the summer for pin money. It is interesting to go through a large ranch (as they call the fruit orchards here) from the picking of the fruit through the sorting and packing to the shipping house. One little girl of fifteen made one hundred and forty dollars in two months packing strawberries on her father's ranch. Each time I hear of these cases and think of the number of girls wearing themselves away in some store I wish it were possible to divide things more evenly.

I must stop or I shall not be invited to call again. As I am still somewhat of a stranger in the West would be glad to hear from any sisters living near me. With best wishes to all in the corner,
Mrs. Geo. F. ROWELL.

180 Pleasant St., DEADWOOD, S. DAK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a subscriber of COMFORT for a long time but have never dared risk a letter to COMFORT, but decided it could no more than reach the waste basket.

I saw a request in your paper this month for information on the care of young canary birds, so I will give my experience and probably it will help some of the sisters. When the hen is sitting, change her every three days, but be very careful not to jar the cage, put a sauce dish of water in the cage so canaries can both bathe before you change them. It does not hurt the eggs but helps to soften the shell and keeps the birds from having any mites. Always keep a bag of sulphur in the cage to keep the birds healthy. When the little ones are hatched change them every day. Give them a bath every other day. Keep plenty of bird gravel by them. You can buy a fifteen or twenty cent package at any drug-store and it will last a year. Give them a hard-boiled egg every day, and take half of it and mix with rolled cracker crumbs. Give plenty of green stuff and apples. And sisters, don't keep the birds in the cage all the time. Let them out in a room and put a pan of water down for them to bathe in. It won't take five minutes to pick up after them and think how the birds have enjoyed themselves. I have got five birds and I let them out every day and put the cage on the floor, and when they get tired they will all fly in.

Hoping this letter will help some, with best wishes to all,
MRS. JACK WESTCOTT.

Love's Reign.

When the sun is shining brightly,
And the summer skies are blue,
Then my thoughts are turning lightly,
Very lightly, dear, to you.
Not to bore you, I adore you,
In my thoughts your face remains,
I'll love you while the sun shines,
But—excuse me when it rains.

If the days were always sunny,
If the skies were always blue,
I will bet you any money,
I would evermore be true.
But the rain-drops damp my ardor,
Though I'm yours, the fact remains,
I will love you when the sun shines,
But—excuse me when it rains.

When it's raining on and off, it
Makes it hard to smile and woo—
Ha! we'll bribe the weather prophet,
And be happy then, we two.
Dear, we'll live and love together,
Oh, our love will never wane,
If he'll regulate the weather,
And eliminate the rain.

Sent in by
MARQUETTE PERSINGER, Hillsboro, R. R. 1, Oregon.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Furniture Polish. One half ounce each of shellac and rosin dissolved in one half pint of alcohol, then add one half pint of linseed oil. Shake well before using.
Mrs. D. F. DUNOIN, Cornish, Maine.

To remove iron stains from marble, wet spots with oil of vitriol, or oxalic acid diluted in alcohol, or with lemon juice, and after a quarter of an hour, rub them dry with a soft linen cloth.

To clean marble, use three ounces of pearl ash, one pound of whiting, and three pints of water well mixed together, and boil for ten minutes. Rub it well over the marble, let it remain twenty-four hours, then rub off, and dry with a clean cloth.

To remove fly spots, dip a camel's-hair brush into spirits of wine and apply.

Perfume is a preventive against moths. One ounce each of tonquin beans, caraway seed, cloves, mace, nutmeg and cinnamon well ground, add six ounces oforris root. Mix well and put in bags among your clothes.

To remove iron-rust from white goods, try salts of lemon. Buy it from your druggist and keep it out of the children's way. Wet the stains, rub in the salts of lemon and lay goods in hot sun. If the first application does not remove the iron mold entirely, repeat it. Always leave in sun for some time.

Mrs. BULAH ZIEGLER, Junction City, R. R. 1, Kans.

To purify sinks and drains, to one pound of common copperas add one gallon of boiling water and use when dissolved. The copperas is dissolved in poison, and should be carefully labeled if kept on hand. This is one of the best possible cleansers of pipes and drains.

To wash greasy tin and iron, pour a few drops of ammonia into every greasy roasting pan, after half filling with warm water. One should always keep a bottle of ammonia near the sink for such uses. Don't allow the pans to stand and dry for it doubles the labor.

I take flour sacks, wash color out and make soft pillow slips to use when husband is plowing or working in the field and do not care to have him use my better slips.

Bits of rubber glued on the bottom of chair legs keep chair from scratching the floor and from making a noise when moved.
MRS. ESTELLA TURNER, Sandcoulee, Mont.

Remedies

HEADACHE.—Take a quart bottle and nearly fill with water, then put in one ounce each of spirits of harts-horn and spirits of camphor and one tablespoon of salt; then wet cloths with this and apply to the head, and renew as often as they become hot until relieved. If the stomach is sour, causing the headache, taking a little bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in water, may help in its cure.

SICK HEADACHE.—Tea and coffee are often the cause. Alcohol, the best, eight ounces; aqua ammonia, two ounces; English oil of lavender, one dram; camphor gum, one half ounce; chloroform, one ounce; sulphuric ether, one half ounce; spirits of turpentine, one dram; mix. Directions.—Smell it, changing from nostril to nostril for a few minutes, and also bathe the head with it. Continue a short time, or until relieved, which must be quickly. The same remedy may be used for toothache.

FOR TOOTHACHE.—Put cotton wet with the above into the tooth, and also apply around the gums and front of ears, where the nerves pass near the surface. It is really magical in its action. Keep the finger over the bottle when not inhaling, as it is quite evaporative.

CROUP.—Roast a few onions, mash and lay upon a napkin, add a small quantity of goose oil, sweet oil, or lard, apply as hot as can be borne comfortably to the throat and upper part of the chest.

COLDS OF YOUNG CHILDREN.—Onion syrup. Slice up thinly a few mild onions and sprinkle sugar over them, set in the oven in a suitable dish to simmer until the juice may be all drawn out, then thoroughly mix with the sugar, forming a very nice, thick syrup, or sugar, according to the amount used of each. Dose, A teaspoon, or less, according to the age of the child, four or five times daily as needed. It is perfectly safe and reliable for the smallest child; also valuable for adults.

COLDS.—General Washington's cure. Eat just before stepping into bed a hot roasted onion. I add, soak your feet in hot water fifteen to twenty minutes just before retiring.

FELON.—Wind a cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gunpowder till the afflicted part is entirely covered, then keep the

whole constantly wet with strong spirits of camphor. This will remove all pain in two hours.

CORNS.—Bathe in a strong solution of sal soda; pare off close, and touch the corn with carbonated iodine; repeat the application of iodine next day, and a cure will speedily follow.

Mrs. ROSA WEEDIN, Stone Point, Texas.

ONION COUGH SYRUP.—Peel and slice onions very thin until you have one quart, add two cups of light brown sugar, the juice of three lemons, and a half teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Let these stand for an hour, then put them in a slow oven where the heat will extract the onion juice slowly. This may take several hours, and the mixture is to be stirred occasionally. When the onions are dry and shriveled and no more juice can be extracted, strain the syrup and keep in a cool place. An old but valuable remedy for colds and hoarseness.

Mrs. THOMAS CARMAN, Hamburg, R. R. 2, Box 50, Iowa.

Requests

To make revivals. On pumpkins; also green peas. Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine, cheerful letters. Mrs. Elizabeth Cannell, Albamora, R. R. 8, Box 48, Cal., invalid; reading matter and remedy for night sweats. How to dry cleanse a dress. Mrs. J. P. Monday, Cana, Va., reading matter. Mrs. Laura Salter, Chatham, La., letters, and remedy for torpid liver.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Palestine Troop, or any one by that name. Address Sarah Troop, Oriskany, Box 85, N. Dak.

Wanted.—Information of my son Joe M. Green. Mrs. M. A. Green, Fairforest, S. C.

Information wanted of George Dube, left St. Ursule, Canada, about forty-five years ago. Write to his niece, Annie Desire, Manchester, Conn.

Wanted.—Information of Cleave Fondren, left Louisiana seven years ago, going to Georgia. Please notify C. Z. Prosser, Forest Hill, La.

Wanted.—Information of Ivy Jane Marston, daughter of Isaac Knotts. Notify her sister, Drusilla Plummer, Blackburn, Okla.

Information of Albert J. Hawes, last heard of at Loman, Minn., two years ago. Write his son, Dewey Hawes, Cranston, Wis.

Wanted to hear of Robert H. Griffin, if dead or alive. Last heard from in Idaho, twenty years ago. Adela Griffin, Gloversville, R. R. 2, N. Y.

Wanted to learn the whereabouts of Virgie Cary, once lived near Buffalo, Okla. Tall and fair, gray eyes, mind impaired, has epileptic fits. Someone take pity and help a heart-broken mother to find her. L. Mellinger, Vanzant, Ky.

Wanted.—Information regarding Arba Pollock, last heard of in Phoenix, Arizona, about three years ago. Please write his mother, Ellen Pollock, Tullahoma, R. R. 8, Tenn.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of five fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Fred Hurlbutson, Co. G, 6th Inf., San Francisco, Cal. Calvin E. Hendershot, "Fort Yellowstone," Yellowstone Park, Wyo. Byron R. Olds, Galesville, Wis. Miss Hazel Hatcher, Ashland, R. R. 2, Box 139, Ky. Alfred Shay, Cochranton, R. R. 61, Pa.

This Wife and Mother Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 474 Elms Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

25 SUGAR 75c

Wholesale Prices to You

Begin saving now on your biggest expense. Our new Cut Price Grocery List shows how. Many startling offers this month. Also 10,000 bargains in stylish clothing for men, women and children, furniture, carpets, rugs, gloves—everything. Take advantage of this great grocery offer. Don't delay. Write NOW.

W. & H. WALKER
1271 HERRIS ISLAND — PITTSBURGH, PA.

2 Boxes of 25 Pretty Valentine Post Cards
Cupid, Heart and Dart Designs FREE
Love's Greetings, Sweethearts and many other appropriate tokens of affection in our latest and best colored and GOLD EMBOSSED Post Card Valentines.

Costs No Money

These GIFT BOXES of 25 VALENTINE Cards have more pretty designs in Post Card VALENTINES than you ever saw. Our full assortment is put up in this PRETTY Decorated Box containing 25 of the choicest varieties in VALENTINES ever gotten up. The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance by sending a PRETTY VALENTINE POST CARD is developing each year. More and better POST CARDS are gotten out now, more than ever before, and our GIFT BOX ASSORTMENT is the best of all.

Thus one need not send a MISSIVE OF LOVE to each person, the most tender and loving tokens are selected for THE SPECIAL ONE. Very often this pet one is sent as a sealed letter. Thus many of the others are used in a general way having TENDER FRIENDLY REMEMBRANCE inscriptions on them so you cannot fail to find a suitable card in the GIFT BOX LOT to fit each and every case among your acquaintances.

Valentine Plan. One can get this full lot of cards and some or all of the cards can be sold and one can thus MAKE MONEY.

2 BOXES COST YOU NO MONEY

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY TWO SUBSCRIBERS TO COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months (four each as a renewal, or new subscriptions will count as one in the club), or you may send your own and one new subscription, or join with your neighbor, each sending one 15 month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send you one of these decorated boxes each containing 25 VALENTINE POST CARDS FREE. COMFORT will interest and instruct every member of the home, and the long-remembered VALENTINE features are an added attraction to the hearts of every young man's issue, each is a surprise and delight. VALENTINE COMFORT for February will have something to stir the heart of young and old. Send the 50 cents for Club of TWO Subscriptions to COMFORT today and get 2 Boxes.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE \$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE



Don't suffer and be disgusted with "Big Neck." Don't give up hope because other physicians or remedies have failed you. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures.

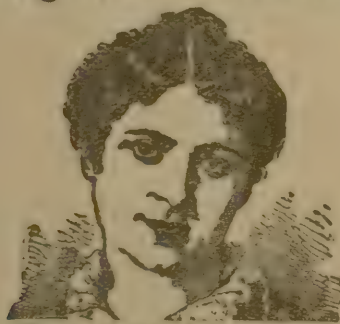
You may try one \$2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. Send at once.

\$2.50 FREE Treatment Coupon

This coupon, when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bobo, 712 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., is good for one \$2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail, in plain package.

Age.....? Male or Female.....
How old is goitre?..... yrs. Are you Nervous?..... Hands tremble?.....
Measurements of neck over goitre?..... in.
Does heart beat too rapidly?.....
Do your eyes bulge?.....
Health good or poor?.....
Name.....
Address.....

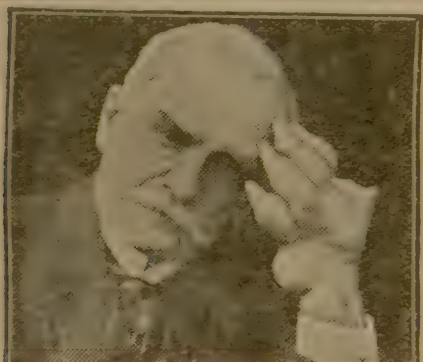
Magnolia Blossom



Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our Free Box of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box 41 South Bend, Indiana



LET ME CURE YOU FREE OF RHEUMATISM

Mr. Delano took his own medicine. It cured his rheumatism after he had suffered torture for thirty-six years. He spent thousands of dollars before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I have the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me to-day, F. H. Delano, 329-N Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

Notice to Readers

On page twenty-seven of this issue you will find an advertisement of Dr. Blosser, four forty-one Walton Street, Atlanta, Georgia, in which he offers to send to every sufferer a free trial sample of his remedy for catarrh. This is certainly a liberal offer and every sufferer should take advantage of it.

FITS

As sample of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. I PAY EXPRESSAGE ON FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. If you cut out and RETURN advertisement. Sworn statements and hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS.

Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 982, Station B, New York

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN'S KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

48 HOT AIR CARDS and 12 Love Letters 10c. BEX CO., Dept. 131, Harrison, Mich.

GALL STONES, APPENDICITIS VICTIMS, Stomach Troubles. Look to your Liver & Gall for the cause. Cure your trouble at the source—Try Gall-Tone—Stop doctoring symptoms—Write for Book of Information, GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 219, 219 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss M. S., Sharon, N. Dak.—The University of North Dakota is located at Grand Forks, N. Dak. and its president is Frank L. McVey. It has ninety-four instructors, one thousand and one hundred students, and a library of forty-eight thousand volumes.

H. G. D., West Frankfort, Ill.—An acre of land contains four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards, or forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Ordinarily speaking seventy yards square is an acre.

Miss M. W., Wetmore, Colo.—Your banjo head may be cleaned by applying solution of oxalic acid on a sponge, but we cannot guarantee that you will make a good job of it. Better let an expert clean it.

Miss M. J., Ione, Wash.—Perpetual motion is one of the impossibles that freaks dream of and sensible people laugh at. At least the kind of perpetual motion that human beings waste their time trying to effect. Only the Supreme Being can produce perpetual motion.

R. L. B., Chidester, Ark.—If you don't know enough to know what steps to take to get a position as a rural route mail carrier, you hardly know enough to pass the examination to secure a place on the eligible list. Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or to the member of Congress from your district for information.

Mrs. D. J., Edgewood, Ill.—Information about the widows' and mothers' pension law in Illinois may be had by writing to Secretary of State, Springfield, Ill., or better still, make your inquiries in person of one of your county officials. We do not know whether the law is in force in Illinois yet or not, but it is in several other states and the rest of them are at work on similar laws. For the benefit of numerous COMFORT readers making inquiries in this column, we will state that first they must learn from a lawyer or some of their town or county officials if the law is in force in their state. If it is, then they may either employ a lawyer to handle their case for them—and lawyers will make very small charges, if any, for such service to poor widows—or write to the Secretary of State at the capital of the state for full information. Where full proof of the widow's right to a pension is submitted, the pension is promptly allowed and in those states where the law is in force for many years, have been greatly benefited. It is all new yet, however, and there is necessarily considerable delay. In some of the cases of those inquiring of us there are complications, and when these exist the services of a lawyer are absolutely necessary to put the matter plainly before the proper authorities. Applicants for pensions may rest assured that if their claims are just they will receive pensions, but their claims must be properly presented.

J. A., Stroudsburg, Pa.—The life of a moving picture actor may be a respected life or not, just as he or she chooses to make it. There are companies which employ actors, but the supply of players is far in excess of the demand. Previous experience on the regular stage is necessary to qualify actors for the movies.

Sticken, Newfane, N. Y.—The usual way of having mail held at a post-office until called for is to write a request across the end of the envelope for the information of the postmaster. It will be held anyhow for thirty days if there is no request to the contrary on the envelope. It is not necessary to rent a box unless the recipient expects to receive mail for some continued period.

D. Forget, Brownsville, Ky.—We haven't space to go into the history of love powders. It is enough to know that they were from the beginning nothing but fakes and frauds and when not dangerously poisonous were simple mixtures to sell at exorbitant prices to the knaves and fools who had the money to buy them. Their manufacture and sale are now illegal and anyone dealing in them, if caught, will go to the penitentiary. Most superstitions are harmless, but this one is criminal.

T. A. W., Lees Springs, Tenn.—It sounds to us that an invention which will, without injury to the fowl, prevent chickens and other poultry from flying, either over the fence or elsewhere, would be worth money to the inventor. It certainly would be a boon to the neighbors who have gardens and don't have chickens of their own. Write to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., giving full description, and see if it is patentable.

Mrs. S. R., Lansing, Kans.—The name of Huerta, the Mexican disturber of the peace, is pronounced very nearly as though spelled, Whuerta. At least that is the American pronunciation of it.

Current Events

X-RAY PIONEER MAKES SACRIFICE.—Dr. J. N. Scott, one of the pioneers in the use of X-ray in America, lost his right hand as a result of his early experiments. The hand was so seriously affected by the exposure to the x-rays that it had to be amputated at the wrist. Physicians said that nine out of ten of the effects of the X-ray work have died from the effects of the early stages of experimentation with it. "Now I am all right, I fancy. Certainly, I shall continue to operate the ray or at least to direct its use. Since we have learned how to use it, there is only small danger in its use," said Dr. Scott after the operation.

PAYS TO BE CLEAN.—Harrison Brothers & Co. of Philadelphia, Pa., have offered to give every man in their employ fifteen cents every time he takes a bath. Two thirds of the 700 workers at the plant already have accepted the offer. The baths are limited to one a day for each employee, to be taken when going off duty at night. The company furnishes nickel-plated equipment, towels, soap, showers, etc. When the bath is over the employee gets a check from the attendant and at the end of the week, he cashes them in at fifteen cents apiece. The cost to the firm will approximate \$32,760 a year. But the employees expect it to pay in better health and increased efficiency of their workers. The idea was suggested to the firm by Dr. Francis D. Patterson, former chief police surgeon of Philadelphia.

WORLD'S SMALLEST BABY.—The smallest baby in the world, Maximilian de Meurers, died at Philadelphia, Pa., after living forty-seven days. It seemed that the child, which was one of twins, would survive, but its unprecedented littleness was evidently the sign of some weakness causing its death. The baby weighed only sixteen ounces at birth and at its death was but fifteen and a quarter inches long. Maximilian seems a big name to have belonged to such a wee bit of a baby.

GYMNASIUM FOR HENS.—Hens should have a gymnasium, proper training and an occasional chance of diet to break egg laying records, according to Samuel E. Mahan, a poultry dealer of St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Mahan recently estab-

lished in connection with his chicken coop, a gymnasium where daily each hen is given two hours of exercise. He declares that as a result of this training the average production of each hen has been increased in nine days from 55 to 85 per cent.

CIPHER REVEALS LOST CURE.—Translated from the cipher in which it was preserved the secret formula employed for so many years by the late Dr. James G. Birch in the treatment of malaria and mountain fevers will now be given to the world. When serving in the British army in India years ago, Dr. Birch's success in curing fever cases had been such that the British government offered him five thousand dollars for the formula, which he refused.

URIC ACID SOLVENT 50 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins, do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well and vigorous, with no more pain from stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic suffering, aching back or kidney disease.

For any form of bladder trouble or weakness, its action is really wonderful. Those sufferers who are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment gives.

To prove the Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism and all uric acid troubles, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never used the Williams Treatment, we will give one 50c bottle (32 doses) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address, with 10c to help pay distribution expenses, to The Dr. D. A. Williams Company, Dept. 1484 P. O. Bldg., East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and you will receive by parcel post a regular 50c bottle, without charge and without incurring any obligations. One bottle only to an address.



All The Latest Fashions And Illustrated Course of Home Dressmaking Lessons



This Big BOOK "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker" Sent You Postpaid For Only 5 Cents To Cover Mailing Expense.

IN this handsome volume of 32 extra large pages you will find not only accurate illustrations and descriptions of hundreds of the newest styles for ladies, misses and children, but in addition all this a complete series of illustrated lessons on cutting, fitting and finishing—a course of practical dressmaking instruction which should enable any woman to easily and economically make her own and her children's garments so that they will fit and hang like those made by professional dressmakers. Among the subjects treated are: How to make complete stylish suits, skirts, waists, coats, dresses and evening gowns, wrappers, kimono, underwear, aprons, clothes for boys and girls of all ages, baby clothes, etc., etc. It also tells you how to sponge and shrink wool goods, how to shrink wash materials, in fact this great book contains instructions covering practically every dressmaking question which might come up. Remember we offer you all this in addition to the hundreds of latest women's and children's styles, patterns of which you can buy from us at 10 cents each and all we ask of you is 5 cents in stamps to cover the bare cost of placing this book in your hands at once. You needn't bother to write a letter, just sign your name and address on the coupon printed below, cut it out and mail it to COMFORT with only 5 cents in stamps and a copy of this great book "Every Woman her own Dressmaker" will be mailed postpaid to you at once. Address

COMFORT, Fashion Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Fill In This Coupon And Mail It To Us At Once.

Gentlemen:—I enclose 5 cents in stamps for which you are to mail me postpaid and without further cost a copy of "Every Woman her own Dressmaker."

Name

Post-office

State R. F. D.

BASHFUL young man (a book of fun) 10c. W. S. Co., 8 Harrison, Mich.

FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER by simple discovery. Doctors gave her up. Will send FREE T. LEPSO, Island Ave. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cure. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLET, 10c. DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Women Don't Worry Get Catalog of "HEALTH SECRETS" Remedies, Books, Toilet and necessary articles. Send 3c stamp. Northern Spec. Co., 19A, Milwaukee, Wis.

Five Wheel Chairs in December 217 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

With five wheel chairs in December to brighten the Christmas of as many patient, suffering shut-ins we make a creditable closing of the year during which we have sent out forty-five wheel chairs.

I hope that we may do even better the coming year, and to that end I suggest that among your new year resolutions you include a resolve to help COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club, and start right in doing it before you forget about it.

Following are the names of the recipients of the five December chairs. The figures after each name indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Miss Martha J. Cleveland, R. R. 2, Worcester, N. Y. 153; Kattie Armstrong, Camden, N. Y. 138; Mrs. Sarah M. Waddell, Box 14, Rushtown, Ohio, 135; David Odell, R. R. 3, Box 17, Quanah, Texas, 122; Mrs. Anna M. Glenn, Martin, Ky., 81.

The letters from some of the shut-ins to whom I am sending the December wheel chairs are interesting and touching. Martha J. Cleveland writes that she can use her hands to propel the wheel chair for which she applied and has worked by sending in subscriptions.

Kattie Armstrong writes that she is twelve years old, weighs 50 pounds and can use her hands to wheel herself about, although she evidently is not strong as she asks for a high-backed chair to support her head. It is so pitiful for a child to be crippled.

Brave Mrs. Waddell writes that she has no use of her feet, but has strength in her arms and hands and wants a chair in which she can wheel herself about in the house and outdoors, and that in this way she can do housework and even work in her garden. She has been a cripple a long time and the wheel chair she now has is nearly worn out, so that she is in much need of a new one. Think of a woman doing housework under such disadvantages.

Anna M. Glenn writes that it is four years since she has been out of the house, and that she is looking to getting her COMFORT wheel chair as her only hope of getting outdoors again. She says that COMFORT Sisters to whom she has written have been very kind in helping her in various ways. She has the use of her hands and makes some articles which she sells for her support. She wants the sister to write and help her sell the products of her labor isn't she making a grand struggle to earn an independent living.

I receive no end of such letters of appeal from shut-ins who are in need of wheel chairs and other necessities also.

Begin the new year right by doing all you can to help provide them with wheel chairs, and may you be rewarded for your kindness.

Letters of thanks and Roll of Honor follow. I wish you all a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

This Little Deaf-and-Dumb Girl enjoys her COMFORT Wheel Chair
MONT ALTO, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: The wheel chair for my little crippled daughter Flo, arrived this week, and we are all delighted with it, as we now can take Flo anywhere we want to. She can't talk and tell us how much she enjoys it, but we all know she does enjoy it. We want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all of our neighbors and friends who helped us get this chair. May God bless you Uncle Charlie, and Mr. Gannett, and help you to continue in this good work.
Your sincere friend,
Mrs. THERON COLE.

Her Wheel Chair Gives this Shut-In Inexpressible Joy
ATHENS, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair safely, and words can't express the joy it gave me. It will be such a comfort to me. You are doing deeds of kindness, Uncle Charlie that will never be forgotten by your invalid friends. May God's richest blessing ever rest on you, Mr. Gannett, and the many friends who helped me obtain the chair. Your loving friend,
Mrs. W. H. MURPHY.

Her Wheel Chair Enables Her to Move Around at Will
MATTSVILLE, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My wheel chair arrived safely a few days ago, and words cannot express how much I appreciate it. It is just lovely and I do feel so thankful to you, Mr. Gannett, and all the kind friends who made it possible for me to have this beautiful gift. I am now able to move around at will, a thing I was unable to do before, unless aided by friends. May you live long to carry on this beautiful work and make others as happy as you have made me.
Ever gratefully yours,
LEILAR LOBB.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Sarah M. Waddell, Ohio, for own wheel chair, 90; Dock Smelser, Tenn., for own wheel chair, 80; Mrs. W. H. Murphy, Texas, 77; Mrs. D. Hiltbrand, N. Y., for Kattie Armstrong, 65; Josie Leonard, and I. for Mrs. Baker, 63; Mrs. H. Wood, N. Y., for Martha Cleveland, 60; W. R. Stoval, N. C., for Janie Spencer, 59; Mrs. Louise Moody, Minn., for Miss M. E. Collins, 58; Mrs. Claudia Riddle, Texas, for David Odell, 51; Lois A. Lohr, Ohio, 51; Mrs. Wright Thorne, N. Y., for Martha Cleveland, 25; Mrs. Peter M. Post, N. Y., for Miss M. E. Deane, 20; Miss Martha J. Cleveland, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 18; Mrs. May Lax, N. C., for Freddie Lax, 18; Mrs. Grace Lawson, Ark., for Rosa Eran, 17; Beatrice Lawson, Ark., for Rosa Eran, 12; Thelma Ward, Ark., for Rosa Eran, 12; Alice Wilburn, Ala., 12; Mary Smith, Ky., for R. M. Smith, 10; Mrs. Elvie Willie, Miss, for Lonnie Williams, 9; Mrs. Theron Cole, Pa., for Flo Marie Cole, 8; Mrs. Emma Coyle, Mo., 8; Mrs. M. A. Guede, Tenn., 7; Mrs. Ida Hazelton, N. Y., 6; Mrs. M. E. Green, Texas, for David Odell, 6; L. L. Farrington, Mo., 5; Mrs. M. Deane, Mass., 5; Edw. H. Ober, N. J., 5; Ladies' Aid Society, N. Y., for Anna M. Glenn, 5; Anna M. Glenn, 5; Mrs. M. A. Guede, 5; Mrs. W. M. Smith, 5; Mrs. G. Furrow, Ore., 5; Mrs. S. J. Hedges, 5; Mrs. E. M. Smith, 5; Mrs. Lee Arnold, Neb., 5; Mrs. W. H. Alcorn, Texas, 5.

\$850.00
PAID TO
ADA HUMPHREY

Our Prize Offer this season is bigger and better than ever before, because there are **67 more prizes** than last year and **more prize money** to be paid; also because we have readjusted the sizes of some of the prizes so to give

We have increased the size of 78 of the monthly and Grand Prizes so to give larger prizes, more prizes and more money to those farther down the list of prize-winners.

One may win as many as 7 cash prizes and as much as \$800.00 the limit to any one person, and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

The 892 Cash Prizes are divided into six groups of monthly prizes, \$1.00 to \$180.00, 44 Grand Prizes, \$5.00 to \$150.00, and 500 women's Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each.

This allows one to win any one cash prize or any number or combination of cash prizes not exceeding seven and not more than

\$800.00 TO ANY ONE PERSON
and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

For each and every month of the six months beginning with November, 1913, and ending with April, 1914, there is a separate and distinct prize competition for a separate and distinct list of monthly cash prizes which are paid monthly.

to those who win them the second successive month, and thribble to those who win the same monthly prize the third successive month.

All who enter this prize competition receive their regular club premiums, and these 892 cash prizes are extra windfalls to the hundreds of fortunate winners.

To the 43 persons who send us the most 25-cent subscriptions to **COMFORT**, or 30-cent two-year renewals, during the month of January we shall pay the following

1st Prize,	\$30 to \$90	3 Prizes,	\$5 to \$15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes,	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each
	25 Prizes of \$1.00		to \$3.00 each.

100 CONSOLATION PRIZES, \$1.00 each, will be distributed to women who enter this January competition and fail to win a monthly prize.

The doubling of the monthly prizes begins with December and the thriffling with January, and thus each month there are two sums stated for each January monthly prize; the first sum being the regular prize and the second sum the amount to which it may be thriffling. January monthly prizes, any and all of them, may be doubled or thriffling by the successive winning process; likewise with the monthly prizes for February, March and April.

If you were in the December contest keep in and double or thribble in January; if not, enter now and win a January prize and double in February.

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	\$1,300.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00
J. B. JONES, Ark.,	300.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.,	157.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00
MRS. J. F. POULISEN, N. Y.,	122.00
HENRY N. MCCORD, Ga.,	110.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.,	77.00
MRS. E. BULLER, Ill.,	71.00
GEORGE L. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00
EDWARD LEAD, La.,	62.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00

HANNA BONFIELD, Can.	\$43.00
REV. LEVI BILLOTT, Kans.	37.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.	36.00
LAURA LINDSEY, Va.	35.00
MRS. S. H. REED, Ohio	34.00
LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.	28.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.	27.00
MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.	26.00
MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.	25.00
M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.	24.00
B. R. HARKNESS, Mo.	23.00
SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.	21.00
MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.	20.00
MRS. ALICE W. RNER, Minn.	20.00
C. W. Mich.	17.00
Mrs. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.	17.00
MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.	17.00

using the prize competition entry blank below for a starter. Larger subscription blanks and our big new premium catalogue giving full details of our astonishingly liberal Grand Prize Offer, sent free on request. Write for them today, but meanwhile hustle for subscriptions. See what others have won. Get in for your share, it's easy. Contest for January prizes opens on the first and closes with the last day of that month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of the month will count in that month's contest.

Publisher of COMFORT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-month subscription 25 Cents; 3-years 50 Cents; 2-years 30 Cents. RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, 30 Cents. (50 Cents a year in Canada.)

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine.

I enclose \$ _____ or _____ cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME.	P. O. or R. F. D.	COUNTY	STATE	Say Whether SUB.	AMOUNT
				or RENEWAL for 15 Mo./2 Yrs./3 Yrs.	

Send me as my Club Premium " _____ (Date) _____ 1914

Name _____ P. O. _____ Co. _____ State _____

goes to the one who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions between the first day of October, 1913, and the last day of next April, and the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums.

Capital Grand Prize, \$150	5th Grand Prize, \$35
2nd Grand Prize, 100	6th Grand Prize, 25
3rd Grand Prize, 75	7th Grand Prize, 15
4th Grand Prize, 50	4 Grand Prizes, each 10
33 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$165.00.	

But remember, you don't have to stay in the whole six months to win a grand prize; besides your monthly prize you may win a Grand Prize in a single month, the first month or any other month; several did so in our previous prize competitions. This makes

because all the subscriptions that you send in count in both the monthly and Grand Prize contests, and so the grand prizes go to the winners of the monthly prizes.

The doubling and thrubbling is an extra inducement to enter and win month after month and has proved very profitable to those who have done it in our five previous prize contests. But we make it worth a special effort to win and keep on winning the \$30.00 monthly first prize. Therefore, if the same person wins the monthly first prize six consecutive months, we pay such winner \$30 for November, \$60 for December, \$90 for January, \$120 for February, \$150 for March, \$180 for April, which add to \$650 for the six months of prizes; and of course, if you capture the first prize each month you can't help winning the **Capital Grand Prize** of \$150 also, which added to the \$650 makes the splendid sum of \$800.

But you have just as good a chance as anybody to win the January first prize if you enter now.

and send more subscriptions as fast as you can. Select one of the premiums advertised elsewhere in this paper for a starter and write for our big new premium catalogue, sent you free. The premiums are sent you free as fast as you send the clubs, and they pay you well for your time—besides the cash prizes you should win, as others have.

Each monthly contest is separate; so beginners this month have as good a chance as anybody to win January prizes.

ENTER NOW: Win a January Prize; Double or Thribble in February. Win a Grand Prize, too.

THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

**Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid
for only Five Subs. to COMFORT.**

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell dull black finished set. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The bush is nine inches long, 2 1/2" wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine Mirror in eight and one half inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebony gold frame.

Ebony is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real \$12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 260.

New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Everything You Need To Write With

COMFORT Initial NATIONAL

WRITING OUTFIT

COMFORT Initial NATIONAL

COMFORT Initial NATIONAL

If, in place of this box, at a cost of 10c, we can fit you with a white binocular holder.

12, in place of this illustration, we could actually show you this splendid assortment of handsome high grade embossed monogram initial stationery with envelopes to match and complete outfit of everything you need to write with, you would not believe it possible for us to make such an offer. However, that is just what we are doing and you will miss a big bargain if you don't take advantage of it at once. It is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it, so in this big outfit we have arranged to give you two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery 10-1/2 x 6-1/4 inches in size, each with a beautifully embossed monogram in dainty colors with any two monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, two combination sheets guide lines and blotters, same size as stationery, and a complete outfit of writing materials consisting of memorandum tablet with pencil, combination penholder, one dozen best quality steel pens, one pencil, one combination pencil and eraser and a handsomely decorated and embossed metal tray. The box and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid. You would have rather such a splendid assortment of writing material as this and, but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers the story how we can afford to give you such big value as a COMFORT. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your monogram initial embossed in colors on this high grade paper to get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes to match your outfit so don't hesitate to send for this outfit be delighted with it. It is yours free upon the terms of the

complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing material as this and **make a big price for it in the bargain**, but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices and the little story how we can afford to give you such **big value as a premium for a very small club to COMFORT**, and think how **big** it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high grade **fine quality stationery**. Remember you get **one full quire of stationery in colors** on this high grade **open** besides all the other articles in this outfit, **whereas** your outfit cost **about** **twenty-four** **envelopes** **premium** today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is **yours free** upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 1-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid Writing Ouncer ~~case~~ ^{case} pictured and described above free as a premium. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 382. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

These silvered chain bandeaus are made to wear both on the hair or around the neck. They are very attractive looking for between the two roped chains are large brilliants which are cut in such a manner that sparkling colors radiate from the different stones. They are especially attractive when worn in the evening, and will make a great addition to your toilet.

The necklace is almost a foot long and three quarters of an inch wide. The center ringings, and when worn on the neck it can be held together by a lovely beautiful. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and

down to the two strands of silvered twisted flexible wire with end rings as shown in illustration. When worn on the hair it can easily be adjusted with hairpins, and will be seen at all seasons and under the glare of the lights or sun the brilliant throw colors and rays which are perfect.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Watered Silk Ribbon

FREE

SIX INCHES WIDE

Green, Pink,
Light Blue,
Navy
Blue,
Black,
Red or
White

2 YARDS
Given For 3 Subscriptions

A New
Style

Watered or "mohr" silk ribbon is now the leading fashion. All hats and dresses are trimmed with it and it is also used as hair ribbon because of its firm body and good width it makes large handsome bows which stay in place and are not readily crushed under the hat. For any and all purposes where ribbon is to be used it is now the correct thing. It is especially desirable for sashes, giving just that dash of color needed to make the plainest dress attractive and stylish. And for little home-made articles of fancy work every woman and girl can find use for yards and yards of this beautiful ribbon which comes in so many attractive colors—Green, Pink, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Red, White and Black. It makes the handiest handkerchiefs, gloves or veil cases, opera and work bags, pincushions, etc. The above illustration gives you but a very faint conception of the beauty of this new ribbon. The best way for you to do is to send us an order for at least two yards of any one of the above mentioned colors and then you will realize what a bargain we are giving you and if we are not greatly mistaken you will send right back for another two yards or more.

Free Offer. For a club of only three 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you two yards of this beautiful watered silk ribbon free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or for a club of five we will send you four yards. Be sure to mention color or colors wanted. Premium No. 662. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Engraved Gold Bracelet

GUARANTEED

Three
Years

Prem.
No.
450.

Wears Like
Solid Gold

THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like Solid Gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your Initials or Initials may be engraved on the inside, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1913 style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offers: Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for a club of five we will send you one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 25 cents in all, if for your own sub. either new or renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style, Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of animals and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopos at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional 25 cents in all. Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. Premium No. 614. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Wonderful New Photo-Button Camera

That Will Produce
A Finished Picture
In Two Minutes!



You Don't Have To Know Photography
You Don't Need A Dark Room Or Ruby Light
Or Other Accessories—The Camera Does It All!

And It's Yours Free For A Club Of Two!

Just think of it! A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture in just two minutes. To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your own family and your friends and neighbors with this camera and delivering them the finished pictures while they wait. And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera does all the work itself. You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button Camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures in broad daylight. You can commence taking pictures with this camera just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a complete outfit consisting of photo plates, developing fluid, developing tank, magnet and complete instructions how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You cannot possibly fail to produce fine pictures of any of your folks or your friends, or of the old pet horse, dog, cat, cow or anything else you wish to make a portrait of and you can mount the pictures in pretty Brooch Button frames like those illustrated above. And aside from the fun and pleasure you will have you should also be able to make

money with this camera. You know yourself that the idea of having your picture taken and finished while you wait is captivating and everybody you know will likewise be delighted with the idea and should be glad to pay you at least ten cents a piece for their pictures to be taken, finished, mounted and delivered just two minutes after you "snap" them. Remember there is nothing difficult about operating this camera—it is really so simple that even a child can use it—and that with which to commence taking pictures at once. And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send to us for another supply and they will cost you no money because we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them free in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, according to what you order and how much. Or, of course, if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., very cheap for cash, much cheaper than what the same articles would cost you in any store. This is one of the most wonderful offers we have ever made. That we are able to offer this camera for a small fee to COMFORT may seem very strange to you, but if you send for it we guarantee that you will be more than pleased with it because you will find it exactly as illustrated and described in this offer. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 650. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome Three-Piece Dutch Curtains



Made of Good Quality Scrim in
Colors of Either White or Ecru,
Ready for Use as Soon as
You Receive Them!

These beautiful Scrim Dutch Curtains are fast taking the place of lace curtains because they are exactly as attractive and not nearly so expensive. The "swellest" city homes now have these popular curtains in dining-room, sitting-room, chambers and even parlor, so you may rest assured that they are right in fashion and you will make no mistake in getting enough of them with which to dress up every window in every room in your house. The curtains we offer you here are ready to hang as soon as you get them, are made of scrim in colors either white or ecru, have a 3-inch wide insertion of handsome Flax lace and are full standard size, each side piece measuring 3½ feet in width and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance" as it is commonly called is 11-6 feet wide and 2½ feet long and is hung to drop gracefully between the two side pieces as shown in the illustration. We will send you one or more of these handsome and stylish 3-piece Dutch Curtains upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one complete curtain—3 pieces in all—as above pictured and described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 659. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given For a Club of Only Four



This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these Persian or Matting Rugs. It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or on a nicely worn or defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about 7½ inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.

It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Prem. No. 429. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 18-Inch Centerpieces



Stamped On White Linene For Hand Embroidery

We show here five new handsome designs for centerpieces each separately stamped on fine quality pure white linene which, as every woman knows, is equal to pure linen and in fact is preferred by many to real linen as it never wrinkles and washes exactly as well and wears as long. This complete set of five different designs also gives every lady or girl a fine opportunity to display her talents with needle as each design is to be worked differently although they are so simple that no hard labor is involved. A is a cross-stitch design, B a butterfly design for punch work, C a design for French and eyelet embroidery, D Morning Glory design for punch work, E a Wheat design for Bullion Stitch. Each centerpiece is 18 inches in diameter which is a nice size and suitable for most all purposes.

Club Offer. For only one new, bona-fide 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, or extension or renewal of your present subscription for 15 months at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you your choice of any two of these beautiful centerpieces by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you any four of them for a club two 15-months subscriptions at 25 cents each, or all five for a club of three. When ordering be sure to specify the design wanted, whether A, B, C, D, or E. Premium No. 339. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants

Look
At
Me!

ME? I am
The

Cutest, Sweetest
Baby Doll in
Toyland and
You Can FREE!
Have Me

I
Have
Real
Eye-
lashes

MY
ARMS
and
LEGS
are
JOINTED

I
Go to
Sleep

Like a
Real Baby

eyes
and goes
to sleep
and when
you pick
her up she
is wide
awake again.

Her
beautiful
brown hair
hangs
in luxuriant
curls, her
eyes are
blue as the
sky, she
has real
eyelashes—
not the "make
believe" kind—
and taken
altogether she
is certainly
the cutest
and sweetest
baby doll in
all toyland.

With
exception
of her
handsome
black openwork
lace stockings
and cunning
little slippers
with bow and
buckle she
comes to you
undressed so
that you can
make your
own dresses
for her and
dress her to
your heart's
content.

Fathers
and Mothers—
just look at
this beautiful
doll in the
picture as she
stands smiling
with arms
outstretched
waiting for
someone to
pick her
up, hug her,
kiss her and
put on her
gay little
dress!

Don't you
think your
little girl
would just
love to have
her for her
own? We will
send her to you
free packed
in a strong
box so she
cannot possibly
get broken if
you will accept
the terms of the
following special

For a club of only four 15-months

Free Offer. subscriptions to COMFORT at 25

cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each,

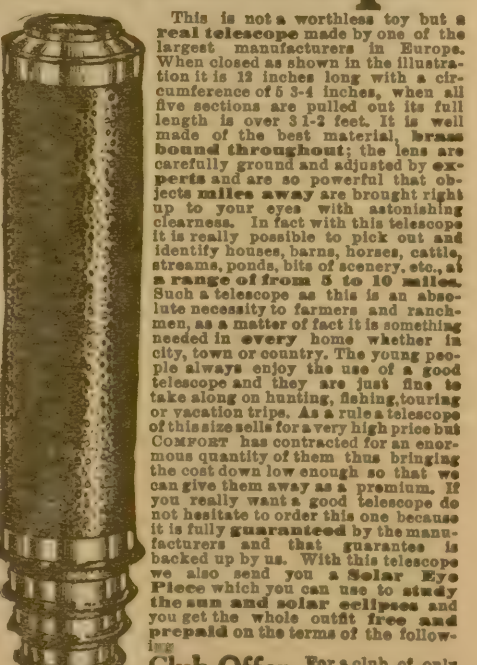
we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described

by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 466.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Powerful 3½ Ft. Telescope



This is not a worthless toy but a real telescope made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. When closed as shown in the illustration it is 15 inches long with a circumference of 5-4 inches, when all five sections are pulled out its full length is over 31-2 feet. It is well made of the best material, brass bound throughout, the lens are carefully ground and adjusted by experts and are so powerful that objects miles away are brought right up to your eyes with astonishing clearness. In fact with this telescope it is really possible to pick out and identify houses, barns, horses, cattle, streams, ponds, bits of scenery, etc., at a range of from 5 to 10 miles. Such a telescope as this is an absolute necessity to farmers and ranchmen, as a matter of fact it is something needed in every home whether in city, town or country. The young people always enjoy the use of a good telescope and they are just fine to take along on hunting, fishing, touring or vacation trips. As a rule a telescope of this size sells for a very high price but COMFORT has contracted for an enormous quantity of them thus bringing the cost down low enough so that we can give them away as a premium. If you really want a good telescope do not hesitate to order this one because it is fully guaranteed by the manufacturers and that guarantee is backed up by us. With this telescope we also send you a Solar Eye Piece which you can use to study the sun and solar eclipses and you get the whole outfit free and prepaid on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this big forty-two inch long Telescope with Solar Eye Piece by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 602. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Free to Little Girls!



Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome Doll Family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. Mother Doll is almost as big as a real live baby for she stands nearly two feet high while the cute little Baby Doll which you see in the picture stands over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied, handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think she were ready to speak and say "Mamma." As shown in above illustration they also are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. Both dolls together—the big Mother Doll and the sweet Baby Doll—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you both dolls—the big Mother Doll and her Baby Doll—free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special

Free Offer. Send only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive both dolls free and exactly as described above. This is our Premium No. 463.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2000 RECIPES

THE EVERYDAY COOK BOOK

YOURS FOR ONE Subscription

HERE is a book which will be called the housewife's treasure—the home-keeper's delight. The Every Day Cook Book is not one of those big ponderous volumes full of technical directions for concocting high-toned expensive dishes which only rich people can afford, but it is a neat little book filled to the brim with easy, practical, economical, concise recipes that are real money savers in these distressing times when the high cost of living is bothering the most of us. In this treasure book are two thousand tried and tested recipes for cooking every known variety of food in the easiest and most economical manner. It tells any woman without experience how to quickly make hundreds of savory, appetizing nourishing dishes for husband and family and at the same time keep the grocery bill down to the minimum thus saving money with which to buy a few of the luxuries as well as the necessities of life. The Every Day Cook Book is 8 1/2 inches in size, contains two hundred pages is bound in strong handsome paper covers and we will send you a copy without cost upon the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. For only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription, for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you a copy of The Every Day Cook Book by mail post-paid. Get this book today and commence cutting down your living expenses and at the same time have more and better food to eat than you ever did before.

Premium No. 657.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk

Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years COMFORT has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year we can do more for you than ever before because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these rich goods and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have a whole



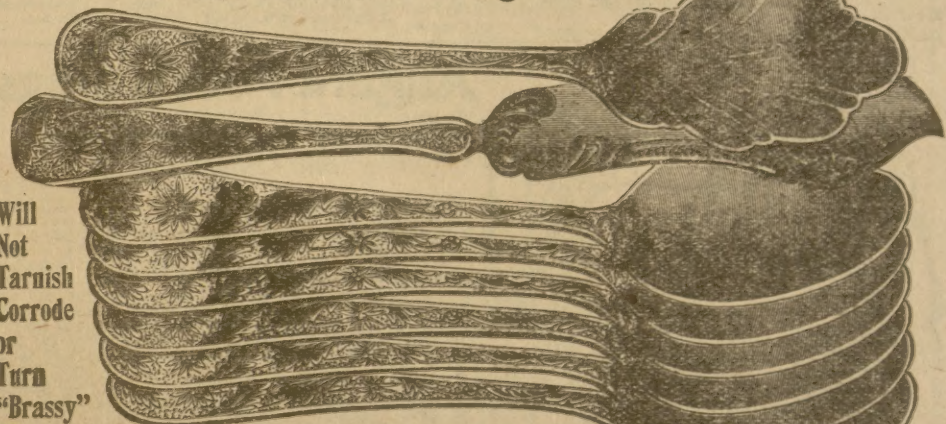
room full of these beautiful pieces of silk and satin which are of good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." Remember these remnants are not the small, insignificant, worthless pieces that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but large, well-shaped pieces of fresh, new silk and satin in all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else, an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these beautiful pieces of patchwork, plush or tulle and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tulle stitch also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following special

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel Post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages if you wish.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. Premium No. 556.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set Warranted For 5 Years



Free For a Club of Two

Although we are giving away this beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set for a very small club to COMFORT, yet it is the greatest value as a premium that we have ever offered. As you know, most low-priced silverware is silver plated on a brass base so that just as soon as the silver wears off the brass shows and spoils the looks forever. This 8-Piece Set, however, is silver plated on a pure white metal base which is in itself a guarantee of its everlasting wearing qualities. The silver plate may wear off in time, but, as the spoons, butter knife and sugar shell are the same color all the way through, you will readily understand why it they will never show signs of wear, tarnish or turn "brassy." The teaspoons, sugar shell and butter knife in this beautiful set are full size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated as shown in the above illustration while the bowls of the spoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. So confident are we that this beautiful set of silverware will delight every woman who accepts our offer that we hereby guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send you this 8-piece silver set exactly as described, if you will accept the following special

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 8-Piece Silver Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 594.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Repeating Air Rifle---Will Shoot 500 Times Without Reloading!



BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real repeater which loads automatically just like a Winchester or a Marlin. It is nearly three feet long yet weighs only two pounds, uses BB shot and shoots 500 times without reloading. It is handsomely nickel plated, the barrel and all working parts are made of high grade steel, the stock is finely finished and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your camping and hunting trips because with it you can bag all kinds of small game such as crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., and for target practice is just fine. No powder—no danger—yet it will shoot almost as hard and as far as a 22 caliber cartridge rifle. It is the safest and most powerful air rifle ever invented and your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it is absolutely safe to handle. You can get this splendid air rifle absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 633.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF

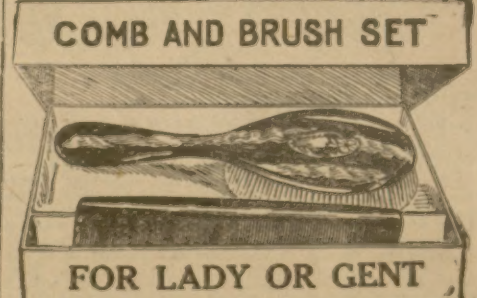


Colored Petticoat FREE for a Club of 4

Styles in woman's dress has undergone many changes during the past year or so, the most noticeable being the narrow Skirts ranging all the way from medium down to the famous hobble skirt which has caused so much discussion and even amusement among the better dressed class of people. To keep pace with this radical change in style of dress the petticoats are now made with a fullness and come in a variety of colors of Kelly Green, and Cerise or "American Beauty." We illustrate here the very latest style in these new colored petticoats made of handsome, high-grade satin or "farmer's satin" with finished seams and deep flounce which come in the popular colors above mentioned and you can have your choice of the color which best suits your taste. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these handsome petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old style petticoat and yet not of the extreme hobble style. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering. We have them in sizes all the way from 38 to 44 and will send you your exact size and color desired if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome stylish colored petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 612.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



COMB AND BRUSH SET FOR LADY OR GENT

Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERLINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 2 1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one 1/2 inch wide with combs and fine teeth.

A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 381 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT. 80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.



Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT.

1 Pillow Top design, size 18x18 inches; 3 different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Round cushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 Vine designs for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece 18x18 inches; 1 Dolly design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violette design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cap; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Ladies' Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of violet for hemstitched squares, etc.; 1 Spray each of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch collar design; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linen; etc.; 1 Complete set initials, 1 1/2 inches high, old English for table linen, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece, size 6x6 inches, for French eyelet embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table-cover; 1 Skirt panel design; 2 Butterfly designs; 1 Bird design, size 2 1/2x5 1/2 inches; 1 American Flag; 1 English Flag; 3 Leaf designs; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Opera Bag design; 1 Peppy design, size 3x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Vine designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

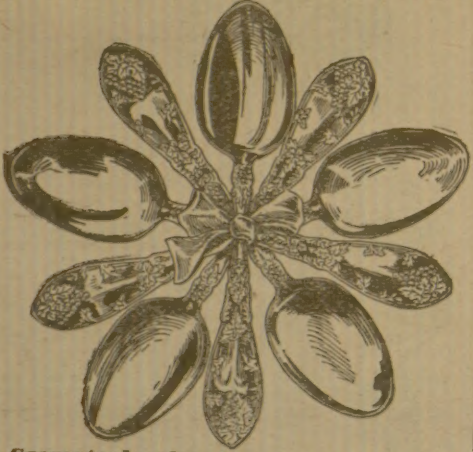
This is an entirely new outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT, it represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each outfit we also include free a copy of "STITCHES IN EMBROIDERY" by Mme. Du Parquet invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one Sweetheart Stamping Outfit postpaid. Premium No. 361.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years
Given for Club of Four Subscribers



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A I Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back. This silverware, which is the popular Grape or Vintage Pattern, which is the very latest and prettiest design in silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of Ripe Grapes or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A I Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18% nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' were twice this time.

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but Comfort's plan for subscribers makes it possible to not only own these six Rogers' teaspoons free but the entire set of table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife, all in the same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match, without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of six Rogers' teaspoons by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire set of Rogers' Silverware to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons. Plan No. 398. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Pair of Handkerchiefs

In Souvenir Booklet Holder



We offer two handkerchiefs in a dainty holder which has a pretty colored panel picture attached and an oval cut in the corner so the pretty embroidery of the handkerchief will show through. The handkerchiefs are made of finest silk lawn which certainly gives them a great luster and adds to the richness of the texture of the material. Each have a quarter inch hemstitched border, with an embroidered figure in the corner which is of pure white silk, and is done in solid embroidery with a little punch work or similar stitch introduced in each design. These two handkerchiefs packed so nicely in a holder, are all ready to give as a present. They will make excellent birthday or holiday gifts, and will be fully appreciated by all. As one needs so many handkerchiefs and they are so in demand at all seasons of the year, every woman and girl is always anxious to add new designs to their supply. These handkerchiefs if worn in the little side pocket of a coat will give a smart touch to any suit. Read our very liberal

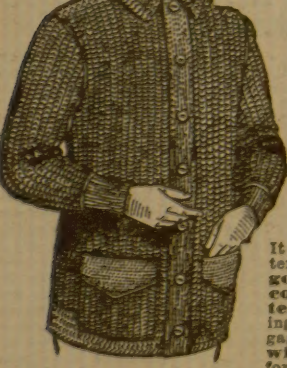
Club Offer: For only 2 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months we will send you one decorated Souvenir Booklet Holder containing two embroidered fine Lawn Handkerchiefs free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Nice Warm Sweater

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Is The Best Preventive of Colds and Pneumonia!



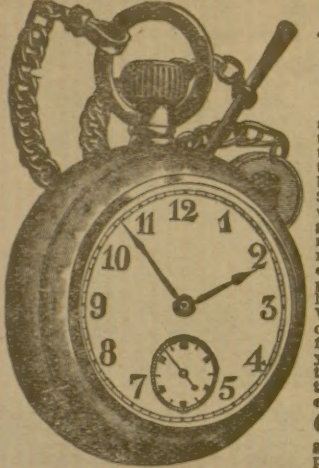
"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so goes the old saying and this handsome warm, close-fitting Sweater will save doctor's bills for any man or boy by warding off those miserable "winter colds" which so often lead to deadly pneumonia and consumption. It is the best of all winter garments for boys going to school on cold fall and winter days or when sliding or skating or engaged in other outdoor winter sports. While for men, or boys either,

who are compelled to travel or to work midst sleet, snow and ice, a good warm sweater is nothing short of an absolute necessity and a great convenience besides for it does away with the necessity of wearing a great, heavy overcoat which is always so burdensome to carry round and well nigh impossible to work in. The Sweater offered here comes in grey which is the most popular color and is just as warm and comfortable as it looks in the picture having a nice, thick roll collar which fits snugly around the neck, good long sleeves with close-fitting wristband and large roomy pockets. It buttons down the front like a coat so that it is very easy to get in or out of. If you prefer we can send you this same sweater without the roll collar in colors of Red, Blue, Brown and Grey. Be sure to send your chest measure when ordering.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50c each, we will send you this warm, handsome Sweater with or without collar as preferred by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 649.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsomeness, New Style, Guaranteed Watch



A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.

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FREE OFFER. For only one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25c each, or for your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c each and 10 cents additional (35c in all) you will receive a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" by mail post-paid. Get this funniest of all funny stories and read it now. You will never forget it as long as you live. Premium No. 656. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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36 A Noble Lord.
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38 Victor's Triumph.

39 Cruel as the Grave.
40 Tried for Her Life.
41 Unknown.

42 The Mystery of Raven
Row.
52 The Hidden Hand.
53 Capitola's Peril.

81 The Artist's Love.
123 Nearest and Dearest.
136 Only a Girl's Heart.

187 Gertrude's Sacrifice.
138 The Rejected Bride.
140 Gertrude Hadden.

141 Reunited, Sequel to
"Gertrude Hadden."
142 Em.

143 Em's Husband. Sequel
to "Em."
144 The Unloved Wife.

145 Lillith. Sequel to "The
Unloved Wife."
146 The Bride's Ordeal.

147 Her Love or Her Life?
Sequel to "The Bride's
Ordeal."
148 The Struggle of a Soul.

Sequel to "The Lost
Lady of Lone."
150 The Trail of the Serpent.
151 A Tortured Heart. Se-
quel to "The Trail of
the Serpent."

152 The Test of Love. Sequel
to "A Tortured Heart."
153 Gloria.

154 David Lindsay. Sequel
to "Gloria."
155 Why Did He Wed Her?

156 For Whose Sake? Sequel
to "Why Did He Wed
Her?"
157 A Skeleton in the Closet.

158 Brandon Coyle's Wife.
Sequel to "A Skeleton
in the Closet."
159 A Deed Without a Name.

161 To His Fate.
162 For Woman's Love.
163 Unrequited Love.

166 Fulfilling Her Destiny.
167 A Leap in the Dark.
168 The Mysterious Marriage.

169 Her Mother's Secret.
170 Love's Bitterest Cup.
172 Sweet Love's Atonement.

Burt L. Standish

276 Frank Merriwell in
Maine.
344 Frank Merriwell on the
Boulevard.

300 Frank Merriwell on the
Road.
377 Frank Merriwell on Top.
233 Frank Merriwell's Ath-
letes.

36

A Genuine Rupture Cure

Sent On Trial To Prove It

Don't Wear A Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men. Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

Are You Ruptured?

If so, the BROOKS APPLIANCE is made for You; You and all other Men, Women and Children who are sufferers from this annoying and dangerous trouble. That truss you have been wearing—one of many you have tried—chafed and irritated you and was worse than nothing. It had springs and pads and harness and straps and fixings galore and was continually getting out of shape—slipping down or working up and always needing attention. Then, there were salves and washes and ointments to make the case worse and harder to bear. I want to say that you will find none of these annoyances and vexations in the BROOKS APPLIANCE. At least they are reduced to a minimum. This APPLIANCE was made with a view to eliminate, to do away with, just such trouble. I would have been foolish to work half a lifetime, thinking out and perfecting a thing that had no advantage or was no better than scores of other inventions upon the market. In my APPLIANCE you will find the old objectionable features LEFT OUT. You will find it easy to wear. You will scarcely realize you are wearing it. There is no binding, drawing and slipping out of place. It does its work effectively and with comfort to the wearer. I want you to read my book, in which I have taken pains to give full particulars about it. Then, there are a few letters printed in it—selected at random from among hundreds written by men and women who have been cured. You can write these folks and see what they say. If I were you I would see to this matter without waiting. You can put off some things without running much risk, but a rupture is a dangerous proposition to neglect. A rupture is not only bad and serious of itself, but it leads to things infinitely worse. Fill out the coupon and mail TODAY. Tomorrow will do, but today is better.

Don't Make The Child Wear a Truss Through Life

I Want to Reach the Parents of Every Ruptured Child in the Country.

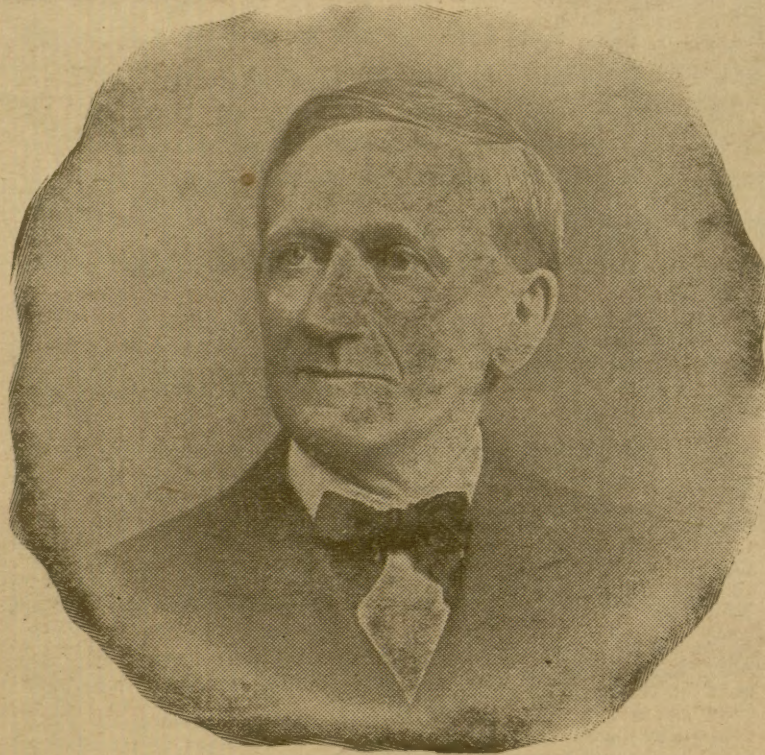
The Truss Is a Flesh Torturing Invention Fit Only As a Relic of Barbarity.

I want them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make for children who are afflicted in this way.



The Brooks Appliance Cured His Rupture. Now He Is As Sound And Whole As If He Had Never Been Ruptured.

My appliance can be put on any child with perfect safety to the little one. For growing children there is nothing better to be had—no matter how much you pay—than my Appliance. I want the parents or others who may have children in their care to understand that there should be no delay in getting proper help for ruptured children.



The above is C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich., the Inventor, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you may also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my appliance or not.

Every day that the rupture is allowed to go on without the right means of correcting it—just so much harder will it be for the child to get rid of it.

No ruptured child can ever be free from the thought of the rupture and it is not fair to any child not to have an equal chance with other children. No matter what we may wish to think—ruptured children do not have an equal chance.

Common trusses do not help. Thousands of men and women know that from their own experience with such trusses.

But it is not necessary for children to wear harsh, cumbersome, steel trusses any more.

You may have had to wear something like this but don't make your child do it. Give the child something better.

My Appliance is better and I want to prove it to you.

I will make an Appliance to the child's measure, send it on TRIAL—put it into your hands to see and use and then you can say whether it is what I claim or not.

The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with every movement of the child; there is an even, gentle pressure which gradually binds the broken parts together—as you would bind a broken limb—and then no matter how much the child jumps, runs, rolls over or falls down—the pressure is kept up just the same—always drawing the parts together.

Write me today and get all the information—send the coupon.

Others Failed But The Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.

No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks' Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an Air Cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Cured at the Age of 76.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,

SAM A. HOOVER.

High Point, N. C.

Child Cured In Four Months.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plough or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,

H. D. BANKS.

Pennsylvania

Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES A. BRITTON.

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Free Information Coupon

C. E. BROOKS, 1702 A State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

R. F. D. State